THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

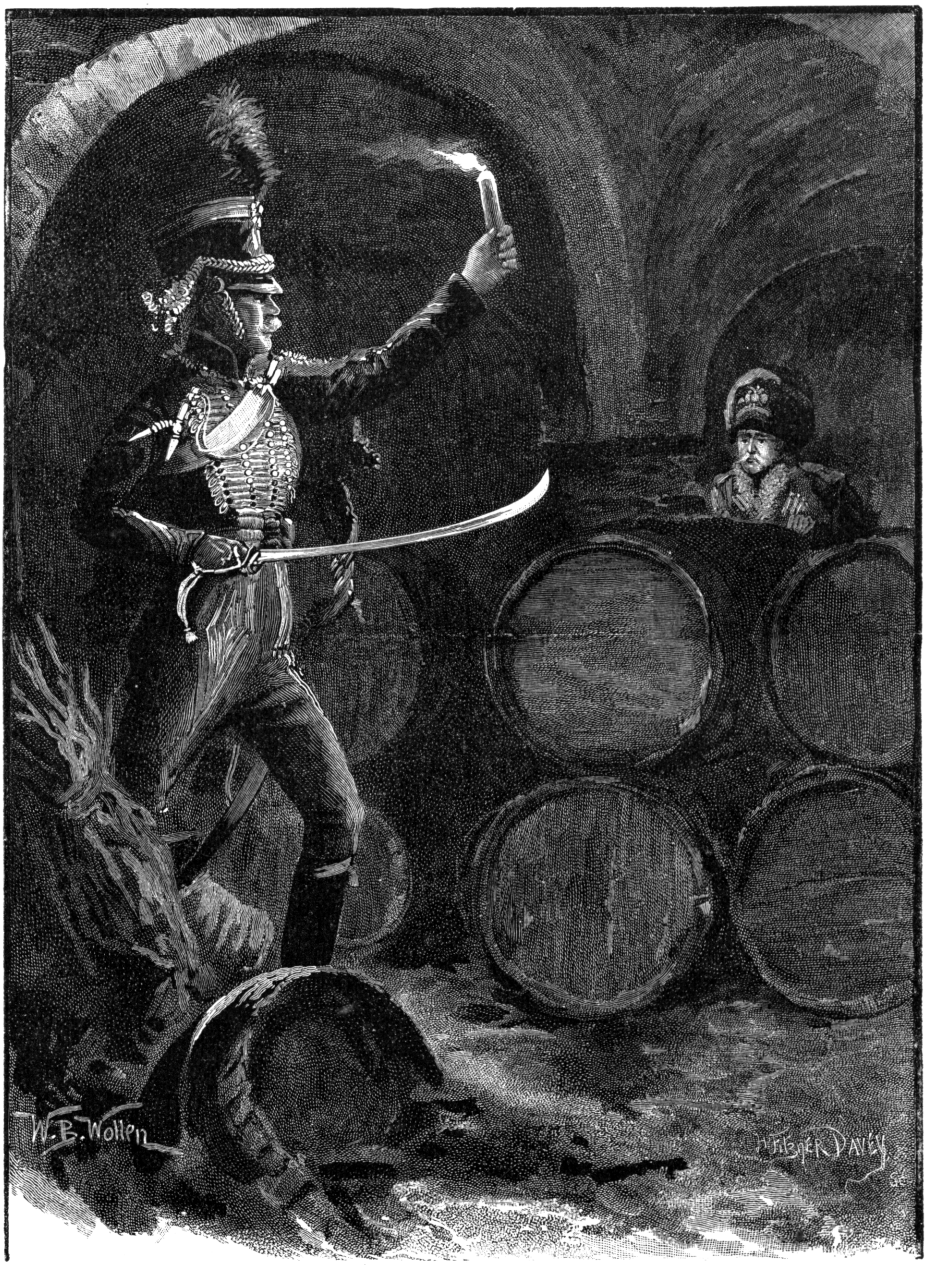
Vol. VIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1894



"COME OUT, YOU RASCAL!"

(*See page* 571.)

The Medal of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

THE Duke of Tarentum, or McDonald, as his old comrades prefer to call him, was, as I could perceive, in the vilest of tempers. His grim Scotch face was like one of those grotesque door-knockers which one sees in the Faubourg St. Germain. We heard afterwards that the Emperor had said in jest that he would have sent him against Wellington in the South, but that he was afraid to trust him within the sound of the pipes. Major Charpentier and I could plainly see that he was smouldering with anger.

"Brigadier Gerard of the Hussars," said he, with the air of the corporal with the recruit.

I saluted.

"Major Charpentier of the Horse Grenadiers."

My companion answered to his name.

"The Emperor has a mission for you."

Without more ado he flung open the door and announced us.

I have seen Napoleon ten times on horseback to once on foot, and I think that he does wisely to show himself to the troops in this fashion, for he cuts a very good figure in the saddle. As we saw him now he was the shortest man out of six by a good hand's breadth, and yet I am no very big man myself, though I ride quite heavy enough for a hussar. It is evident, too, that his body is too long for his legs. With his big, round head, his curved shoulders, and his clean-shaven face, he is more like a Professor at the Sorbonne than the first soldier in France. Every man to his taste, but it seems to me that, if I could clap a pair of fine light cavalry whiskers, like my own, on to him, it would do him no harm. He has a firm mouth, however, and his eyes are remarkable. I have seen them once turned on me in anger, and I had rather ride at a square on a spent horse than face them again. I am not a man who is easily daunted, either.

He was standing at the side of the room, away from the window, looking up at a great map of the country which was hung upon the wall. Berthier stood beside him, trying to look wise, and just as we entered, Napoleon snatched his sword impatiently from him and pointed with it on the map. He was talking fast and low, but I heard him say, "The valley of the Meuse," and twice he repeated "Berlin." As we entered, his aide-de-camp advanced to us, but the Emperor stopped him and beckoned us to his side.

"You have not yet received the cross of honour, Brigadier Gerard?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and was about to add that it was not for want of having deserved it, when he cut me short in his decided fashion.

"And you, Major?" he asked.

"No, sire."

"Then you shall both have your opportunity now."

He led us to the great map upon the wall and placed the tip of Berthier's sword on Rheims.

"I will be frank with you, gentlemen, as with two comrades. You have both been with me since Marengo, I believe?" He had a strangely pleasant smile, which used to light up his pale face with a kind of cold sunshine. "Here at Rheims are our present headquarters on this the 14th of March. Very good. Here is Paris, distant by road a good twenty-five leagues. Blucher lies to the north, Schwarzenberg to the south." He prodded at the map with the sword as he spoke.

"Now," said he, "the further into the country these people march, the more completely I shall crush them. They are about to advance upon Paris. Very good. Let them do so. My brother, the King of Spain, will be there with a hundred thousand men. It is to him that I send you. You will hand him this letter, a copy of which I confide to each of you. It is to tell him that I am coming at once, in two days' time, with every man and horse and gun to his relief. I must give them forty-eight hours to recover. Then straight to Paris! You understand me, gentlemen?"

Ah, if I could tell you the glow of pride which it gave me to be taken into the great man's confidence in this way. As he handed our letters to us I clicked my spurs and

"HE HANDED OUR LETTERS TO US."

threw out my chest, smiling and nodding to let him know that I saw what he would be after. He smiled also, and rested his hand for a moment upon the cape of my dolman. I would have given half my arrears of pay if my mother could have seen me at that instant.

"I will show you your route," said he, turning back to the map. "Your orders are to ride together as far as Bazoches. You will then separate, the one making for Paris by Oulchy and Neuilly, and the other to the north by Braine, Soissons, and Senlis. Have you anything to say, Brigadier Gerard?"

I am a rough soldier, but I have words and ideas. I had begun to speak about glory and the peril of France when he cut me short.

"And you, Major Charpentier?"

"If we find our route unsafe, are we at liberty to choose another?" said he.

"Soldiers do not choose, they obey." He inclined his head to show that we were dismissed, and turned round to Berthier. I do not know what he said, but I heard them both laughing.

Well, as you may think, we lost little time in getting upon our way. In half an hour we were riding down the High Street of Rheims, and it struck twelve o'clock as we passed the cathedral. I had my little grey mare, Violette, the one which Sebastiani had wished to buy after Dresden. It is the fastest horse in the six brigades of light cavalry, and was only beaten by the Duke of Rovigo's racer from England. As to Charpentier, he had the kind of horse which a horse grenadier or a cuirassier would be likely to ride: a back like a bedstead, you understand, and legs like the posts. He is a hulking fellow himself, so that they looked a singular pair. And yet in his insane conceit he ogled the girls as they waved their handkerchiefs to me from the windows, and he twirled his ugly red moustache up into his eyes, just as if it were to him that their attention was addressed.

When we came out of the town we passed through the French camp, and then across the battle-field of yesterday, which was still covered both by our own poor fellows and by the Russians. But of the two the camp was the sadder sight. Our army was thawing away. The Guards were all right, though the young guard was full of conscripts. The artillery and the heavy cavalry were also good if there were more of them, but the infantry privates with their under-officers looked like schoolboys with their masters. And we had no reserves. When one considered that there were 80,000 Prussians to the north and 150,000 Russians and Austrians to the south, it might make even the bravest man grave.

For my own part, I confess that I shed a tear until the thought came that the Emperor was still with us, and that on that very morning he had placed his hand upon my dolman and had promised me a medal of honour. This set me singing, and I spurred Violette on, until Charpentier had to beg me to have mercy on his great, snorting, panting camel. The road was beaten into paste and rutted 2ft. deep by the artillery, so that he was right in saying that it was not the place for a gallop.

I have never been very friendly with this Charpentier; and now for twenty miles of the way I could not draw a word from him. He rode with his brows puckered and his chin upon his breast, like a man who is heavy with thought. More than once I asked him what was on his mind, thinking that, perhaps, with my quicker intelligence I might set the matter straight. His answer always was that it was his mission of which he was thinking, which surprised me, because, although I had never thought much of his intelligence, still it seemed to me to be impossible that anyone could be puzzled by so simple and soldierly a task.

Well, we came at last to Bazoches, where he was to take the southern road and I the northern. He half turned in his saddle before he left me, and he looked at me with a singular expression of inquiry in his face.

"What do you make of it, Brigadier?" he asked.

"Of what?"

"Of our mission."

"Surely it is plain enough."

"You think so? Why should the Emperor tell us his plans?"

"Because he recognised our intelligence."

My companion laughed in a manner which I found annoying.

"May I ask what you intend to do if you find these villages full of Prussians?" he asked.

"I shall obey my orders."

"But you will be killed."

"Very possibly."

He laughed again, and so offensively that I clapped my hand to my sword. But before I could tell him what I thought of his stupidity and rudeness he had wheeled his horse, and was lumbering away down the other road. I saw his big fur cap vanish over the brow of the hill, and then I rode upon my way, wondering at his conduct. From time to time I put my hand to the breast of my tunic and felt the paper crackle beneath my fingers. Ah, my precious paper, which should be turned into the little silver medal for which I had yearned so long. All the way from Braine to Sermoise I was thinking of what my mother would say when she saw it.

I stopped to give Violette a meal at a wayside auberge on the side of a hill not far from Soissons—a place surrounded by old oaks, and with so many crows that one could scarce hear one's own voice. It was from the innkeeper that I learned that Marmont had fallen back two days before, and that the Prussians were over the Aisne. An hour later, in the fading light, I saw two of their vedettes upon the hill to the right, and then, as darkness gathered, the heavens to the north were all glimmering from the lights of a bivouac.

When I heard that Blucher had been there for two days, I was much surprised that the Emperor should not have known that the country through which he had ordered me to carry my precious letter was already occupied by the enemy. Still, I thought of the tone of his voice when he said to Charpentier that a soldier must not choose, but must obey. I should follow the route he had laid down for me as long as Violette could move a hoof or I a finger upon her bridle. All the

"I SAW HIS BIG FUR CAP VANISH.

way from Sermoise to Soissons, where the road dips up and down, curving among fir-woods, I kept my pistol ready and my sword-belt braced, pushing on swiftly where the path was straight, and then coming slowly round the corners in the way we learned in Spain.

When I came to the farmhouse which lies to the right of the road just after you cross the wooden bridge over the Crise, near where the great statue of the Virgin stands, a woman cried to me from the field saying that the Prussians were in Soissons. A small party of their lancers, she said, had come in that very afternoon. and a whole division was expected before midnight. I did not wait to hear the end of her tale, but clapped spurs into Violette, and in five minutes was galloping her into the town.

Three Uhlans were at the mouth of the main street, their horses tethered, and they gossiping together, each with a pipe as long as my sabre. I saw them well in the light of an open door, but of me they could have seen only the flash of Violette's grey side and the black flutter of my cloak. A moment later I flew through a stream of them rushing from an open gateway. Violette's shoulder sent one of them reeling, and I stabbed at another but missed him. Pang, pang, went two carbines, but I had flown round the curve of the street and never so much as heard the hiss of the balls. Ah, we were great, both Violette and I. She lay down to it like a coursed hare, the fire flying from her hoofs. I stood in my stirrups and brandished my sword. Someone sprang for my bridle. I sliced him through the arm, and I heard him howling behind me. Two horsemen closed upon me. I cut one down and outpaced the other. A minute later I was clear of the town and flying down a broad white road with the black poplars on either side. For a time I heard the rattle of hoofs behind me, but they died and died until I could not tell them from the throbbing of my own heart. Soon I pulled up and listened, but all was silent. They had given up the chase.

Well, the first thing that I did was to dismount and to lead my mare into a small wood through which a stream ran. There I watered her and rubbed her down, giving her two pieces of sugar soaked in cognac from my flask. She was spent from the sharp chase, but it was wonderful to see how she came round with a half-hour's rest. When my thighs closed upon her again, I could tell by the spring and the swing of her that it would not be her fault if I did not win my way safe to Paris.

I must have been well within the enemy's lines now, for I heard a number of them shouting one of their rough drinking songs out of a house by the roadside, and I went round by the fields to avoid it. At another time two men came out into the moonlight (for by this time it was a cloudless night) and shouted something in German; but I galloped on without heeding them, and they were afraid to fire, for their own hussars are dressed exactly as I was. It is best to take no notice at these times, and then they put you down as a deaf man.

It was a lovely moon, and every tree threw a black bar across the road. I could see the country side just as if it were daytime, and very peaceful it looked, save that there was a great fire raging somewhere in the north. In the silence of the night-time, and with the knowledge that danger was in front and behind me, the sight of that great distant fire was very striking and awesome. But I am not easily clouded, for I have seen too many singular things, so I hummed a tune between my teeth and thought of little Lisette, whom I might see in Paris. My mind was full of her when, trotting round a corner, I came straight upon half-a-dozen German dragoons, who were sitting round a brushwood fire by the roadside.

I am an excellent soldier. I do not say this because I am prejudiced in my own favour, but because I really am so. I can weigh every chance in a moment, and decide with as much certainty as though I had brooded for a week. Now I saw like a flash that, come what might, I should be chased, and on a horse which had already done a long twelve leagues. But it was better to be chased onwards than to be chased back. On this moonlit night, with fresh horses behind me, I must take my risk in either case; but if I were to shake them off, I preferred that it should be near Senlis than near Soissons. All this flashed on me as if by instinct, you understand. My eyes had hardly rested on the bearded faces under the brass helmets before my rowels were up to the bosses in Violette's side, and she off with a rattle like a pas-de-charge. Oh, the shouting and rushing and stamping from behind us! Three of them fired and three swung themselves on to their horses. A bullet rapped on the crupper of my saddle with a noise like a stick on a door. Violette sprang madly forward, and I thought she had been wounded, but it was only a graze above the near fore-fetlock. Ah, the dear little mare, how I loved her

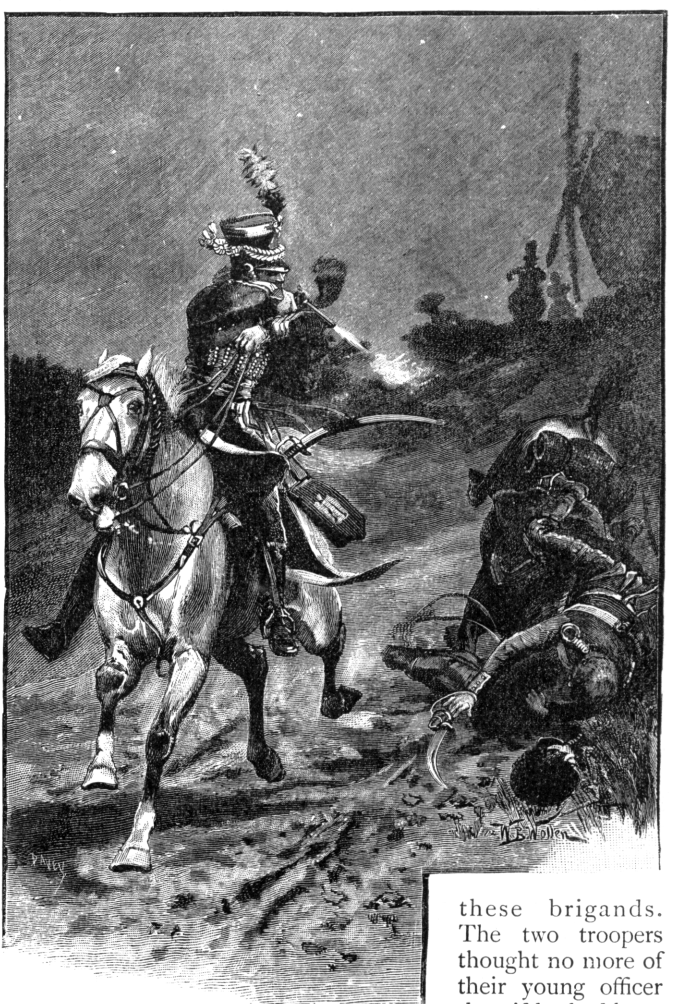
when I felt her settle down into that long, easy gallop of hers, her hoofs going like a Spanish girl's castanets. I could not hold myself. I turned on my saddle and shouted and raved, "Vive l'Empereur!" I screamed and laughed at the gust of oaths that came back to me.

But it was not over yet. If she had been fresh she might have gained a mile in five. Now she could only hold her own with a very little over. There was one of them, a young boy of an officer, who was better mounted than the others. He drew ahead with every stride. Two hundred yards behind him were two troopers, but I saw every time that I glanced round, that the distance between them was increasing. The other three who had waited to shoot were a long way in the rear. The officer's mount was a bay, a fine horse, though not to be spoken of with Violette. Yet it was a powerful brute, and it seemed to me that in a few miles its freshness might tell. I waited until the lad was a long way in front of his comrades, and then I eased my mare down a little—a very, very little, so that he might think he was really catching me. When he came within pistol shot of me I drew and cocked my own pistol, and laid my chin upon my shoulder to see what he would do. He did not offer to fire, and I soon discerned the cause. The silly boy had taken his pistols from his holsters when he had camped for the night. He wagged his sword at me now and roared some of his gibberish. He did not seem to understand that he was at my mercy. I eased Violette down until there was not the length of a long lance between the grey tail and the bay muzzle.

"Rendez-vous!" he yelled.

"I must compliment monsieur upon his French," said I, resting the barrel of my pistol upon my bridle arm, which I have always found best when shooting from the saddle. I aimed at his face, and could see, even in the moonlight, how white he grew when he understood that it was all up with him. But even as my finger pressed the trigger I thought of his mother, and I put my ball through his horse's shoulder. I fear he hurt himself in the fall, for it was a fearful crash, but I had my letter to think of, so I stretched the mare into a gallop once more.

But they were not so easily shaken off,



"I FEAR HE HURT HIMSELF IN THE FALL, FOR IT WAS A FEARFUL CRASH."

these brigands. The two troopers thought no more of their young officer than if he had been a recruit thrown in the riding-school. They left him to the others and thundered on after me. I had pulled up on the brow of a hill, thinking that I had heard the last of them; but, my faith, I soon saw there was no time for loitering, so away we went, the

mare tossing her head and I my busby, to show what we thought of two dragoons who tried to catch a hussar. But at this moment, even while I laughed at the thought, my heart stood still within me, for there at the end of the long white road was a black patch of cavalry waiting to receive me. To a young soldier it might have seemed the shadow of the trees, but to me it was a troop of hussars, and, turn where I could, death seemed to be waiting for me.

Well, I had the dragoons behind me and the hussars in front. Never since Moscow have I seemed to be in such peril. But for the honour of the brigade I had rather be cut down by a light cavalryman than by a heavy. I never drew bridle, therefore, or hesitated for an instant, but I let Violette have her head. I remember that I tried to pray as I rode, but I am a little out of practice at such things, and the only words I could remember were the prayer for fine weather which we used at the school on the evening before holidays. Even this seemed better than nothing, and I was pattering it out, when suddenly I heard French voices in front of me. Ah, mon Dieu, but the joy went through my heart like a musket-ball. They were ours—our own dear little rascals from the corps of Marmont. Round whisked my two dragoons and galloped for their lives, with the moon gleaming on their brass helmets, while I trotted up to my friends with no undue haste, for I would have them understand that though a hussar may fly, it is not in his nature to fly very fast. Yet I fear that Violette's heaving flanks and foam-spattered muzzle gave the lie to my careless bearing.

Who should be at the head of the troop but old Bouvet, whom I saved at Leipzig! When he saw me his little pink eyes filled with tears, and, indeed, I could not but shed a few myself at the sight of his joy. I told him of my mission, but he laughed when I said that I must pass through Senlis.

"The enemy is there," said he. "You cannot go."

"I prefer to go where the enemy is," I answered. "I would ride through Berlin if I had the Emperor's orders."

"But why not go straight to Paris with your despatch? Why should you choose to pass through the one place where you are almost sure to be taken or killed?"

"A soldier does not choose—he obeys," said I, just as I had heard Napoleon say it.

Old Bouvet laughed in his wheezy way, until I had to give my moustachios a twirl and look him up and down in a manner which brought him to reason.

"Well," said he, "you had best come along with us, for we are all bound for Senlis. Our orders are to reconnoitre the place. A squadron of Poniatowski's Polish lancers are in front of us. If you must ride through it, it is possible that we may be able to go with you."

So away we went, jingling and clanking through the quiet night until we came up with the Poles—fine old soldiers all of them, though a trifle heavy for their horses. It was a treat to see them, for they could not have carried themselves better if they had belonged to my own brigade. We rode together, until in the early morning we saw the lights of Senlis. A peasant was coming along with a cart, and from him we learned how things were going there.

His information was certain, for his brother was the Mayor's coachman, and he had spoken with him late the night before. There was a single squadron of Cossacks—or a polk, as they call it in their frightful language—quartered upon the Mayor's house which stands at the corner of the market-place, and is the largest building in the town. A whole division of Prussian infantry was encamped in the woods to the north, but only the Cossacks were in Senlis. Ah, what a chance to avenge ourselves upon these barbarians, whose cruelty to our poor country-folk was the talk at every camp fire.

We were into the town like a torrent, hacked down the vedettes, rode over the guard, and were smashing in the doors of the Mayor's house before they understood that there was a Frenchman within twenty miles of them. We saw horrid heads at the windows, heads bearded to the temples, with tangled hair and sheepskin caps, and silly, gaping mouths. "Hourra! Hourra!" they shrieked, and fired with their carbines, but our fellows were into the house and at their throats before they had wiped the sleep cut of their eyes. It was dreadful to see how the Poles flung themselves upon them, like starving wolves upon a herd of fat bucks—for, as you know, the Poles have a blood feud against the Cossacks. The most were killed in the upper rooms, whither they had fled for shelter, and the blood was pouring down into the hall like rain from a roof. They are terrible soldiers, these Poles, though I think they are a trifle heavy for their horses. Man for man, they are as big as Kellermann's cuirassiers. Their equipment is, of course, much lighter, since they are without the cuirass, back-plate, and helmet.

Well, it was at this point that I made an error—a very serious error it must be admitted. Up to this moment I had carried out my mission in a manner which only my modesty prevents me from describing as remarkable. But now I did that which an official would condemn and a soldier excuse.

There is no doubt that the mare was spent, but still it is true that I might have galloped on through Senlis and reached the country, where I should have had no enemy between me and Paris. But what hussar can ride past a fight and never draw rein? It is to ask too much of him. Besides, I thought that if Violette had an hour of rest I might have three hours the better at the other end. Then on the top of it came those heads at the windows, with their sheepskin hats and their barbarous cries. I sprang from my saddle, threw Violette's bridle over a rail-post, and ran into the house with the rest. It is true that I was too late to be of service, and that I was nearly wounded by a lance-thrust from one of these dying savages. Still, it is a pity to miss even the smallest affair, for one never knows what opportunity for advancement may present itself. I have seen more soldierly work in outpost skirmishes and little gallop-and-hack affairs of the kind than in any of the Emperor's big battles.

When the house was cleared I took a bucket of water out for Violette, and our peasant guide showed me where the good Mayor kept his fodder. My faith, but the little sweetheart was ready for it. Then I sponged down her legs, and leaving her still tethered I went back into the house to find a mouthful for myself, so that I should not need to halt again until I was in Paris.

And now I come to the part of my story which may seem singular to you, although I could tell you at least ten things every bit as queer which have happened to me in my lifetime. You can understand that, to a man who spends his life in scouting and vedette duties on the bloody ground which lies between two great armies, there are many chances of strange experiences. I'll tell you, however, exactly what occurred.

Old Bouvet was waiting in the passage when I entered, and he asked me whether we might not crack a bottle of wine together. "My faith, we must not be long," said he. "There are ten thousand of Theilmann's Prussians in the woods up yonder."

"Where is the wine?" I asked.

"Ah, you may trust two hussars to find where the wine is," said he, and taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the stone stairs into the kitchen.

When we got there we found another door, which opened on to a winding stair with the cellar at the bottom. The Cossacks had been there before us, as was easily seen by the broken bottles littered all over it. However, the Mayor was a *bon-vivant*, and I do not wish to have a better set of bins to pick from. Chambertin, Graves, Alicant, white wine and red, sparkling and still, they lay in pyramids peeping coyly out of the sawdust. Old Bouvet stood with his candle, looking here and peeping there, purring in his throat like a cat before a milk-pail. He had picked upon a Burgundy at last, and had his hand outstretched to the bottle, when there came a roar of musketry from above us, a rush of feet, and such a yelping and screaming as I have never listened to. The Prussians were upon us.

Bouvet is a brave man: I will say that for

"THERE CAME A ROAR OF MUSKETRY FROM ABOVE US."

him. He flashed out his sword and away he clattered up the stone steps, his spurs clinking as he ran. I followed him, but just as we came out into the kitchen passage a tremendous shout told us that the house had been recaptured.

"It is all over," I cried, grasping at Bouvet's sleeve.

"There is one more to die," he shouted, and away he went like a madman up the second stair. In effect, I should have gone to my death also had I been in his place, for he had done very wrong in not throwing out his scouts to warn him if the Germans advanced upon him. For an instant I was about to rush up with him, and then I bethought myself that, after all, I had my own mission to think of, and that if I were taken the important letter of the Emperor would be sacrificed. I let Bouvet die alone, therefore, and I went down into the cellar again, closing the door behind me.

Well, it was not a very rosy prospect down there either. Bouvet had dropped the candle when the alarm came, and I, pawing about in the darkness, could find nothing but broken bottles. At last I came upon the candle, which had rolled under the curve of a cask, but, try as I would with my tinder-box, I could not light it. The reason was that the wick had been wet in a puddle of wine, so suspecting that this might be the case, I cut the end off with my sword. Then I found that it lighted easily enough. But what to do I could not imagine. The scoundrels upstairs were shouting themselves hoarse, several hundred of them from the sound, and it was clear that some of them would soon want to moisten their throats. There would be an end to a dashing soldier, and of the mission and of the medal. I thought of my mother and I thought of the Emperor. It made me weep to think that the one would lose so excellent a son and the other the best light cavalry officer he ever had since Lasalle's time. But presently I dashed the tears from my eyes. "Courage!" I cried, striking myself upon the chest. "Courage, my brave boy! Is it possible that one who has come safely from Moscow without so much as a frost-bite will die in a French wine-cellar?" At the thought I was up on my feet and clutching at the letter in my tunic, for the crackle of it gave me courage.

My first plan was to set fire to the house, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second, to get into an empty wine-cask. I was looking round to see if I could find one, when suddenly, in the corner, I espied a little low door, painted of the same grey colour as the wall, so that it was only a man with quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it, and at first I imagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I understood that it was held by the pressure of something on the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead of wine, and I gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more. I picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond.

There was a slight ray of light coming from some slit or grating. The dawn had broken outside, and I could dimly see the long curving sides of several huge casks, which made me think that perhaps this was where the Mayor kept his reserves of wine while they were maturing. At any rate, it seemed to be a safer hiding-place than the outer cellar, so gathering up my candle, I was just closing the door behind me, when I suddenly saw something which filled me with amazement, and even, I confess, with the smallest little touch of fear.

I have said that at the further end of the cellar there was a dim grey fan of light striking downwards from somewhere near the roof. Well, as I peered through the darkness, I suddenly saw a great, tall man skip into this belt of daylight, and then out again into the darkness at the further end. My word, I gave such a start that my busby nearly broke its chin-strap! It was only a glance, but, none the less, I had time to see that the fellow had a hairy Cossack cap on his head, and that he was a great, long-legged, broad-shouldered brigand, with a sabre at his waist. My faith, even Etienne Gerard was a little staggered at being left alone with such a creature in the dark.

But only for a moment. "Courage!" I thought. "Am I not a hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of thirty-one, and the chosen messenger of the Emperor?" After all, this skulker had more cause to be afraid of me than I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he was afraid—horribly afraid. I could read it from his quick step and his bent shoulders as he ran among the barrels, like a rat making for its hole. And, of course, it must have been he who had held the door against me, and not some packing-case or wine-cask as I had imagined. He was the pursued then, and I the pursuer. Aha, I felt

my whiskers bristle as I advanced upon him through the darkness! He would find that he had no chicken to deal with, this robber from the North. For the moment I was magnificent.

At first I had feared to light my candle lest I should make a mark of myself, but now, after cracking my shin over a box, and catching my spurs in some canvas, I thought the bolder course the wiser. I lit it therefore, and then I advanced with long strides, my sword in my hand. "Come out, you rascal!" I cried. "Nothing can save you. You will at last meet with your deserts."

I held my candle high, and presently I caught a glimpse of the man's head staring at me over a barrel. He had a gold chevron on his black cap, and the expression of his face told me in an instant that he was an officer and a man of refinement.

"Monsieur," he cried, in excellent French, "I surrender myself on a promise of quarter. But if I do not have your promise, I will then sell my life as dearly as I can."

"Sir," said I, "a Frenchman knows how to treat an unfortunate enemy. Your life is safe." With that he handed his sword over the top of the barrel, and I bowed with the candle on my heart. "Whom have I the honour of capturing?" I asked.

"I am the Count Boutkine, of the Emperor's own Don Cossacks," said he. "I came out with my troop to reconnoitre Senlis, and as we found no sign of your people we determined to spend the night here."

"And would it be an indiscretion," I asked, "if I were to inquire how you came into the back cellar?"

"Nothing more simple," said he. "It was our intention to start at early dawn. Feeling chilled after dressing, I thought that a cup of wine would do me no harm, so I came down to see what I could find. As I was rummaging about, the house was suddenly carried by assault so rapidly that by the time I had climbed the stairs it was all over. It only remained for me to save myself, so I came down here and hid myself in the back cellar, where you have found me."

I thought of how old Bouvet had behaved under the same conditions, and the tears sprang to my eyes as I contemplated the glory of France. Then I had to consider what I should do next. It was clear that this Russian Count, being in the back cellar while we were in the front one, had not heard the sounds which would have told him that the house was once again in the hands of his own allies. If he should once understand this the tables would be turned, and I should be his prisoner instead of he being

"I LAUGHED HEARTILY."

mine. What was I to do? I was at my wits' end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my own invention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find myself in a most difficult position."

"And why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your life."

His jaw dropped a little.

"You would not withdraw your promise?" he cried.

"If the worst comes to the worst I can die in your defence," said I; "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, and especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere sight of the uniform drives them mad. They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible," said he.

"Horrible!" said I. "If we were to go up together at this moment I cannot promise how far I could protect you."

"I am in your hands," he cried. "What would you suggest that we should do? Would it not be best that I should remain here?"

"That worst of all."

"And why?"

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presently, and then you would be cut to pieces. No, no, I must go up and break it to them. But even then, when once they see that accursed uniform, I do not know what may happen."

"Should I then take the uniform off?"

"Excellent!" I cried. "Hold, we have it! You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier."

"It is not the French I fear so much as the Poles."

"But my uniform will be a safeguard against either."

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you—what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours."

"And perhaps fall a victim to your generosity?"

"It is my duty to take the risk," I answered, "but I have no fears. I will ascend in your uniform. A hundred swords will be turned upon me. 'Hold!' I will shout, 'I am the Brigadier Gerard!' Then they will see my face. They will know me. And I will tell them about you. Under the shield of these clothes you will be sacred."

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them, but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dolman, my busby, my sword-belt, and my sabre-tasche, while I took in exchange his high sheepskin cap with the gold chevron, his fur-trimmed coat, and his crooked sword. Be it well understood that in changing the tunics I did not forget to change my thrice-precious letter also from my old one to my new.

"With your leave," said I, "I shall now bind you to a barrel."

He made a great fuss over this, but I have learned in my soldiering never to throw away chances, and how could I tell that he might not, when my back was turned, see how the matter really stood and break in upon my plans? He was leaning against a barrel at the time, so I ran six times round it with a rope, and then tied it with a big knot behind. If he wished to come upstairs he would, at least, have to carry a thousand litres of good French wine for a knapsack. I then shut the door of the back cellar behind me, so that he might not hear what was going forward, and tossing the candle away I ascended the kitchen stair.

There were only about twenty steps, and yet, while I came up them, I seemed to have time to think of everything that I had ever hoped to do. It was the same feeling that I had at Eylau when I lay with my broken leg and saw the horse artillery galloping down upon me. Of course, I knew that if I were taken I should be shot instantly as being disguised within the enemy's lines. Still, it was a glorious death—in the direct service of the Emperor—and I reflected that there could not be less than five lines, and perhaps seven, in the *Moniteur* about me. Palaret had eight lines, and I am sure that he had not so fine a career.

When I made my way out into the hall, with all the nonchalance in my face and manner that I could assume, the very first thing that I saw was Bouvet's dead body, with his legs drawn up and a broken sword in his hand. I could see by the black smudge that he had been shot at close quarters. I should have wished to salute as I went by, for he was a gallant man, but I feared lest I should be seen, and so I passed on.

The front of the hall was full of Prussian infantry, who were knocking loopholes in the wall, as though they expected that there might be yet another attack. Their officer, a little rat of a man, was running about giving directions. They were all too busy to take much notice of me, but another officer, who was standing by the door with a long pipe in his mouth, strode across and clapped me on the shoulder, pointing to the dead bodies of our poor hussars, and saying something which was meant for a jest, for his long beard opened and showed every fang in his head. I laughed heartily also, and said the only Russian words that I knew. I learned them from little Sophie, at Wilna, and they meant: "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak tree, and if it rains we shall meet in the byre." It was all the same to this German, however, and I have no doubt that he gave me credit for saying something very witty indeed, for he roared laughing, and slapped me on my shoulder again. I nodded to him and marched out of the hall-door as coolly if I were the commandant of the garrison.

There were a hundred horses tethered about outside, most of them belonging to the Poles and hussars. Good little Violette was waiting with the others, and she whinnied when she saw me coming towards her. But I would not mount her. No. I was much too cunning for that. On the contrary, I chose the most shaggy little Cossack horse that I could see, and I sprang upon it with as much assurance as though it had belonged to my father before me. It had a great bag of plunder slung over its neck, and this I laid upon Violette's back, and led her along beside me. Never have you seen such a picture of the Cossack returning from the foray. It was superb.

Well, the town was full of Prussians by this time. They lined the side-walks and pointed me out to each other, saying, as I could judge from their gestures, "There goes one of those devils of Cossacks. They are the boys for foraging and plunder."

One or two officers spoke to me with an air of authority, but I shook my head and smiled, and said, "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak tree, but if it rains we shall meet in the byre," at which they shrugged their shoulders and gave the matter up. In this way I worked along until I was beyond the northern outskirt of the town. I could see in the roadway two lancer vedettes with their black and white pennons, and I knew that when I was once past these I should be a free man once more. I

"IT WAS A TRIUMPH—MEN SHOUTING AND WOMEN WAVING THEIR HANDKERCHIEFS."

made my pony trot, therefore, Violette rubbing her nose against my knee all the time, and looking up at me to ask how she had deserved that this hairy doormat of a creature should be preferred to her. I was not more than a hundred yards from the Uhlans, when suddenly, you can imagine my feelings when I saw a real Cossack coming galloping along the roadway towards me.

Ah, my friend, you who read this, if you have any heart, you will feel for a man like me, who had gone through so many dangers and trials, only at this very last moment to be confronted with one which appeared to put an end to everything. I will confess that for a moment I lost heart, and was inclined to throw myself down in my despair, and to cry out that I had been betrayed. But, no; I was not beaten even now. I opened two buttons of my tunic so that I might get easily at the Emperor's message, for it was my fixed determination when all hope was gone to swallow the letter and then die sword in hand. Then I felt that my little crooked sword was loose in its sheath, and I trotted on to where the vedettes were waiting. They seemed inclined to stop me, but I pointed to the other Cossack, who was still a couple of hundred yards off, and they, understanding that I merely wished to meet him, let me pass with a salute.

I dug my spurs into my pony then, for if I were only far enough from the lancers I thought I might manage the Cossack without much difficulty. He was an officer, a large, bearded man, with a gold chevron in his cap, just the same as mine. As I advanced he unconsciously aided me by pulling up his horse, so that I had a fine start of the vedettes. On I came for him, and I could see wonder changing to suspicion in his brown eyes as he looked at me and at my pony, and at my equipment. I do not know what it was that was wrong, but he saw something which was as it should not be. He shouted out a question, and then when I gave no answer he pulled out his sword. I was glad in my heart to see him do so, for I had always rather fight than cut down an unsuspecting enemy. Now I made at him full tilt, and, parrying his cut, I got my point in just under the fourth button of his tunic. Down he went, and the weight of him nearly took me off my horse before I could disengage. I never glanced at him to see if he were living or dead, for I sprang off my pony and on to Violette, with a shake of my bridle and a kiss of my hand to the two Uhlans behind me. They galloped after me, shouting, but Violette had had her rest and was just as fresh as when she started. I took the first side road to the west and then the first to the south, which would take me away from the enemy's country. On we went and on, every stride taking me further from my foes and nearer to my friends. At last, when I reached the end of a long stretch of road, and looking back from it could see no sign of any pursuers, I understood that my troubles were over.

And it gave me a glow of happiness, as I rode, to think that I had done to the letter what the Emperor had ordered. What would he say when he saw me? What could he say which would do justice to the incredible way in which I had risen above every danger? He had ordered me to go through Sermoise, Soissons, and Senlis, little dreaming that they were all three occupied by the enemy. And yet I had done it. I had borne his letter in safety through each of these towns. Hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, and infantry—I had run the gauntlet of all of them, and had come out unharmed.

When I had got as far as Dammartin I caught a first glimpse of our own outposts. There was a troop of dragoons in a field, and of course I could see from the horsehair crests that they were French. I galloped towards them in order to ask them if all was safe between there and Paris, and as I rode I felt such a pride at having won my way back to my friends again, that I could not refrain from waving my sword in the air.

At this a young officer galloped out from among the dragoons, also brandishing his sword, and it warmed my heart to think that he should come riding with such ardour and enthusiasm to greet me. I made Violette caracole, and as we came together I brandished my sword more gallantly than ever, but you can imagine my feelings when he suddenly made a cut at me which would certainly have taken my head off if I had not fallen forward with my nose in Violette's mane. My faith, it whistled just over my cap like an east wind. Of course, it came from this accursed Cossack uniform which, in my excitement, I had forgotten all about, and this young dragoon had imagined that I was some Russian champion who was challenging the French cavalry. My word, he was a frightened man when he understood how near he had been to killing the celebrated Brigadier Gerard.

Well, the road was clear, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was at St. Denis, though it took me a long two hours to get

from there to Paris, for the road was blocked with commissariat waggons and guns of the artillery reserve, which was going north to Marmont and Mortier. You cannot conceive the excitement which my appearance in such a costume made in Paris, and when I came to the Rue de Rivoli I should think I had a quarter of a mile of folk riding or running behind me. Word had got about from the dragoons (two of whom had come with me), and everybody knew about my adventures and how I had come by my uniform. It was a triumph—men shouting and women waving their handkerchiefs and blowing kisses from the windows.

Although I am a man singularly free from conceit, still I must confess that, on this one occasion, I could not restrain myself from showing that this reception gratified me. The Russian's coat had hung very loose upon me, but now I threw out my chest until it was as tight as a sausage-skin. And my little sweetheart of a mare tossed her mane and pawed with her front hoofs, frisking her tail about as though she said, "We've done it together this time. It is to us that commissions should be intrusted." When I kissed her between the nostrils as I dismounted at the gate of the Tuileries there was as much shouting as if a bulletin had been read from the Grand Army.

I was hardly in costume to visit a king; but, after all, if one has a soldierly figure one can do without all that. I was shown up straight away to Joseph, whom I had often seen in Spain. He seemed as stout, as quiet, and as amiable as ever. Talleyrand was in the room with him, or I suppose I should call him the Duke of Benevento, but I confess that I like old names best. He read my letter when Joseph Buonaparte handed it to him, and then he looked at me with the strangest expression in those funny little, twinkling eyes of his.

"Were you the only messenger?" he asked.

"There was one other, sir," said I. "Major Charpentier, of the Horse Grenadiers."

"He has not yet arrived," said the King of Spain.

"If you had seen the legs of his horse, sire, you would not wonder at it," I remarked.

"There may be other reasons," said Talleyrand, and he gave that singular smile of his.

Well, they paid me a compliment or two, though they might have said a good deal more and yet have said too little. I bowed myself out, and very glad I was to get away, for I hate a court as much as I love a camp. Away I went to my old friend Chaubert, in the Rue Miromesnil, and there I got his hussar uniform, which fitted me very well. He and Lisette and I supped together in his rooms, and all my dangers were forgotten. In the morning I found Violette ready for another twenty-league stretch. It was my intention to return instantly to the Emperor's headquarters, for I was, as you may well imagine, impatient to hear his words of praise, and to receive my reward.

I need not say that I rode back by a safe route, for I had seen quite enough of Uhlans and Cossacks. I passed through Meaux and Château Thierry, and so in the evening I arrived at Rheims, where Napoleon was still lying. The bodies of our fellows and of St. Prest's Russians had all been buried, and I

"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' HE SHOUTED."

could see changes in the camp also. The soldiers looked better cared for; some of the cavalry had received remounts, and everything was in excellent order. It is wonderful what a good general can effect in a couple of days.

When I came to the headquarters I was shown straight into the Emperor's room. He was drinking coffee at a writing-table, with a big plan drawn out on paper in front of him. Berthier and McDonald were leaning, one over each shoulder, and he was talking so quickly that I don't believe that either of them could catch a half of what he was saying. But when his eyes fell upon me he dropped the pen on to the chart, and he sprang up with a look in his pale face which struck me cold.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he shouted. When he was angry he had a voice like a peacock.

"I have the honour to report to you, sire," said I, "that I have delivered your despatch safely to the King of Spain."

"What!" he yelled, and his two eyes transfixed me like bayonets. Oh, those dreadful eyes, shifting from grey to blue, like steel in the sunshine. I can see them now when I have a bad dream.

"What has become of Charpentier?" he asked.

"He is captured," said McDonald.

"By whom?"

"The Russians."

"The Cossacks?"

"No, a single Cossack."

"He gave himself up?"

"Without resistance."

"He is an intelligent officer. You will see that the medal of honour is awarded to him."

When I heard those words I had to rub my eyes to make sure that I was awake.

"As to you," cried the Emperor, taking a step forward as if he would have struck me, "you brain of a hare, what do you think that you were sent upon this mission for? Do you conceive that I would send a really important message by such a hand as yours, and through every village which the enemy holds? How you came through them passes my comprehension; but if your fellow messenger had had but as little sense as you, my whole plan of campaign would have been ruined. Can you not see, coglione, that this message contained false news, and that it was intended to deceive the enemy whilst I put a very different scheme into execution?"

When I heard those cruel words and saw the angry, white face which glared at me, I had to hold the back of a chair, for my mind was failing me and my knees would hardly bear me up. But then I took courage as I reflected that I was an honourable gentleman, and that my whole life had been spent in toiling for this man and for my beloved country.

"Sire," said I, and the tears would trickle down my cheeks whilst I spoke, "when you are dealing with a man like me you would find it wiser to deal openly. Had I known that you had wished the despatch to fall into the hands of the enemy, I would have seen that it came there. As I believed that I was to guard it, I was prepared to sacrifice my life for it. I do not believe, sire, that any man in the world ever met with more toils and perils than I have done in trying to carry out what I thought was your will."

I dashed the tears from my eyes as I spoke, and with such fire and spirit as I could command I gave him an account of it all, of my dash through Soissons, my brush with the dragoons, my adventure in Senlis, my rencontre with Count Boutkine in the cellar, my disguise, my meeting with the Cossack officer, my flight, and how at the last moment I was nearly cut down by a French dragoon. The Emperor, Berthier, and McDonald listened with astonishment on their faces. When I had finished Napoleon stepped forward and he pinched me by the ear.

"There, there!" said he. "Forget anything which I may have said. I would have done better to trust you. You may go."

I turned to the door, and my hand was upon the handle, when the Emperor called upon me to stop.

"You will see," said he, turning to the Duke of Tarentum, "that Brigadier Gerard has the special medal of honour, for I believe that if he has the thickest head he has also the stoutest heart in my army."

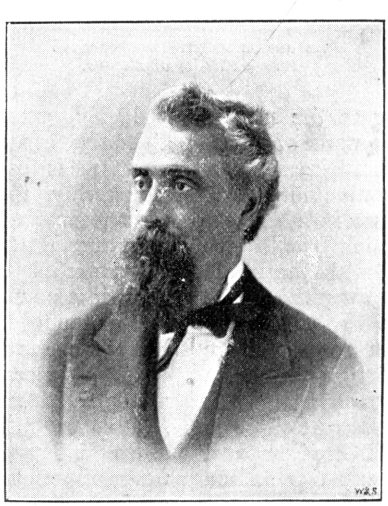
Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXVIII. — MR. HIRAM S. MAXIM.

By J. Bucknall Smith.

TO the versatile and original inventor, Mr. Hiram Maxim, a name now more or less familiar throughout the intelligent world, must be justly accredited one of the most distinguished positions in mechanical science of our times, to say nothing of his numerous valuable attainments in the electrical and chemical branches of science. As this famous inventor and talented mechanician has been entirely the architect of his own fame and fortune through his brilliant abilities, steadfast application, and indomitable perseverance—similar to a host of other successful and eminent men in many departments of life—features in his noteworthy career will be found to abound with peculiar interest and instruction.

Mr. Maxim, who now may almost be claimed as a British citizen, was born in the State of Maine, in the year 1840, of parents from amongst the oldest families in the United States, although his earlier ancestors in this country were French Huguenots, who resided about the locality of Canterbury. As a youth he attended such schools as they had in that part of the States in those days, until he was about fourteen years of age, when he was apprenticed to a carriage builder, although he had previously received some rudimentary insight into mechanical handicrafts and the use of tools at his father's works, which consisted of a wood-working factory and mill. From the very beginning of his career, young Maxim was characterized as a keen observer, serious student, and industrious worker, whilst at an early age he displayed a decidedly inventive aptitude and bent for scientific pursuits and studies, which virtues in a measure he had probably inherited from his father's side. Apparently his brother, like his father, possessed some degree of the inventive faculty, but Hiram's capabilities, however, in that direction soon outstripped the other members of the family, although it was not until he was twenty-five years of age that he commenced to blossom into the inventor of promise that one might expect from his achievements of to-day.



MR. HIRAM MAXIM, WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO THIS COUNTRY AT ABOUT FORTY YEARS OF AGE.
From a Photo. by Betts, Bridgeport, U.S.A.

From metal-working experiences gained at his uncle's works in Fitchburg, Mass., he rapidly extended his practical training and knowledge by entering the factory of a philosophical instrument maker, and later by joining the staff of some ironworkers and shipbuilders, in each instance assiduously studying, in his leisure moments, the theories and sciences which were involved in his daily labours.

It was during 1877 that Mr. Maxim first turned his attention to electrical matters, when he was retained as consulting engineer to a Mr. Schuyler, who had undertaken the development of electric lighting in the States. About that time this system of illumination was practically unknown across the Atlantic; indeed, in Europe it had been mainly confined to experiments. Mr. Maxim then applied himself, with his characteristic ability and earnestness, to the study of electrical science generally, and the rapid progress which he accomplished in that branch will be vivid in the recollections of many. The earliest electric lights in the States were devised and erected by Mr. Maxim, about which time he was also identified with many very important electrical inventions.

During 1880 the eminent inventor first visited England and Europe, with a view of investigating practically everything of an electrical nature on this side of the Atlantic. The following year his exhibits at the Paris Exhibition won him the distinction of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, about which time he became the permanent representative of the American company in Europe. In 1883 he returned to England, where

he has practically remained ever since, and made London the headquarters for the European business of the company. Having now some leisure, and being an incessant and indefatigable worker, he turned his attention to inventing an automatic machine gun, which should load and fire itself. As now familiar to most readers, the application of his genius in this direction culminated in the production of a unique and terribly efficient rapid-firing weapon, which has practically superseded everything of the kind previously used in the international naval and military worlds. It is satisfactory to recall that the British Government was the first to recognise its merit and practically adopt the same. Those who have not seen the gun in operation may in some measure form an idea of its frightful capabilities and execution in action from the fact that it can load and fire itself, by the recoil resulting from the discharge of the ammunition, over twelve times a second, or up to some 770 shots per minute. The inception of this wonderful weapon occurred to Mr. Maxim by reflecting over a violent kick he had once received whilst firing a military rifle in the States; also as a boy it had been apparent to him that, in those days, there was a great waste of time in loading and firing a sporting gun, owing to the use of the powder and shot flasks, wads and percussion nipple caps, etc. These impressions never left his fertile and retentive mind, and consequently at a later leisure in life he set about to contrive a gun which would not only keep on loading itself with incredible rapidity, but fire and throw away the empty cartridge cases automatically.

MR. HIRAM MAXIM (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

The gun was first fired in actual warfare by Sir Francis de Winton during the Sierra Leone Campaign. As many are aware, this wonderful invention was ultimately taken over by the Maxim-Nordenfelt Gun Company, which has a capital of nearly two million pounds sterling.

Mr. Maxim has been one of the best customers of the International Patent Offices, he having taken out something like a hundred different patents since his residence in Europe, some of which relate to improved petroleum and other motors and smokeless gunpowders, etc., in connection with which he has also attained a high reputation. During a comparatively recent competition in the States, his powder was declared the best submitted, and it is almost identical to "Cordite," since adopted by the British Government. Mr. Maxim first began to bestow some attention to the solution of the problem of mechanical aerial flight in 1889; and since then his famous structures and demonstrations have involved an expenditure of nearly twenty thousand pounds.

The gifted inventor, however, only devotes his leisure moments to this problem, which may be appropriately described as one of his hobbies.

Enough has now been written to convey some meagre idea of Mr. Maxim's bold, original, and versatile inventive genius. He is further necessarily a man of diligent study, great vitality, and resolution. Knotty points and difficulties only stimulate his unremitting labours and dogged persistence, whilst accepted orthodox principles do not deter him from departing from any beaten tracks in science.

As a companion, he is highly entertaining and genial, with a distinctly humorous bent; to his fellow-man he is considerate, although a keen and thrifty man of business; he holds strict views concerning commercial integrity. In stature, Mr. Maxim is of medium height, but powerfully built, erect in gait and agile; his hair is now of silvery hue, but physically and mentally he is a well-preserved man. His dark-brown penetrating eyes are full of intelligence and vivacity—in short, his presence is unusually commanding. Mr. Maxim is rather deaf from the effects of the discharge of firearms and artillery; he works about fourteen hours daily, is a non-smoker, and practically an abstainer from alcoholic stimulants. His character of speech varies much, according to the

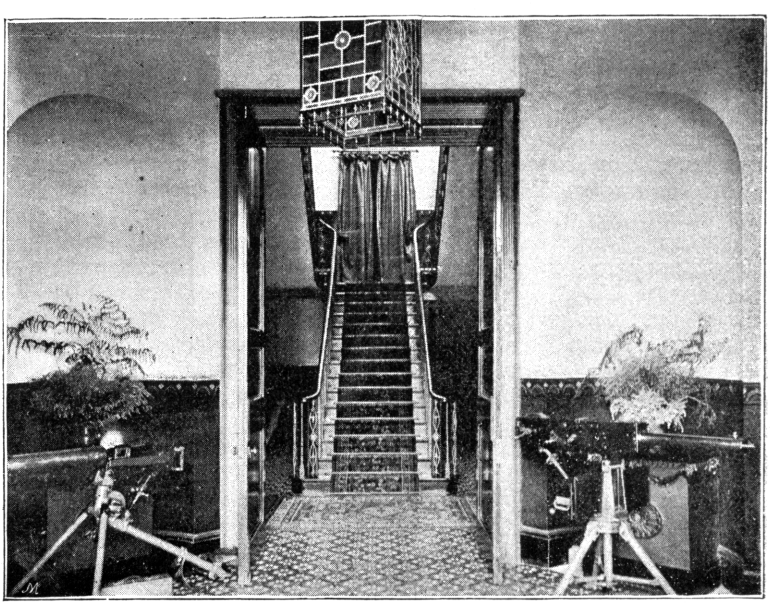
subjects of conversation: at times he speaks with slow and thoughtful emphasis, at others, with the volubility remindful of his gun. His accent is practically that of an Englishman, although most of his quaint idioms are decidedly American. Mr. Maxim is a member of many of the leading scientific and learned societies of Great Britain and America.

MRS. MAXIM.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

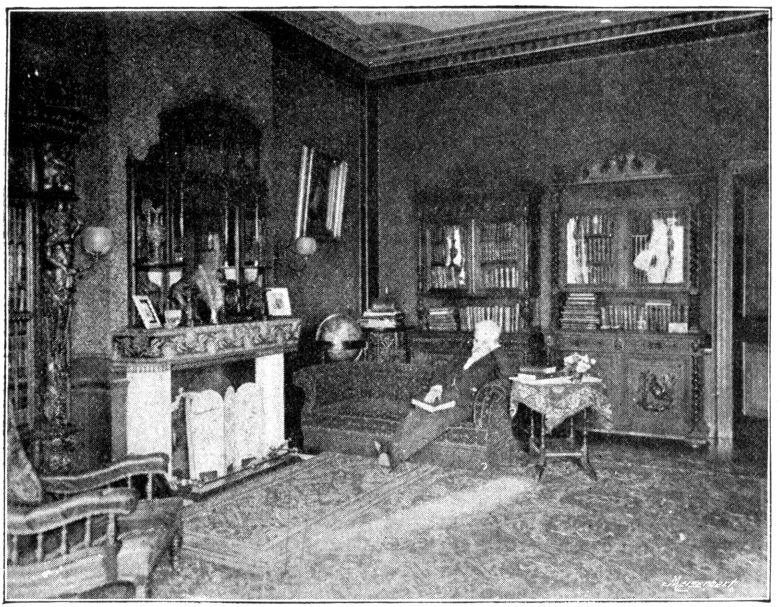
His intelligent and devoted wife is a very industrious, cultured, and genial lady, who not only takes immediate interest in all her husband's inventions and scientific pursuits, but directly assists him in various departments of his daily avocations; indeed, their labours and deliberations may be appropriately described as inseparable. Mrs. Maxim was born in Boston; her maiden name was Haynes—a family of English descent.

Their English home at Baldwyn's Park, Dartford Heath, is a picturesque estate of some 500 acres in area, abounding with relics of the Roman epoch; indeed, the site of the ancient city of Caswallan is located within its sylvan precincts. The residential mansion is commanding and spacious, although of simple external appearance, indicative of an old school of architecture. The house is handsomely furnished throughout in becoming taste, although Mr. Maxim, like so many men of intellectual predilections and culture, avoids anything approaching ostentatious luxury. The bulk of Mr. and Mrs. Maxim's leisure moments at home are spent in the library, which is well equipped with most of the leading modern text-books and works of reference. Immediately on entering the lofty and spacious vestibule an elaborately finished and mounted Maxim gun meets the gaze of the visitor. At one side of the house will be noticed an extensive wooden structure, from which proceeds a broad-gauge railway—this is the inventor's workshop and the home of his famous flying machine.

On the occasion of this interview I was, as usual, ushered into the comfortable library, where I found Mr. Maxim seated at his escritoire with a pile of papers and books before him; on his right hand was his indefatigable and invaluable assistant — his



From a] THE VESTIBULE—BALDWYN'S MANSION. [*Photograph.*



[From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LIBRARY. [Photograph.

zealous wife. After receiving me with his accustomed cordiality, he bade me be seated.

"Mr. Maxim," I promptly commenced, "I have had the privilege of having several interesting and instructive conversations with you; to-day, I would ask leave to have a popular chat about your distinguished inventive career in general."

Mr. Maxim, with an expression of some astonishment at the magnitude of my request, replied in kindly humour:—

"Well, that is rather a big order; where shall we commence?"

"Please give me a brief account," I responded, "of some of the early incidents connected with electric lighting which led to your first visit to England. I have just read in some recently published American biographical sketches, entitled 'Men of Achievement,' that your name was associated with the earliest pioneers of that industry, and according to Mr. Hubert, the author, and one of your own countrymen, Mr. T. A. Edison is described as 'rather a master mechanic than a master inventor, and that he has simply made practical what other men had discovered before him.'"

These statements proved effectual shots for opening the action, for Mr. Maxim, after drawing his chair closely up to mine, so as not to miss any points in the conversation, being, as before stated, rather deaf, proceeded in his fluent style of speech:—

"Yes! Some very curious events transpired in the early days of electric lighting in the States, and when for weeks and months together most of the papers were preaching 'Edison,' which I think was fully two years before he had shown anything with regard to electric lighting. One of the first arc lamps erected in the States was put up by myself in the Park Avenue Hotel, New York. A great many people came to see the new light. One night whilst I was watching the lamp, studying the behaviour of the arc with a view of preventing its fluctuations, a young lady came close to me and observed:—

"'Ah! how truly wonderful! What a brilliant conception! How like is the effect to Pompeii by moonlight! Who but an Edison could have thought of such an illuminant?' and so forth.

"'Excuse me,' I ventured to remark, with reference to that misdirected eulogy, 'but this is not Edison's light.'

"'What! Then it is not an electric light?' she hesitatingly inquired.

"I answered, 'Yes, it is an electric light, but not Edison's'; adding, 'I do not know that Edison has yet devised an electric lamp. I have never seen one, and I have never met anyone who has.'

"'Ah!' the disappointed lady sighed, 'an electric light and not Edison's! Then I have no further interest in the matter.'

"Thereupon she gathered up about a dozen yards of brocaded silken skirts and majestically disappeared from the building."

"I presume at that time," I interrupted, "nearly everybody in the States thought that practically everything electrical must have been invented by Edison?"

"Yes! That was apparently about the size of it," Mr. Maxim facetiously replied.

"I put up a number of arc lights in various places in the States," he continued, "and the first questions nearly always asked me by spectators were, 'Is that an electric

light?' 'Yes!' 'Is it Edison's?' 'No!' and so forth."

"That must have been very irritating?" I ventured to remark.

"Well," resumed Mr. Maxim, "not always so annoying as monotonous, although I sometimes thought I should really inflict some bodily harm upon the next man who asked me, 'Is that light Edison's?' That reminds me: Being one day in a hurry to take a newly-finished lamp out of town, I did not stop to wrap it up in paper, but took it as it was and rushed for the ferry-boat. I took my seat in the boat alongside of two farmers, who soon began to eye me with evident curiosity; by-and-by, one of them touched me gently on the shoulder and in a subdued voice inquired, 'Excuse me, sir, but what is that machine you are carrying?' Had I replied, 'It is an electric lamp,' the granger would have been nearly sure to have asked, 'Is it Edison's?' So I evasively said, 'Oh, this, sir, is a sausage stuffer.' 'Ah! Indeed!' rejoined the countryman, 'and a high-fangled sausage stuffer it appears, too.' That answer, I believe, saved the man's life.

"When Edison's lamp finally came out, and everyone was talking about it, I heard someone asserting that his lamp was not altogether new, that incandescent lamps had been made before, when one fellow in the party put a clincher on the argument by saying, 'Well, Edison invented the vacuum, anyway; any fool can pump out the air, but to suck out the vacuum is the trick.'"

Judging that Mr. Maxim had a legion of similar amusing reminiscences to narrate, I turned the conversation by suggesting that he might kindly give me an account of some of his early experiences with his famous automatic gun. This theme, I quickly saw, was if anything more palatable to him than his humorous electrical repertory.

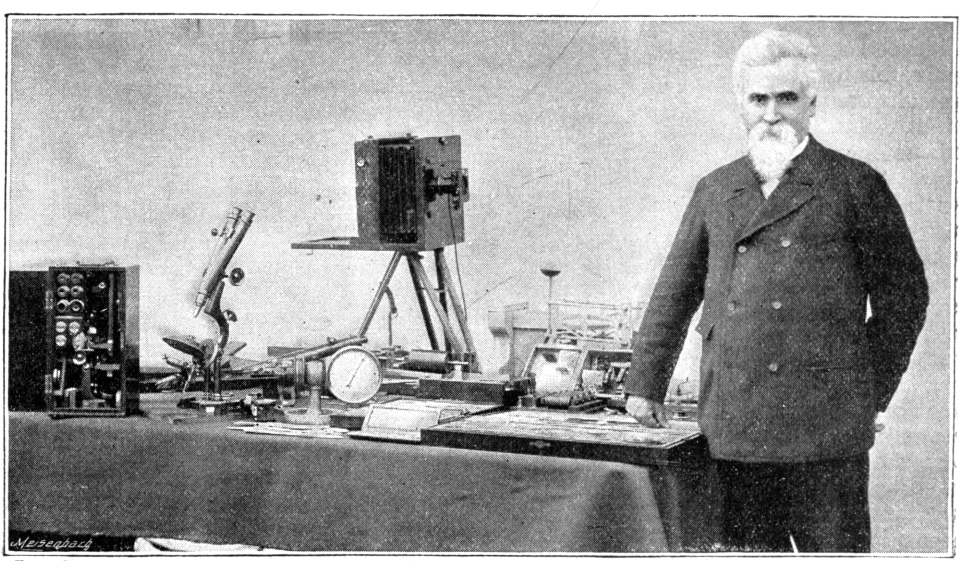
"Well," he resumed, in a serious tone and measure of speech, "you have seen the gun fired and know how it works and behaves?" which recalled to my mind the ghastly efficiency I had seen demonstrated with the weapon at the Erith works, when its inventor had mowed down wooden palings and egg-chests like grass with a scythe, and had inscribed his initials on the sand cliffs by a practically continuous stream of bullets, as thick as a tropical hailstorm.

"Yes! Yes!" I responded, with mingled recollections of horror and amazement; "but please tell me how you set about to devise such an awful engine of devastation and some events connected with its development and introduction."

Reclining back more leisurely in his chair, and after taking a glance at his watch, Mr. Maxim replied, in a reflective mood:—

"Your questions involve rather a long story. During the years 1883–84, having some little spare time in my electrical business, I decided to experiment with my contemplated automatic or recoil principle of working guns, as applied to a Winchester rifle.

"Failing, however, to get my instructions carried out in London, I proceeded to



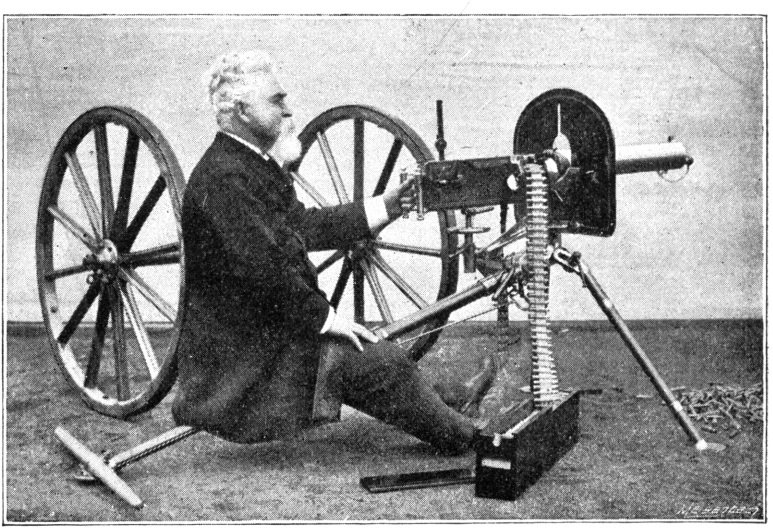
From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LABORATORY. *[Photograph.*

Birmingham, where I met with similar disappointments and hindrances, owing to prejudices in the trade. Finally, I went to Paris, and took my model and drawings to a philosophical instrument maker there, who made the necessary alterations without further trouble or assistance. Shortly after, remembering the difficulties I had encountered in the gun trade in England, I resolved to start a small works of my own in London. Accordingly, I procured some premises at 57, Hatton Garden, and equipped them with suitable tools, but before I had hardly commenced to get to work in earnest, troubles arose with my men. After discharging my foreman and making some alterations in the factory, I at length succeeded in getting my first experimental gun made, which was thoroughly successful, and more than met my expectations. So far as I can now recollect, the first outside gentleman who came to see the weapon was Sir Donald Currie; shortly afterwards I received a visit from the Duke of Cambridge, in company with Sir Frederick Bramwell.

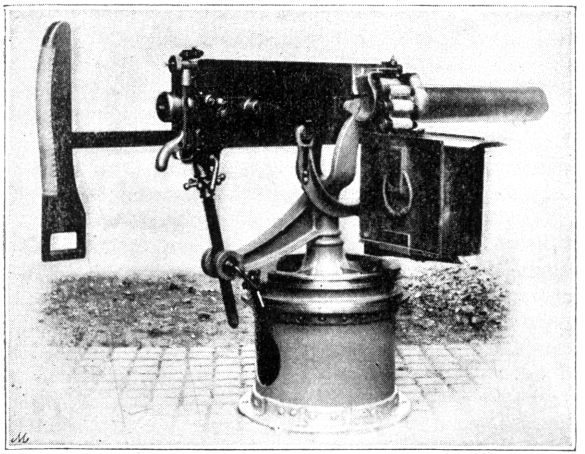
"Then a number of other distinguished persons and members of the nobility visited the works, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince fired the gun, and I was surprised to see how quickly he grasped its construction and operation. His Royal Highness congratulated me on having invented an entirely new machine gun. After this, titled people from all parts of the world came to see the Maxim gun, and it ultimately occupied two or three hours a day to exhibit and explain it to various visitors. To make up for this loss of time I had to work late at nights, and sometimes on Sundays. Soon the British Government ordered the first experimental gun, although the first big order I received was from the Austrians. I used to fire thousands of rounds of ammunition as a test of the weapon's reliability. The British Government stipulated it should not weigh more than 100lb., and that it should fire 400 rounds a minute. The gun I, however, made for them weighed only 40lb. and fired 1,000 rounds in 1¼ minutes. Afterwards a long series of experiments were conducted at Hythe, Kent, with all known kinds of machine guns, and mine came out of the competition the best in all respects.

"My first experience of long-range shooting with my gun was at Thun, in Switzerland, when I entered into a machine-gun competition arranged there. This event was probably the turning-point in my life. My final opponent took the form of a double-barrelled monster, weighing about 2cwt., which had beaten all others in Europe. It, however, jammed in action, although it was claimed to be capable of reliably firing 330 rounds per minute; this performance I excelled in half the time without a hitch, my gun weighing only 50lb., and practically requiring no attendance. Further, my shots were found to be grouped all in the centre of the target, whilst my competitor's bullets were widely scattered. I then fired at a range of over 1,200 yards, with similar satisfactory results; indeed, at that distance I swept away 75 per cent. of the dummy soldiers erected as a target. I then proceeded to Italy, where my gun also beat all competitors, and resulted in my obtaining an order for thirty guns for the navy.

"My invention was now speedily recognised as the most deadly implement of warfare in existence. When my gun was first exhibited in Austria, near Vienna, the late Archduke William came over to see the experiments, and also fired the weapon himself.



MR. MAXIM FIRING HIS GUN MADE FOR H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY LAST JUNE.
From a Photograph.



THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN, AS ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH AND RUSSIANS FOR NAVAL PURPOSES. BORE OF BARREL, 1½IN.; SPEED OF FIRE, 200 ROUNDS PER MINUTE WITH SHELL PROJECTILES.
From a Photograph.

When I was about to leave the field the Archduke said to me:—

"'You certainly have invented the most deadly instrument of war I have ever seen. I had been told it was only a toy, whereas the accuracy and reliability of its firing are simply appalling.'

"I had now beaten all other similar guns brought into competition with me, and I had already a large number of orders in hand, amounting in value to over a hundred thousand pounds. Herr Krupp then visited me to discuss arrangements for manufacturing the gun in Germany, but, as you are aware, my invention was speedily taken over by the Nordenfelt Gun Company, of London.

"Last season, at the Wimbledon range, the Princess of Wales fired the Maxim gun without the slightest trepidation, although the smoke was blowing in her face the whole time, which, as you know, means considerable courage, as the sharpness and rapidity of the explosions are distressing to most persons' ears and nerves.

"When I was recently in St. Petersburg, His Majesty the Czar directed that I should bring one of my guns to him at the Riding School, where he subsequently fired it himself.

"During the Shah of Persia's last visit to London, he expressed a wish to see the much-talked-about Maxim gun, so it was accordingly arranged that I should take one, with blank ammunition, to the Buckingham Palace Grounds, and fire it in the presence of His Majesty. I explained to him in French how the gun worked without the aid of any manual operation, and he seemed very interested. Before I took my departure His Majesty asked me to give him the gun, but as it was worth about £220 I could not see my way to comply with the august request. At this demonstration I had some anxious moments while preventing the Shah from shooting the Grand Vizier, who would persistently lean over the muzzle of the gun whilst His Majesty was playing with the breech mechanism.

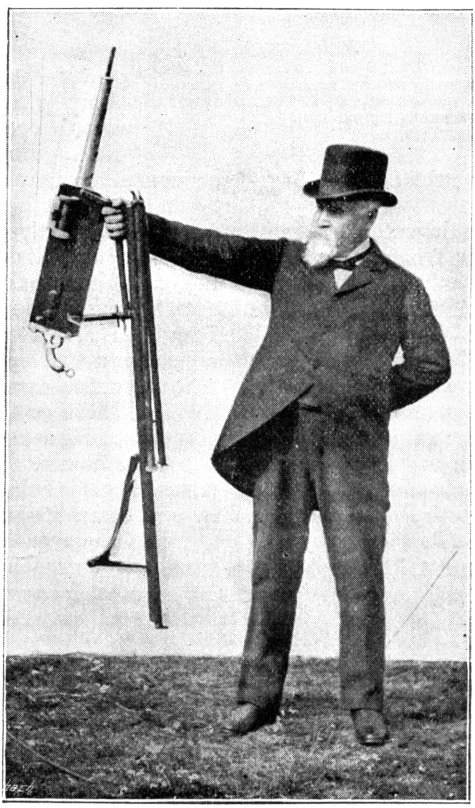
"On one of the occasions when I was in France, I set a gun with an automatic regulator to fire only three shots a minute. An officer who came riding up inquired, 'Is this the Maxim gun?' A reply was given in the affirmative. He then continued, 'I should much like to see it fired.' To which a brother officer remarked, 'It is being fired now.' 'No, it is not,' he persisted; 'why, there is no one by it.'

"The same gun will fire a shot once a week or 700 rounds in a minute.

From a] THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN AS MOUNTED FOR THE MATABELE WAR. *[Photograph.*

"The latest development of my automatic gun is one just made to the order of the German Emperor; it weighs only 20lb.

"It is, of course, clear to you," Mr. Maxim continued, "that the gun, unlike others of the machine type, has only one barrel. This is kept cool by a water jacket. The recoil of the barrel operates the whole mechanism, hence the motive power cannot get excited in action like a hand-worked weapon. Any description of rifle ammunition can be used in the gun, consequently the range, velocity, and effect of the shots entirely depend on the class of cartridges employed. We make at the Erith Works fully automatic guns up to six-pounders and semi-automatic cannon up to forty-five-pounders, which have effective ranges of from three to seven miles. Modern service ammunition when fired from a Maxim gun may impart to the bullet a muzzle velocity of some 2,000ft. per second, at which speed and pressure lead becomes practically liquefied, so that upon a bullet striking an object, it behaves more like a shell or explosive projectile, ripping everything asunder; the effect is frightfully destructive."



A LIGHT MAXIM GUN, MADE FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOR CAVALRY USE. WEIGHT, INCLUDING TRIPOD MOUNTING, 30LB. *From a Photograph.*

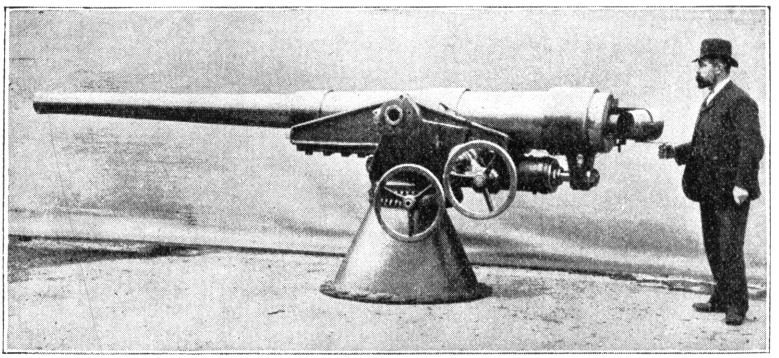
In answer to a question relating to the terrible execution done by the Maxim guns in the recent Matabeleland campaign, the inventor responded by placing before me a number of testimonials received by his company with reference to that war, amongst which I read one as follows, from Captain C. F. Lendy, dated from Buluwayo, on the 6th of January last:—

I was artillery officer in charge of all the British South African Co.'s guns, including seven "Maxims." It is a universally admitted fact, that to the Maxim guns is due, in a very great measure, the success of the Company's forces. Every Matabele we spoke to told the same story. They did not mind our rifles, as they had Martinis, but what beat them off and prevented them from closing in upon us were the "Zi-go-go-gos," the name they gave to the Maxim guns. "If one bullet missed them," they said, "they were bound to be hit by the next if they stayed, whilst if they ran away the bullets would follow them up and kill them when the gun itself was out of sight."

At this stage I interrogatively remarked that from the conversation I had gathered that his guns were now used practically throughout the world, but that nothing had been specially mentioned about the United States, likewise what the eminent inventor thought of the comparative fairness displayed and opportunities offered to inventors generally in this and his own country; also, what Government he had found to be the most honourable in recognising inventive genius?

For the moment Mr. Maxim appeared a little perplexed, but speedily he resumed, in measured and thoughtful speech:—

"I have not been treated well in my own country, and I am now of opinion that England offers fairer scope and openings for the inventor than the United States, where opportunities and contracts are not usually given on grounds of merit, but sold for the most advantageous terms. For this reason my gun is not adopted there, whilst my gun-carriage and smokeless powder patents have, I think I may justly say, been misappropriated in America. As to the recognition of inventors by different Governments, I think I may fairly state that I have found the French the most just and impartial; then the German, followed, perhaps, closely by the British, but the royalty paid by the last to make my gun is insignificant to that paid us by the first-mentioned Government. However, I consider an inventor has a fairer field here than in the States, and that your patent laws are on the whole better or more just than those across the Atlantic."



A MAXIM-NORDENFELT 45-POUNDER IMPROVED BREECHLOADER. GUN MADE IN ONE PIECE ACCORDING TO MR. MAXIM'S TAMPERING PROCESS. TESTED PRESSURE, 22½ TONS (4½ TONS IN EXCESS OF REQUIREMENTS); BORE, 4.7IN.; MUZZLE VELOCITY, 2,260FT.; PENETRATION, 10IN. OF ARMOUR; WEIGHT OF PROJECTILE, 45LB. [*From a Photograph.*

"Mr. Maxim," I next inquired, "I understand that you have invented and adopted a new method of manufacturing artillery from one solid piece of metal, instead of building ordnance up of numerous separate metallic coils or rings, according to the accepted practice?"

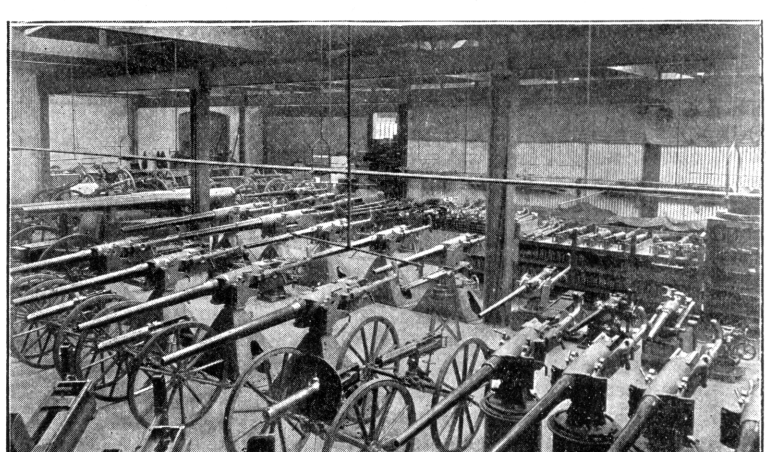
"Yes! That is so," he replied. "Some years ago, finding that the manufactures of steel had been so much improved, I thought it was then feasible to produce an efficient cannon of average size from one large steel forging, which would thus effect an enormous saving in money and material. Guns so manufactured have been tested up to the exceptional pressure of 22½ tons per square inch, without any damage or yielding. In this manner comparatively cheap serviceable artillery may be made. Perhaps it is not generally known that the big guns in the Navy are rendered useless after firing some 200 rounds, by the eroding action of the gases upon the rifling of the barrels."

"I presume, Mr. Maxim, that you have been besieged at different times by poor inventors seeking financial assistance?"

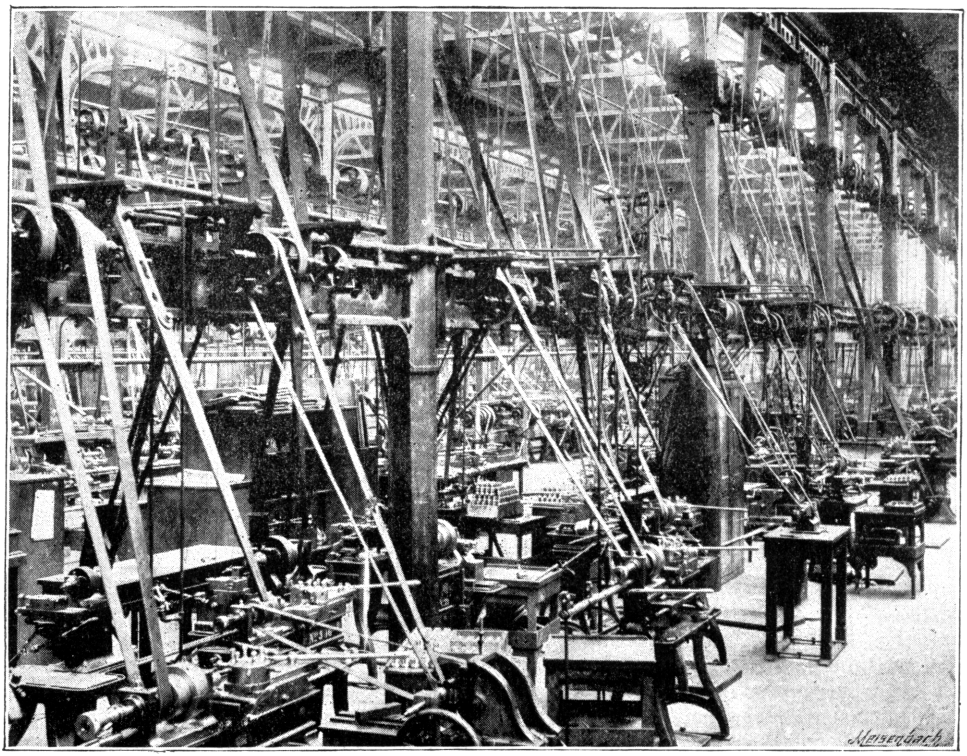
"Oh, yes," he cheerfully rejoined, "a legion; and I always endeavour to give an ear and any reasonable help to worthy inventors; but obviously I cannot assist everyone who applies to me; besides, some are idle schemers, whilst many others are hare-brained 'cranks.' I think," he continued, "the funniest instance of an appeal to me for monetary aid was in the case of a well-known fasting-man, but to whom I felt compelled to remark that many men had come to me for food, but this was the first occasion I had been asked to help a man to starve. I thought that was one of the few things that could be accomplished without money."

At this juncture I asked Mr. Maxim to give me a brief account of his flying machine, and how he thought the prospects of a practical solution of mechanical flight stood at present. To these interrogations the inventor responded in serious parlance:—

"I think too much has been already said and written about this machine, and much nonsense embodied, although I thought it desirable that my achievements in this direction should be recorded, so that if anything happens to prevent me from proceeding with my experiments, someone else may take them up and bring them to a practical issue. I have thought over the problem of flight for many years, although I only first commenced to experiment on the subject in 1889, and I have worked intermittently in



A STORE OF MAXIM-NORDENFELT IMPROVED MACHINE GUNS, ARTILLERY, ETC., AT THE ERITH GUN WORKS. [*From a Photograph.*



From a] A VIEW OF A SHOP IN THE MAXIM-NORDENFELT GUN WORKS AT ERITH. *[Photograph.*

the matter ever since. I thoroughly believe that before the close of the present century practical flying machines will be an accomplished fact, although I am of opinion that they will be more suitable to war than passenger or freight purposes. One of the chief problems to be solved was to obtain sufficient power for a practical weight of structure; some suggested 30lb. to a horse power. Well, as you know, I have reduced the weight of my motor to 2lb. per h.p., and I have succeeded, for the first time in the history of the world, in raising a machine, weighing over three tons, with a full complement of fuel, water, and navigating assistants, into the air. On the 31st of last July, you may remember that the margin of power developed in favour of flight was about one ton. According to Lord Rayleigh, M.A., F.R.S., the distinguished scientist, I have already solved three out of the five recognised problems involved in mechanical flight, the remaining two being to keep the machine on an even keel and to steer or manœuvre it, which I do not consider insurmountable difficulties. Lord Rayleigh referred to his trip on my machine as 'one of the sensations' of his life—however, you know the feeling of the experience, as you have had a spin on it yourself."

This recalled to my mind the indescribable sensation of mixed exhilaration and trepidation, on rushing off at a speed of fully forty miles an hour on the bosom of a veritable hurricane of this mechanical bird's own manufacture. Tobogganing or shooting the chutes bear no comparison to the fascinating yet weird impression the run has indelibly left on my memory.

"Well," continued Mr. Maxim, "the wings or aeroplanes of fully 5,000 square feet measure 126ft. across; the engines deliver some 350 h.p. on the huge propellers, which make about 400 revolutions per minute; the steam boiler is composed of a multitude of small tubes, heated by a petroleum gas burner having over 7,000 apertures; the working steam pressure is about 200lb. to the square inch; the machine is disconnected, or let go, when the screws are exerting a thrust of some 1,500lb., then away it bounds, as you will remember, at a speed of about thirty-five to forty miles an hour, lifting or raising the same as it proceeds. The aeroplanes surmounting the machine act after the principle of a kite, and thus lift the entire contrivance from the

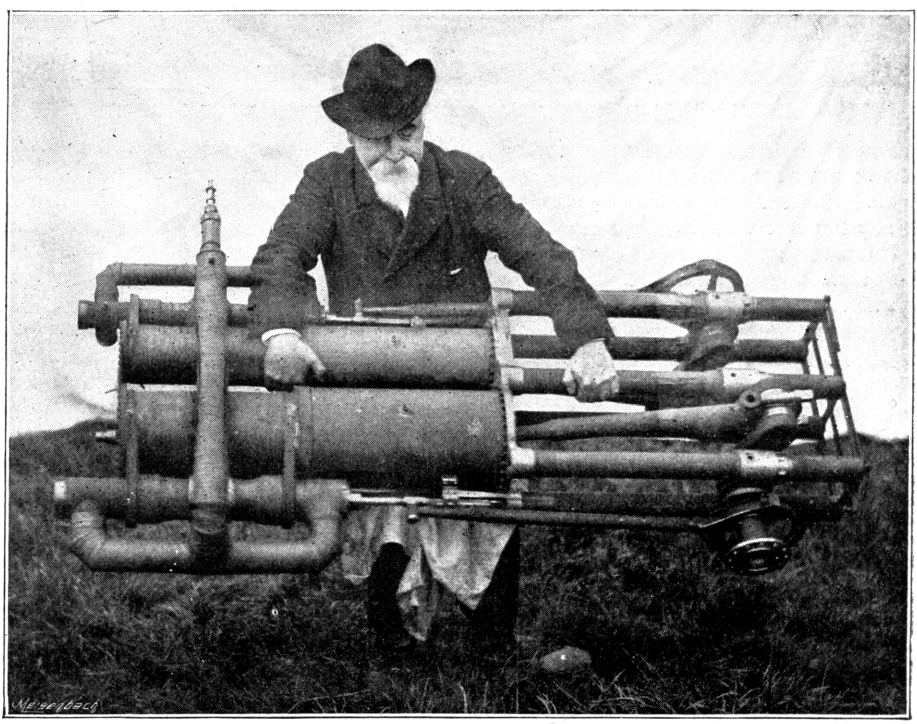
earth. The whole structure, as you are aware, is no model or toy, but a practical machine, capable of developing about as much power as a locomotive weighing some forty tons, whilst the wings or aeroplanes when fully equipped require a space to accommodate them equal to about twice the breadth of the drive on the Thames Embankment. Power for weight, I claim my flying-machine engines to be the most powerful yet devised in the world. I have already spent nearly £20,000 over my experiments on aerial flight."

"Your motor—indeed, the entire structure—appears amazingly light," I parenthetically remarked, "for, according to Professor Thurston, locomotives weigh fully 120lb. to the h.p.; similarly, marine engines from 300 to 600lb. per h.p.; torpedo-boat engines 100lb. per h.p.; whereas the aggregate weight of your whole machine, with water, fuel, and men, is only about 20lb. per h.p. According to the same authority, the weight and power of birds are equivalent to some 20 to 25lb. per h.p."

"The accident which occurred to my machine last July," Mr. Maxim resumed, "was occasioned by part of the track which limits the ascent of the apparatus breaking away and getting foul of the structure, whereupon I shut off the steam and came to earth somewhat precipitously. The repairs cost me several hundreds of pounds."

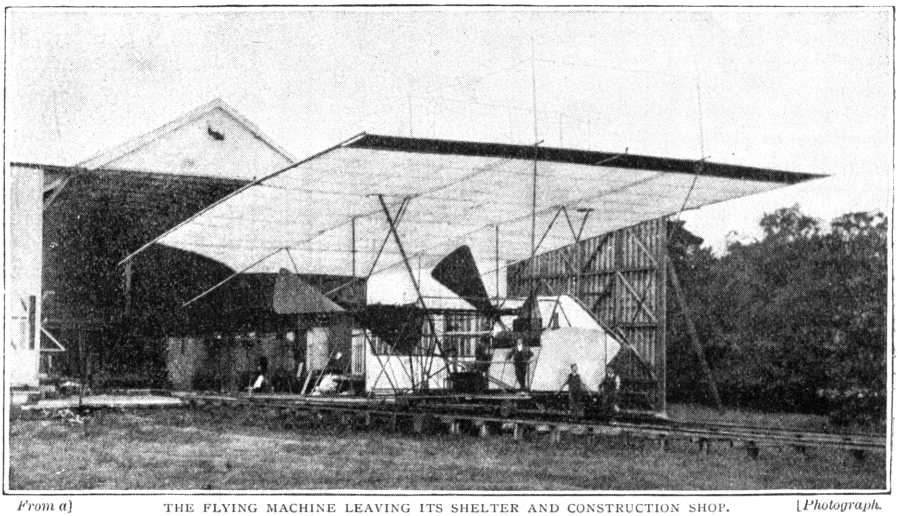
Here I again interrupted by asking if the celebrated inventor had not been inundated with ridiculous communications offering to assist him with this highly complex problem which he is studying to solve.

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Mr. Maxim; "I have received hundreds of letters on the subject—amongst them one from a modest gentleman, who stated that he had discovered a method of reversing the law of gravitation,



MR. MAXIM HOLDING ONE OF HIS FLYING MACHINE ENGINES: WEIGHT, 300LB.; EFFECTIVE HORSE-POWER, 180. WEIGHT AND POWER CONSIDERED, IT IS THE LIGHTEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD. *From a* [*Photograph.*

so as to make that force pull up instead of down, or, indeed, in any direction—'so there you are!' He was very wroth with me because I ventured to doubt the accuracy of his claim. Others have suggested 'solidified' electricity or 'compound cakes' of energy of miraculous power for a trifling weight; nitro-glycerine, as a trustworthy means of ascent from this world; air pumps nailed to the clouds by which the machine could be sucked up, etc.; and, strange to add, most were willing to disclose their incredible secrets for a moderate sum down. An



From a] THE FLYING MACHINE LEAVING ITS SHELTER AND CONSTRUCTION SHOP. *[Photograph.*

American also recently called upon me who could talk aeronautics and dynamics by the mile, and build flying machines with his mouth by the score, but when I set him to work I found that his mouth was the only organ in working condition about him, so, reluctantly, I had to dispense with his ingenious garrulity, which was on the same liberal basis as the remuneration required."

In reply to the question whether he had not been sought by company-mongers as a director, to embellish the prospectuses of many concerns, Mr. Maxim said :—

"Yes! An innumerable number of times, and even my wife has been approached by some of them, seeking her influence to induce me to go on different boards of direction. But, no! I will not lend my name as a 'guinea pig' to gull the public; besides, I have not sufficient time for my own undertakings and pursuits, without being mixed up in outside affairs."

As I had now trespassed on the illustrious inventor's valuable time to an unusual extent, I concluded the interview by adding: "Mr. Maxim, I recently heard some vague reference made to a desperate encounter you had some time ago with some thieves in France; may I ask you to kindly give me a reliable version of that event?"

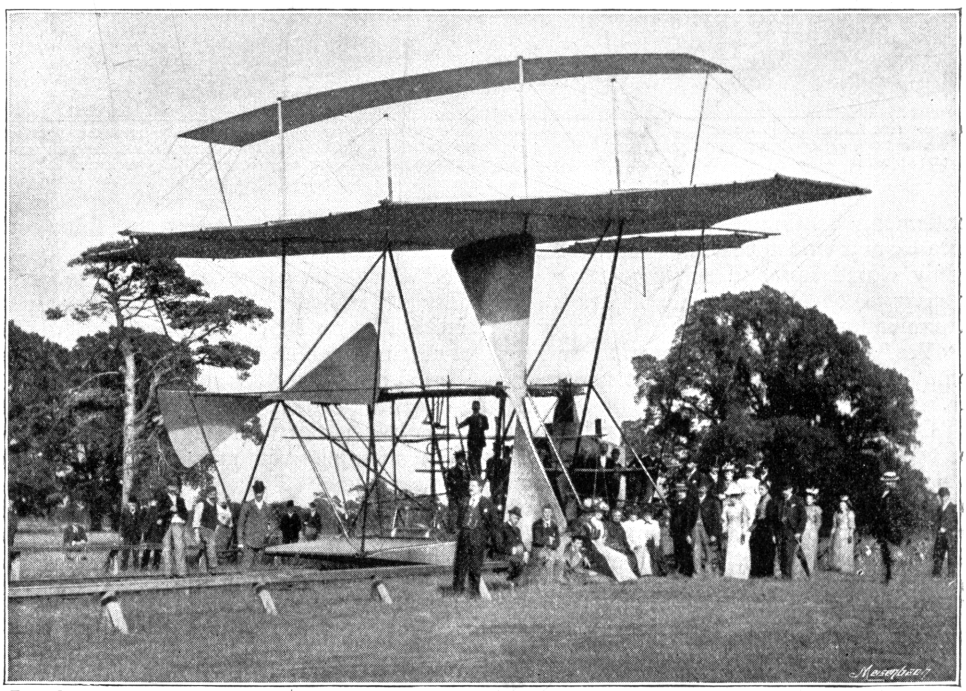
"Now, really," he good-humouredly replied, "you are reverting to rather ancient history in my affairs, for that occurrence transpired fully ten years ago, or shortly after I first came to Europe." Referring to his voluminous book of Press cuttings, Mr. Maxim continued :—

"You may read for yourself several accounts of the adventure, but if you wish, I will briefly tell you how it all came about.

"When I first went to Paris," he resumed, "not knowing the people or the language, I naturally sought the companionship and advice of English-speaking people, who I thought knew the city and its customs. I put up at the Grand Hotel, and one of the first persons I got acquainted with was a man of gentlemanly appearance, who styled himself Captain Graystone, of New Orleans. As he spoke something like a Southerner, swore, and chewed tobacco, I thought he was genuine and really hailed from thence. He seemed lavishly supplied with money and faultlessly attired; he showed me a good deal of attention, and would insist on paying liberally for most things when out together. One day I told him I had a letter of credit on a bank in Paris, adding, I presumed I should require someone to identify me. Upon telling him the name of the bank, he said, 'Oh! I know the people there very well; I will introduce you!' On the way to the bank he advised me in the most friendly manner never to carry much money about with me, but to pay practically everything by cheques, which could be afterwards arranged by keeping a deposit account at a small banker's alongside of my hotel. It was nearly closing time when I arrived with him at the bank on which my credit note was made out. I drew 10,000 francs, and then proceeded, after profuse thanks for his assistance, to return to the hotel. It was now too late for me to deposit the money that day in the other bank. On the way, however, he casually suggested that we should have some little

refreshment in a neighbouring café, which we accordingly entered. We sat down—he placing me in a corner behind a table. Soon another man came upon the scene, who appeared to be an Irishman unacquainted with the language. This new-comer shortly afterwards ostensibly introduced himself to us because he heard us speaking English. His fingers were literally covered with diamond rings, all his pockets seemed lined with bank-notes, which he soon ostentatiously displayed, whereupon my supposed fellow-countryman from the South reproached him for his reckless folly in carrying so much money and whilst the Southerner was engaging my attention by so kindly explaining to me their value, he suddenly snatched them from me, and handed them to the Irishman and the pair then made good their escape, because I found that they had artfully barricaded me in the corner behind the table with several chairs, which I had failed to notice in the heated discussion. The English notes, which they had left on the table, turned out to be of spurious manufacture.

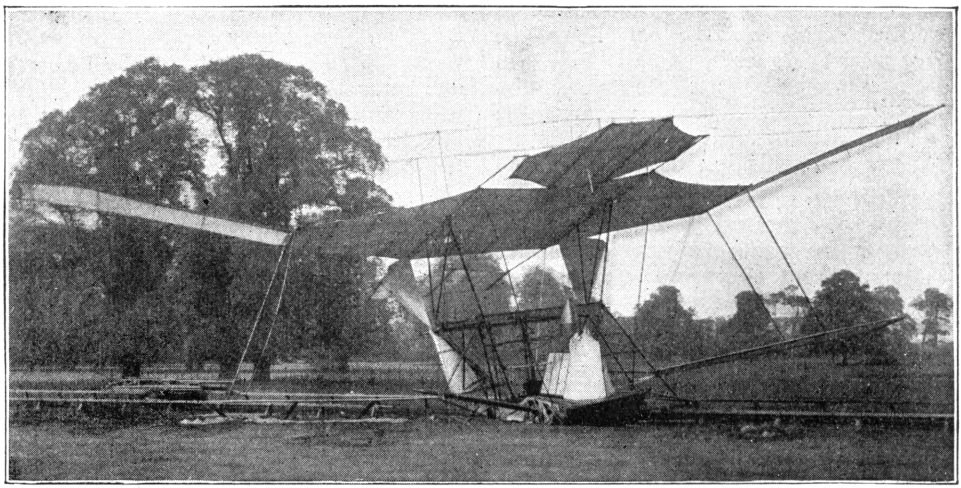
"I afterwards learnt that Captain Graystone was really a notorious thief and decoy named Jack Hamilton, who had formerly been a



From a] MR. MAXIM GIVING HIS FRIENDS A TRIP ON HIS FLYING MACHINE AT BALDWYN'S PARK. *[Photograph.*

about with him. The assumed Irishman thereupon explained that he had recently come into a fortune, and it was his first day in Paris. Shortly afterwards an animated and ingeniously arranged discussion on the features and merits of international bank-notes was commenced between these highly-respectable gentlemen (?), with occasional cross-references to me for my opinion. Finally, I was induced to show them how beautifully American notes were engraved, whereupon the Irishman produced some, what I thought to be, English notes from every pocket, and dilated upon their merits. Then the conversation turned on French bank-notes, and as I had never examined any before, I was incited to produce the bundle from my breast-pocket,

prize-fighter, and had seconded Heenan in the great international contest with Sayers, and when in England lived at Brixton. His accomplice, the unsophisticated Irishman, was none other than Johnny Palmer, of Peckham, another incorrigible scoundrel. This pair, it appears, had for years, with other confederates, carried on a lucrative business by similarly robbing Americans who came to Paris, in some cases getting as much as £2,000 in each nefarious transaction. I was informed they purely devoted their kind but not appreciable attentions to my countrymen, and did not return to Paris until the old batch of visitors had cleared out. I, however, journeyed to that city too often for those enterprising



VIEW OF THE MAXIM FLYING MACHINE, AFTER ITS FAMOUS ASCENT OR TRIP OF THE 31ST OF JULY, SHOWING THE FULL ARRANGEMENT AND EXTENT OF THE AEROPLANES (LIFTING SURFACES), WHICH MEASURED 126FT. ACROSS THE WINGS; TOTAL AREA, 4,000 SQ. FT.; ANGLE OF PLANES, 72DEG. THE STEERING PLANES ARE SHOWN FORE AND AFT.
From a Photograph.

gentlemen," continued Mr. Maxim, with a sarcastic and vindictive expression, whilst his tightly closed lips and sparkling dark eyes proclaimed his characteristic alertness and determination.

"Yes," he resumed, "I meant to be level some day with those scamps that had fooled me.

"One day, some months afterwards, I saw the two thieves walking along the Strand, and straight away I 'went' for them; one, however, escaped, but I 'buckled' the other and marched him off to a policeman near the Victoria Embankment, who took him in custody. Imagine my disgust the next day, after being charged at Bow Street, that he was dismissed because the robbery did not take place within English jurisdiction, when actually bad notes were found in his possession at the time of arrest!

"Thoroughly disappointed at the incomprehensible workings of the law and extradition saving clauses, I still resolved to capture those scoundrels some day, and bring them to justice.

"About two years after my money had been stolen—yes, it was in December, '83—I was returning from Paris by way of Dieppe and Newhaven, when I alighted at Rouen for some refreshment. It was midnight. There, amongst other passengers at the railway buffet, I beheld five men. My suspicions were aroused. I went close up behind them, and at once recognised the man that had robbed me. The central figure was Johnny Palmer. At last my long-waited opportunity for a reckoning had come, and on French soil too. Feeling sure there could be no mistake about his identity—although I had doubts about some of the others—I instantly rushed at him, grabbed him by the collar, and ran him completely away from his associates, who speedily dispersed in various directions. I could not, however, find a policeman on the platform, and the signal was given to start the train; but I held my man with an iron grip, and his violence soon abated. I then told him I was a resolute and powerful man, and that if he struggled again I might wrench his head off. Finding that he had more than his match, he became very quiet and begged me to handle him less roughly; so I slightly released my hold, whereupon he suddenly slipped out of his coat, which he left in my hands, ran like a deer for the departing train then in motion, and succeeded in getting on to the footboard. But I followed him like a cat after a mouse, and collared him again before he could enter the carriage. He tried to kick me off the moving train, but with one hand I held on by the window whilst I grasped him with the other. The train, with us struggling on the footboard, then entered a tunnel, and we were plunged in utter darkness. His four companions in a carriage not far distant endeavoured to reach me from the window, and beat me off the train with sticks. They evidently meant to murder me, but I kept the enemy at bay by holding my prisoner between them and myself—I nearly shook the life out of Johnny Palmer. Passengers now became alive to the desperate encounter

"I NEARLY SHOOK THE LIFE OUT OF JOHNNY PALMER."

proceeding, and screamed from the windows of the train; consequently, an alarm was given to stop its progress. Finally, when the train had stopped, I wrenched my man off the footboard and walked him back along the track, through the tunnel again, to the station, but the other fellows escaped me for the time through the stupidity of the railway officials. At Rouen I handed Mr. Palmer over to some narrow-chested policemen, whom he gave a very warm reception. However, he was ultimately overpowered, handcuffed, and taken to prison; finally, he got sentenced to five years in the New Caledonia Copper Mines.

"Jack Hamilton succeeded in returning to England, but I told you once before how I traced his address through a pretty girl who presided over a toilet soap stall at the Crystal Palace, and had him tracked, watched, and finally sent into penal servitude for a complication of offences. This peculiar business took a long time, much trouble, and money, before I had finished with it, but I ultimately attained my object in view, and that is always the aim of my life. They were a gang of swell thieves and sharpers; they used to dress in immaculate style and move in the best of society, living on the fat of the land whilst the game lasted—which was fully ten years. From time to time they changed their attire and appearance, by 'making-up,' in a wonderful manner. Sometimes Palmer passed himself off as an Irish lord, whilst Hamilton assumed all sorts of impersonations, from a captain or parson, in appropriate apparel of the most dainty description, to a rough miner with 'Buffalo Bill' hat and red flannel shirt, etc. However, I got pretty well level with them in the finish. They were truly accomplished artists in their profession —but we must now close our conversation for to-day, as I see it is getting late" (Mr. Maxim interposed), "and to tell you all I found out about those ingenious rascals would occupy hours."

Learning that Mr. Maxim's carriage was waiting my pleasure to convey me to the railway station, I now, with thanks for his highly interesting conversation and patience, bade him and Mrs. Maxim a cordial farewell. As the vehicle moved away from the mansion into the peaceful moonlit glades of the park, I heard the genial parting words, "Good-night! Pleased to see you at Baldwyn's at any time!"

Dr. Wardroper's Lie.

By Grant Allen.

I.

I ONCE told a lie. I will now tell the truth—and frankly admit that I have never regretted it.

But to explain the reasons which made me lie to Colin Haliburton on his death-bed, I shall have to go back in some little detail to certain previous passages in our joint life-history.

Colin Haliburton was a genius. He and I had been boys at Winchester together; and at New College, Oxford, we were not divided. We tried for the Newdigate against one another. My verses were excellent heroic couplets, but Haliburton's had the right ring of true poetry in them—in spite of which, strange to say, they carried off the prize from me. When I went up to town and entered at Bartholomew's, Colin took chambers on a top floor in the Temple, and played at being a barrister. But Bohemia was his only possible permanent home. The law did not smile on him. He drifted into literature, with a tinge of journalism. His "Songs of a Soul" had some passing success, and his lurid romance, "Michael Flynn at Perse polis," achieved the good luck of being refused as "doubtful" by the leading libraries. That gave it a vogue which lasted for six weeks—and supplied poor Colin with three years' income.

He was a singular figure, tall, thin, and sunken-cheeked; not exactly handsome, but, in his way, striking. His eyes glowed like burning coals; the deep flush of consumption gave a bright red spot to each hollow cheek, which rendered his dark face both vivid and interesting. Women often pitied him, less often liked him. But men were attracted by his fiery brain, which flared itself out with unceasing energy in fierce, flaming bursts of wit and brilliancy.

We both knew Sweetbriar Gordon. I thought she was fond of me. Haliburton, it was true, ran down to Reigate rather oftener than I did, but I never took much account of his visits. It was natural a man of his tastes should love to mix with a great thinker and writer like her father. But I loved her silently. And as my prospects improved, I decided one sunny morning in June to go down to the cottage and ask Sweetbriar to marry me.

Perhaps I am prosaic; but that is exactly how things then looked to me. The country that day basked in rich floods of summer sunshine; the trees were glorious in their first full green; golden stars of rock-rose studded here and there the close-cropped chalk downs. At Reigate Station I descended, aglow with love and hope. For I would see Sweetbriar. On the platform I met Haliburton, his bright eyes brighter, his sunken cheeks ablaze with a fiercer and fuller crimson than usual. He rushed up to me excitedly. "Congratulate me, Cecil," he cried, in that musical voice of his. "I have won my wish—I have asked her; and she has accepted me."

"Asked her!" I cried, holding my hand to my head. "Who? What? You stun me."

"CONGRATULATE ME, CECIL."

"Why, Sweetbriar, man," he answered, with a half hysterical laugh. "And I'm off to town now to buy her an engagement ring. By the way, old fellow, do you happen to have such a thing as a fiver about you?"

I pulled out a note and gave it to him. It was never repaid. I wrote it off a bad debt at once, of course, as I always wrote off all my loans to poor Colin. Then I mounted alone to the top of the downs, and took a long, fierce walk on the crest by myself all the way to Guildford. I had a bad time of it, I confess, for I loved her dearly; but to one thing I made up my mind from the very first—I would loyally accept Sweetbriar's decision.

It was a terrible blow; for I knew she liked me, and I had never even suspected she cared for Colin. Yet, now it came, how could I possibly wonder at it? Haliburton had genius; he was a poet and a novelist: I had only ability and a plodding nature. Yet I feared for Sweetbriar. Would he make her happy? He would try to, I felt sure, for I loved and trusted him; but with that Bohemian spirit, those recklessly spendthrift ways, could he succeed in doing it? My heart was heavy for Sweetbriar that night. She had chosen a great and beautiful soul, but had she chosen wisely?

II.

THREE years passed away, and my fears never lessened. I am one of those narrow-souled men, I'm afraid, who can love but once in a life; and having loved Sweetbriar, it became my chief task to watch over her and guard her. They married in six weeks—married on the strength of a manuscript novel which was never printed, and lived for eight months on occasional articles in the weekly papers. Then Haviland Gordon died, as everybody knows, without leaving a penny; all his splendid life-work in philosophy and science having resulted in exactly enough to bury him. It is the way of the world, and we must just put up with it. After that, little Haviland was born, as pretty a baby-boy as ever you beheld; and they made me his godfather. I was glad of the post, for it naturally afforded me a reasonable excuse for presenting him with everything the Haliburtons could not afford him, without unnecessarily distressing Sweetbriar. When the family finances ran short, Colin used often to come round to me "to smoke a pipe in the evening." I knew what that meant—and Sweetbriar didn't. He always went away with his pocket the heavier. Poor, dear fellow! It is indeed a privilege in life to be permitted to do anything for a cherished old friend so gifted and so unfortunate. Let alone the fact that he was Sweetbriar's husband!

III.

BUT things couldn't go on in that way for ever. As month after month passed by, and no work came in, I saw poor Haliburton grow paler and paler, while that spot in his cheek burned for ever brighter. His books didn't take. He had too strange and too wayward a fancy to be popular. Three years after his marriage, I saw the end could not be far off. And I knew he was troubling himself about Sweetbriar's future.

He hadn't saved, of course. He had nothing to save from. He was dying of consumption. And he would leave his wife and child unprovided for.

Most men in these circumstances would have made themselves even more wretched than Colin did. But his was a curiously compounded and fantastic nature. When he was already held fast in the iron grip of consumption, spending the greater part of each day on the sofa, he suddenly evolved a strange scheme in his head for making money enough to leave Sweetbriar comfortable. The plan seized him and took possession of him like a veritable monomania. He would write a play, a very great play: a play on the lines of the Elizabethan dramatists: a play that should overflow with literary merit: a play that should hold the London stage for years, and bring in a continuous competence to Sweetbriar.

He knew so well the sort of play he meant to write, and threw himself with such fiery eagerness into the task of writing it, that it seemed to him as if success were achieved already. It was lucky he thought so. He revelled in the prospective wealth his drama would bring him, and so freely discounted his unrealized millions that he borrowed £40 from me on the morning he began it. I was delighted at that, for it enabled him to buy the beef-tea and champagne he so sorely needed. "You're a dear fellow, Wardroper," he said to me as he took it. "You've stood by us through thick and thin. God bless you for all you've done for me and Sweetbriar!" His eyes looked wistful as he said those words, and the gentle pressure of his wasted hand was so grave and yet so womanish, that I almost felt I could have stooped down and kissed him.

He wrote his play through at a white heat of excitement. He burnt himself out in it.

And it *was* a good play, if you will take my word for it. It was full of wild vigour, full of the man's fierce soul; not a playwright in England save Haliburton could have written it. I thought that boded ill for its chance of success when it came to be acted. For it is clap-trap alone that pays in the theatre—the ordinary sensational melodramatic play by the ordinary person. This tragedy was the last mad, despairing flicker of a great, unique, and unrecognised genius.

While Colin worked at it at white heat, he bore up wonderfully. "Oh, I'm better to-day, Wardroper," he used to say, with the usual fatal hopefulness of the condemned consumptive. "I shall soon be all right, old boy. This work has given me a new lease of life." I knew myself it had sealed his death-warrant.

But as soon as he had finished it, the false strength engendered by the effort gave way, and he broke down utterly. His one thought now was to place it, and die. "I know I'm doomed, Cecil," he said to me one morning, as I stood feeling his pulse at my professional visit—for it was my honour and privilege to number him, as well as many other distinguished men of letters, among my complimentary patients. "I know I'm doomed; but I sha'n't mind for that if only the play's a success, and brings in enough for Sweetbriar and little Haviland. But I have my doubts—the very gravest doubts; and if *that* fails—why, then, God help them!"

"We will hope for the best," I said, as cheerfully as I could; "and you know they have friends—myself, for instance."

He shook his head gloomily. "No, no," he answered, "they mustn't be a burden upon you, dear fellow. The real truth of it is, I ought never to have married."

A burden upon *me*, I thought! Sweetbriar a burden! I had never even hinted to him or her how deeply I had loved her; but that moment I was half tempted to blurt out the whole story—to tell him how I had gone down to Reigate full of hope and joy, the day he was accepted, to propose to Sweetbriar. But on second thoughts I refrained, and I'm glad I did so. It could do no good. And it would seem so presumptuous of me if I appeared to suggest that, after having been the wife of such a genius as Colin, Sweetbriar could decline upon a mere London doctor.

So I only answered as hopefully as I could, "My dear, dear Colin, your wife is young and active, and her friends are fond of her. You may be sure we will find her some suitable occupation."

"THIS WORK HAS GIVEN ME A NEW LEASE OF LIFE."

IV.

FOR the next few days Haliburton lived at fever heat of excitement. He was busy making arrangements to get his play read by the managers. Now, I happened to have as a patient Wilfred Cole, the well-known lessee of the Siddons Theatre. In fear and trembling, I took him round the type-written copy of my friend's *magnum opus*. He received me most kindly—indeed, I may say, my path through

life has been strewn with kindness. "A play by Haliburton!" he said. "What! Look at it? Why, certainly. I immensely enjoyed his 'Idylls of Bohemia,' and I think 'Michael Flynn' a remarkable novel."

Three days later, to my profound surprise, poor Colin came round to me in a delirium of delight. Managers don't often do quixotic things; but Wilfred Cole had decided to produce "A Life's Tragedy."

It took me aback somewhat, I must confess, for I never expected it. The play, though a fine one, and not wholly devoid of acting qualities, had a literary flavour which is little in accord with the degenerate tastes of modern play-goers. Still, Wilfred Cole, no doubt, knew best; and, for poor Colin's sake, I was heartily glad of it.

"If it succeeds," Colin cried, breaking down, and bursting into tears, "it will mean —a settled income for Sweetbriar and the baby-boy!"

I hadn't the heart to damp his ardour. "Of course it will," I answered. "If all goes well, it will make them independent."

He looked at me and smiled. A strange light was in his eye. "*If* all goes well," he echoed. "I shall *make* it go well. I have a scheme of my own; I have spoken to Cole about it."

I smiled and nodded. He was looking very ill. I more than half doubted whether he would live to learn the fate of his tragedy.

That same afternoon, I was surprised by a hasty visit from Wilfred Cole in person.

"Why, Mr. Cole," I exclaimed, as he entered my consulting-room, "how hot and flurried you look! Nothing wrong, I hope, with you?"

"No, nothing wrong with *me*, Dr. Wardroper," he answered. "It's that poor fellow, Haliburton. He's been alarming me horribly. As you know, I've accepted his play, 'A Life's Tragedy,' with many misgivings, for the Siddons; and I've even fixed the date of the first performance, much against my will, for this day six weeks, in order to give the poor fellow a chance of living to see it represented. It's not *quite* the sort of piece I like best myself; but, still, there's a chance for it; and I admire the greater part of your friend's work so much that, for once in my life, I'm prepared to risk it. After all, there's no knowing how to please the public. Well, what do you think Haliburton goes and does to-day? Comes round to me in a hansom—a nasty, raw, cold morning—and tells me he's got a splendid plan—a first-rate plan by way of advertisement. 'What is it?' said I. 'Oh, a nice little dodge,' said he; 'certain to attract the attention of the public.' 'Name it,' said I. Well, he hummed and hawed a little; then he began saying how you'd told him he couldn't possibly live through another winter; and a week or two, more or less, of life was nothing to him, so he had made up his mind—to blow his brains out the night before the first performance, and send a letter to the coroner, telling him he did it by way of advertisement! Sure to attract attention to the play, he said; and once attention was called, all *must* go well with it. The question is, now, what can we do to prevent him? Do you think he means it?"

"If he said it, he means it," I answered. "He has the poetic temperament, and nothing's too desperate for him to try if he thinks he can do any good by it for that dear little wife of his."

"Well, how can we stop him?" said Cole.

"Only this way," I answered. "Go and tell him you'll advance him two hundred pounds out of the prospective profits—I'll give you a cheque for it—anything to prevent his last days being clouded; and then say you insist upon his not making away with himself till *after* the first night. Work on that chord in his feelings; point out to him how much more happily and contentedly he could die if only he were sure his play had succeeded. I'll do the same. Between us, we may persuade him. Assure him he may blow himself to pieces as he likes after the first night—we won't try to prevent him."

"Why not?" Cole asked, puzzled.

"Because," I answered, "he can barely outlive six weeks at best. The anxiety to see his play produced will alone support him. He may just drag on till the first night, if he's lucky; but, then, the excitement and reaction will kill him."

Cole took my advice, and between us we quieted him. He gave me his solemn word of honour at last he'd refrain from blowing his brains out till he knew which way the public took his tragedy I accepted the assurance, and waited patiently for the end, which I knew to be inevitable.

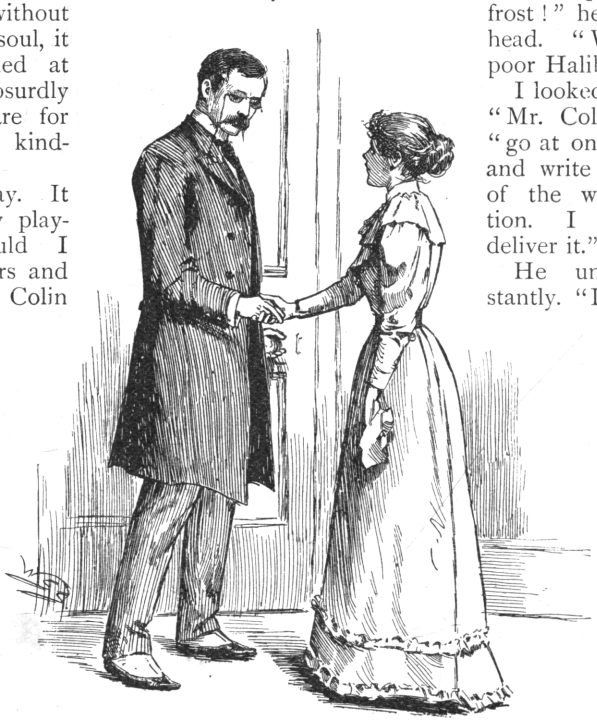
V.

ALMOST contrary to my expectation, Haliburton held out till the night of the first performance. He sank and sank meanwhile, being now confined to his bed; but the hope of success and the fear of failure conspired to keep him in that exalted state of emotional excitement which often prolongs life

beyond all belief in consumptive temperaments. He was hanging by a thread; but, still, he hung. His whole existence was concentrated in fiery eagerness to know the best, or the worst, about the fate of "A Life's Tragedy."

The first night came, and I was almost afraid to leave him for a moment, so agitated was he. The pulse rose high; the breathing was slow and difficult. But he insisted I should go. "You're the only man I can trust to tell me the truth," he said. I glanced at Sweetbriar. Her lips moved imperceptibly. "Go, go, dear friend," she murmured through her tears. "He won't be happy otherwise." I obeyed her, and went. She pressed my hand gently as I slipped from the room. "Dear, dear doctor!" she whispered, "how good and kind you are! What on earth would my Colin have done without you?" Upon my soul, it makes me ashamed at times to see how absurdly grateful people are for such very small kindnesses.

I went to the play. It was a melancholy playgoing. How could I attend to the actors and actresses with poor Colin lying stretched on his deathbed at home, and Sweetbriar leaning over him? Their pictures rose for ever between me and the stage. I was thankful at least that the piece was a tragedy. If it had been comedy, Heaven knows how I could ever have got through it.



"HOW GOOD AND KIND YOU ARE."

The house was full. A few of the critics knew Colin's condition, and received the piece in respectful silence. But the pit and the gallery were by no means so considerate. After the first ten minutes they lost all interest. For the most part they yawned; now and then they laughed at inconvenient moments. The pathos and terror of the piece were above them: its moral standpoint, being higher than their own, frankly shocked and surprised them. The actors did their best; they toiled wearily on with the sense of the house clearly dead against them. The piece was a failure. It didn't exactly excite any active disapproval; but it was received with that chilly and killing silence which is the worst condemnation.

When the curtain fell, a few mocking voices raised the cry of "Author! Author!" I knew what they meant: they wanted to bait him. I sat in the author's box: eyes turned towards me inquiringly. I could stand it no longer; I rose in my place, and called out in a very cold and distinct voice: "The author is not here. He is at home on his death-bed." Then I sat down again in the midst of a great hush. The house emptied silently.

Cole met me in the passage. "A dead frost!" he said, shaking his head. "Well, it will finish poor Haliburton."

I looked him in the face. "Mr. Cole," I said, slowly, "go at once to your room—and write him a short note of the warmest congratulation. I will take it and deliver it."

He understood me instantly. "I will," he answered.

"Then you positively assure me he won't live till morning?"

"He won't live till morning." I answered. "I take the responsibility. The shock will kill him either way."

VI.

When I got back to the lodgings, Haliburton was sitting up in his bed, all eagerness. I am a very bad actor, I fear, being in most concerns of life a tolerably candid and straightforward person; but I had schooled myself all the way back in the hansom, and practised my part diligently.

"Well, what success?" he cried, as I entered. "How did the house receive it?"

If you *must* tell a lie, you may as well tell it boldly.

"HE IS ON HIS DEATH-BED."

"Colin," I cried, taking his hot hand in mine and pressing it eagerly, "for your sake, I'm so glad! It was splendid, splendid! I've brought on a letter of congratulation from Cole for you."

It was wrong of me, no doubt, but—put yourself in my place—could you have acted otherwise?

He tore the letter open and read it eagerly. His pale face flushed; the deep red spot flared bright like a beacon. "And the audience?" he gasped out, trembling.

I nerved myself up and went through with it unblenchingly. "The audience," I answered, "rose and sobbed their enthusiasm."

He fell back on his pillow. His white hands moved nervously. "If anyone else had told me," he murmured, "I should have thought he was making the best of it to please a dying man; but *you* are quite different. I can *trust* you, Wardroper."

I confess, just that moment, a pang of remorse shot through me. But I caught Sweetbriar's eye. Great tears stood in it, silently. She gave me one look, and pressed my hand in gratitude. "Thank you," she said with her lips, though no word came from them. I knew what that meant. You cannot deceive a woman. She had read through my pretence, and approved my action. I was very grateful to her.

VII.

We sat by Colin's bed all night, but, strange to say, he didn't die. The sudden revulsion of delight had put fresh life into him. Contrary to all reasonable medical expectation, it inspired and invigorated him. He was hanging by a thread; he was burning himself out even faster than ever; but still he endured; he lived on, ecstatically.

And he talked—oh, how he talked!—in a fever of wild delight; mad schemes for the future. Sweetbriar's livelihood was assured for ever. A play like that depends entirely for success on the first impression. If people applauded once, they would applaud more and more; and the acting rights would become an annuity for Sweetbriar and little Haviland. It was nothing to leave her—and the sweet, sweet baby—now he knew he was leaving them sufficiently provided for. An income!—why, a play like that went on running for years; it was revived again and again, and grew steadily popular. Besides, there were the provinces—and America—and abroad! Translated into French, now—and so on, and so on, for hours together.

"Won't you rest awhile?" I said at last, just to relieve his poor wife, who sat there pale and anxious, with her tearful eyes fixed on him.

"No, no," he cried, eagerly. "I *must* go on talking. If I stop, I shall die. And I want to live on—to see what the critics say about it in the papers."

He was quite, quite right. If he stopped he would die. The reaction would finish him. But his words went through me like a sword with the terrible shock of a new fear. If he struggled through somehow till six o'clock—he would see the papers!

I glanced at Sweetbriar. Her eye caught mine again. I felt sure she understood. She saw the danger quite as clearly as I did.

This fresh terror appalled me. If Colin lived to see the notice in the *Times*, he would know I had deceived him. After all, even in extremities like this, the truth is safest. What on earth could I do? I trembled to think of the awakening that might await him.

I longed for my friend to die that moment as I had never longed for any man to live since I began to practise.

At last a thought struck me. I looked at my watch. It was nearly three. "I must go now for awhile," I said. "I shall be back by five. Don't talk too much meanwhile." And I glided away softly.

At the door I paused, and beckoned to Sweetbriar. She came across to me in the passage. "If he gets worse," I whispered, "come at once and call me. I shall be in the sitting-room."

"Yes, I know, I know," she answered, eagerly. "You'll find pen and ink on the little side-table."

How on earth did she understand? She had divined my meaning!

Then I sat down and wrote as I had never written in my life before. I wrote a full criticism of "A Life's Tragedy." Whatever little literary faculty I may ever have possessed I exerted to the utmost in my wild desire to spare my dying friend's feelings. I wrote at fever heat. And every word I set down was true from my heart; for a finer play I have seldom listened to.

By six o'clock, Haliburton was clamouring for a paper. We sent out for the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. He was growing very faint. His eyes were dim. "Read what they say," he murmured. I arranged my own criticism within the pages of the *Times*, and read it out boldly.

He listened to four sentences with terrible earnestness. Then at a phrase of warm appreciation, he flung up his arms. "Darling, darling, you are saved!" he cried. "I can die happy!"

He sank on the pillow, deadly white. Sweetbriar clutched my arm and bent over him convulsively. She gave me one mute look. I bowed my head, solemnly. "Yes, all is over," I said; "and he has died happy."

In the flood and outburst of her pent-up feelings, the poor widowed girl—for she was but a girl still—gave way at last to a paroxysm of wild tears, and flung her arms round me passionately.

VIII.

For the next twelve months I saw much of Sweetbriar—though not so much as afterwards. She lived on the two hundred pounds they had received from Wilfred Cole, not knowing who gave it. She also tried to do a little type-writing. But I endeavoured to allay her fears for the future by assuring her that when her husband's affairs were cleared up at the end of the year, means would be forthcoming for her future maintenance. And though she couldn't see how, she accepted my assurance with a woman's trustfulness.

When the twelve months were over, I called on her one day to set matters straight, and just dared to tell her this plain little tale in much the same words as I have told it here for you. As I finished, Sweetbriar rose, and seized my hand with passionate tenderness. What she said I won't repeat; it was far too kind and generous towards me; but she thanked me for what little I had been able to do till I was really ashamed of myself.

"And now about the future," I ventured to say, with a great tremor of doubt. "What I had been bold enough to imagine in my heart was this: I am very well off. *Could* you share my fortune? Perhaps, Sweetbriar, for your baby's sake, you will allow me to ask you the question to-day which I couldn't ask you that morning at Reigate."

What a dear, good woman she is. Instead of being angry, she flung herself into my arms, and exclaimed, with a burst of tears, "Not for baby's sake, Cecil; not for baby's, but for my own! You dear, unselfish soul—I love you! I love you!"

Yet I often feel now what a sad thing it must really be for Sweetbriar, after having been married once to a genius like Colin, to come down to be the wife of such a man as I am!

The Handwriting of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

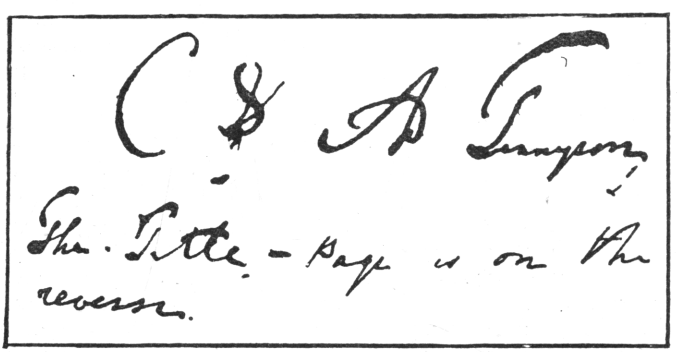
FROM 1827 TO 12TH MAY, 1892.

(Born 6th August, 1809; died 6th October, 1892.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

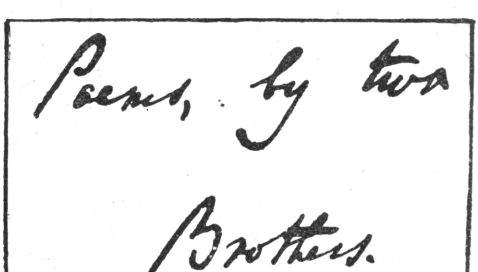
THE intense dislike felt—and justly felt—by Lord Tennyson towards the "autograph craze" went near to cause the stifling of this article at birth. Never has a famous man been more pestered by ill-considered applications for his autograph than was Alfred Tennyson—and never perhaps has a famous man more constantly avoided compliance with such requests. The poet may have been exclusive in the choice of his friends, but those friends have proved their loyalty to Alfred Tennyson. When this paper was commenced last April there seemed available scarce any of the necessary material. The catalogues of dealers in autograph letters were remarkable for the scanty mention of Tennyson-letters; public institutions could render no aid—for lack of matter; persons who possessed letters either refused to lend them or stated that their letters had already been lent for a special purpose; inquiries in Louth, the place of Lord Tennyson's boyhood, and elsewhere, brought no useful results: truly a pleasant state of affairs for a workman—to have no bricks with which to build his house.

This paper has been written—*not* to pander to any "autograph craze," but to show (with three exceptions) an unpublished collection of extracts from Lord Tennyson's letters, etc., in which great interest may legitimately be taken by readers of his poems; and *not* against the desire of those persons most solicitous to respect Lord Tennyson's wishes, but by aid of valuable assistance received from them.

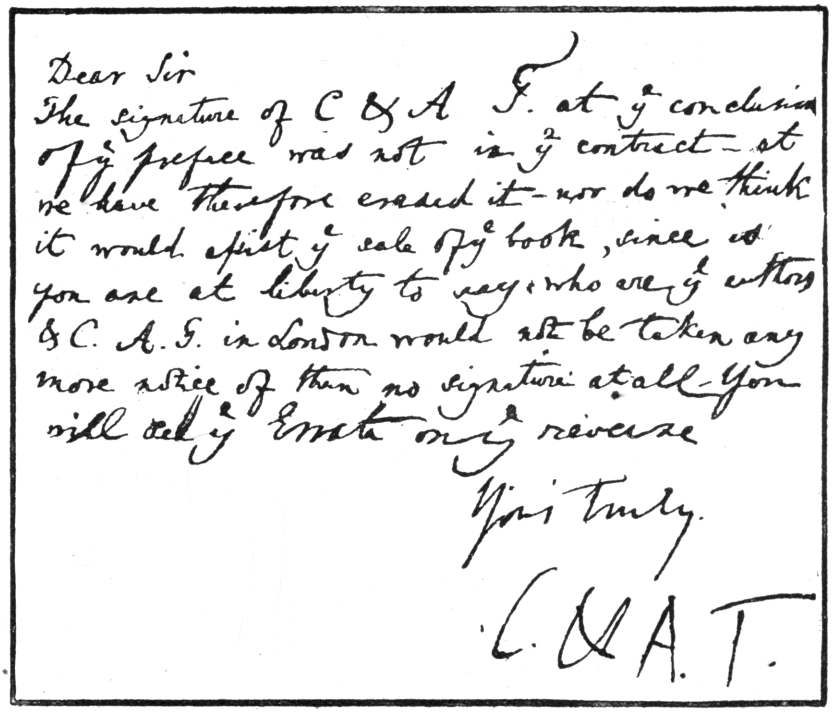


No. 1.—All written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The end of a letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

One of the earliest (known) specimens of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is shown in No. 1. For this, and for those shown in Nos. 2 and 3, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. George Macmillan. All of these form part of the famous manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers"—Charles and Alfred Tennyson—which in 1892 was sold for £480, and now rests in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, whither the two brothers went in 1828. Messrs. Jackson, booksellers and printers, of Louth, bought the copyright of these poems in 1827 for £20: in 1891 a single copy of the book sold at Sotheby's for £17, whilst the manuscript itself was bought this year for £500 by old members of Trinity and presented to the college. Upon inquiry I found that facsimiles from the original manuscript could not be taken until October, and, as this paper had to be finished early in September in order to be in time for the Christmas number, I was very glad to be allowed to use some admirable facsimiles of the original which are contained in the "large-paper" edition of "Poems by Two Brothers," edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. So perfect are the plates lent to me that but a slight effort of imagination is needed to believe that in possessing one of these "large-paper" copies of the Poems one also possesses a selection of leaves from the original manuscript — each page is a veritable work of art.



No. 2.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The title referred to in No. 1. (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

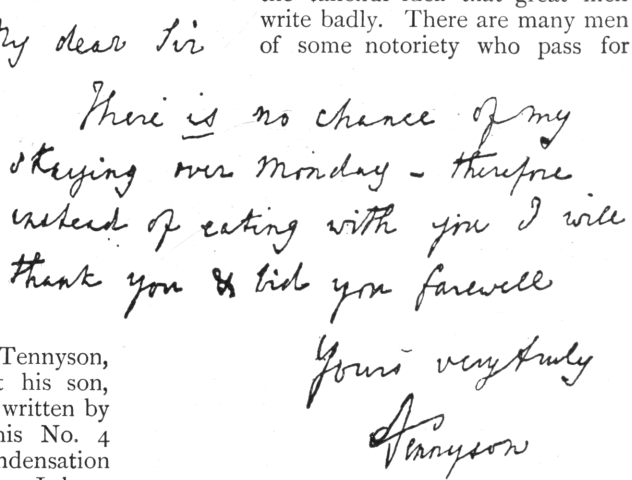

Dear Sir
The signature of C & A T. at ye conclusion of ye preface was not in ye contract – at we have therefore erased it – nor do we think it would suit ye scale of ye book, since if you are at liberty to say who are ye authors & C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all – You will see ye Errata on ye reverse
Yours truly.
C. & A. T.

No. 3.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. A letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." The signature, also written by Alfred Tennyson, is *C. & A. T.* ". . . & C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all. You will see the Errata on the reverse. Yours truly." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

As we have to cover a long life, the limits of space prevent the reproduction of more than the three pieces shown in Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The last is a very interesting letter: Alfred Tennyson's remark, in 1827, to his publisher about the unimportance in London of his name, must read curiously to the London of 1894.

It seems that Lord Tennyson was never a writer of many letters, and those he wrote were usually remarkable for laconic expression. Look at No. 4, whilst his letter published on the eve of the 1892 general election (June 28th)—nearly fifty years later than No. 4—contained two emphatic statements couched in ten words: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but hate his present Irish policy." As regards early letters written by Alfred Tennyson, no member of his family, except his son, possesses a single specimen: those written by him were mostly destroyed. This No. 4 is also remarkable for the condensation of much meaning into few words: I have not been able to ascertain to whom this was written, but, if the name were known, it would not be well to state who received this laconic snub polite.

Incidentally, note how pretty a little specimen is No. 4—which gives its mute evidence against the popular and mistaken notion that talented men write a bad "hand." In my collection are hundreds of specimens of all kinds of handwritings: among them are many letters written by small traders, well-to-do shopkeepers, mercantile clerks, etc. Detailed examination of these letters has shown me that men of real intellect actually write a better "hand" than does the average clerk or business-man. There are exceptions, of course, but I have no hesitation in saying that the facts completely upset the fanciful idea that great men write badly. There are many men of some notoriety who pass for

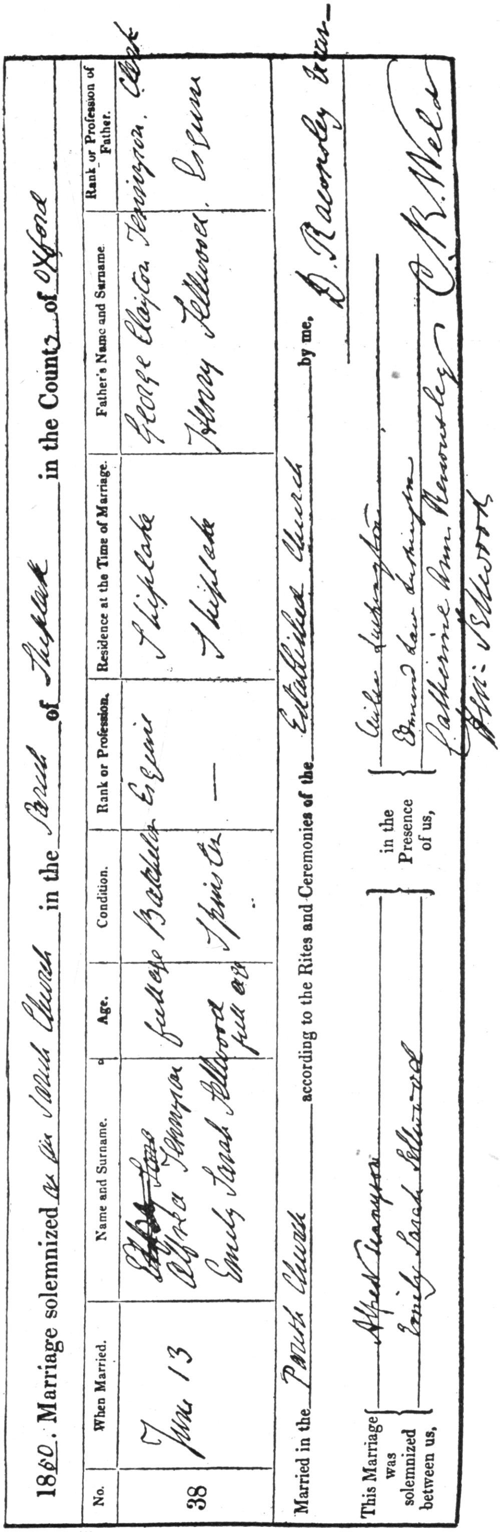

My dear Sir
There is no chance of my staying over Monday – therefore instead of eating with you I will thank you & bid you farewell
Yours very truly
Tennyson

No. 4.—Written in (about) 1843. Age 33-34.

talented men by dint of self-assertion and a good stock of pretension, and these persons show as much "swagger" in their written gesture as they do in their general demeanour. But an ounce of popular belief will, for a while, weigh down a ton-weight of ascertained fact. Of course, the hurried scrawl of a pressman writing against time cannot be viewed as ordinary and normal pen-gesture, although some handwritings thus produced are wonderfully good as regards the absence of confusion in the movements, even though haste make the writing somewhat illegible. The popular fallacy that doctors write badly is probably due to the fact that their prescriptions are written in abbreviated Latin, and contain technical symbols of liquid measurement not familiar to the layman.

No. 5 is a facsimile in reduced size from page 19 in the marriage register of Shiplake Church — where Alfred Tennyson was married on June 13, 1850. By a freak of what we call chance, the other entry on the page records the marriage of one Charles Pidgeon, an Oxfordshire labourer who could not write his name and so made his mark. Alfred Tennyson likewise made his mark upon the same page, and in the same year, for in 1850, after his marriage, he became Laureate and also published *In Memoriam*—thereby enrolling Arthur Hallam, as in 1851 Thomas Carlyle enrolled John Sterling, in the select list of those who have owed their fame to their friends.

In No. 6 we have an exact copy of the signature in the marriage register which has been shown in reduced size in No. 5.



1850. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Shiplake in the County of Oxford

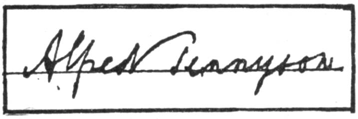
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
38	June 13	Alfred Tennyson	full age	Batchelor	Esquire	Shiplake	George Clayton Tennyson	Clerk
		Emily Sarah Sellwood	full age	Spinster	—	Shiplake	Henry Sellwood	Esquire

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by me, D. Rawnsley Vicar

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Alfred Tennyson, Emily Sarah Sellwood

in the Presence of us, Cecilia Lushington, Edmund Law Lushington, Catherine Ann Rawnsley, Hen: Sellwood, C. R. Weld

No. 5.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in reduced size, from page 19 of the marriage register in Shiplake Church.

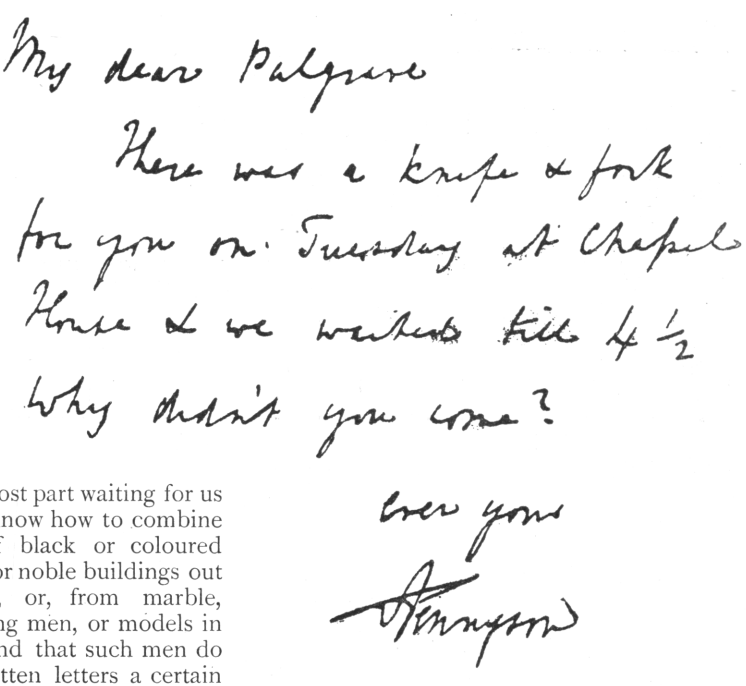


Alfred Tennyson

No. 6.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in the exact size of original, of Alfred Tennyson's signature in the marriage register of Shiplake Church. (*See No. 5.*)

There is a gem in No. 7, although it does not look so well here as in the original, because we do not see fully displayed the exquisite sense of proportion which placed the writing in a fit and pleasing position relatively to the size of the original sheet of note-paper. It is worth while to point out that among the numerous small actions that are often overlooked as being of no importance as evidence of individuality, is the act of placing one's writing harmoniously and

tastefully in proportion to the size and the shape of the piece of paper which is used. I have found, during a good many years' study of this form of gesture, that men who possess a refined sense of proportion—of the relative fitness of things—especially a sense of the proportions of form, such as is essential to a fastidious constructor, whether he construct poems out of words (which, by the way, are for the most part waiting for us in the dictionary if we know how to combine words), pictures out of black or coloured marks deftly fashioned, or noble buildings out of non-plastic material, or, from marble, statues that look like living men, or models in plastic clay—I have found that such men do usually show in their written letters a certain pleasing grace of proportion which causes them to place their words becomingly upon the writing-paper. Post-cards readily show the absence or the presence of this quality because they are uniform in size; I have many, and some are quite little pictures in black and white if looked at in this light, whilst others are hideously out of proportion. The reason for this sense of proportion showing on a post-card, or in a letter, is sufficiently obvious when pointed out, and the fact can be tested any day by persons who themselves have this sense of fit proportion of form. But most of us can see that No. 7 is literally a very beautiful little bit of black and white construction, in which a refined and delicate sense of proportion is strongly marked. Tennyson had a grand and supple hand, and always wrote with a quill pen, for he disliked the scratchiness of steel pens.

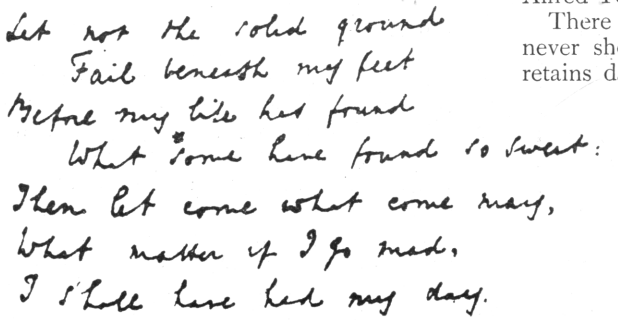

My dear Palgrave
There was a knife & fork
for you on Tuesday at Chapel
House & we waited till 4 ½
Why didn't you come?
Ever yours
Tennyson

No. 7.—Written February 19, 1852. Age 42-43.

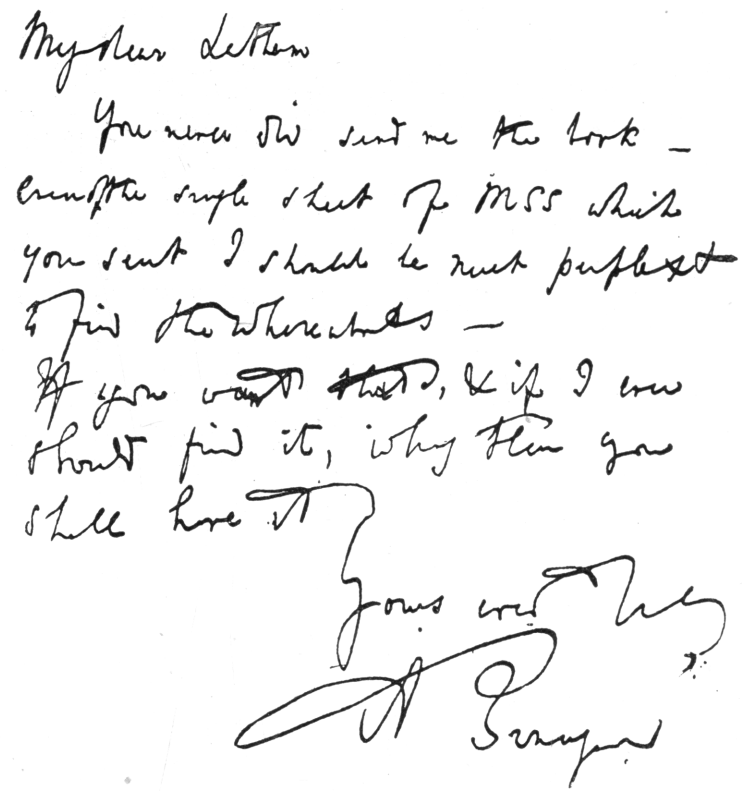
As to No. 8, no words are needed to show the beauty and the delicacy of this piece of gesture. Those who have eyes can appreciate it, and words would be thrown away upon those who have no eyes for the beauty of form. One does not intrude remarks upon such a masterpiece made by the strong hand and the delicate.

I have chosen to place No. 9 next to No. 8 because I have waited to call attention to perhaps the most prominent quality of Alfred Tennyson—his imagination.

There are some people whose handwriting never shows any "movement," and which retains day after day, and year after year, the same monotonous regularity and the same absence of any "play" in the gesture of it. I cannot deal here with the various exceptions to the general rule that such handwritings usually betray a lack of imagination and sensibility, although they may contain many excellent qualities. Look at No. 9, and then just glance at the other facsimiles on these pages: you


Let not the solid ground
Fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet:
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

No. 8.—Written 1854-5. Age 44-46. Part of an early draft of *Maud*. This piece of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is a beautiful and impressive illustration of his strength, refinement, and delicacy.

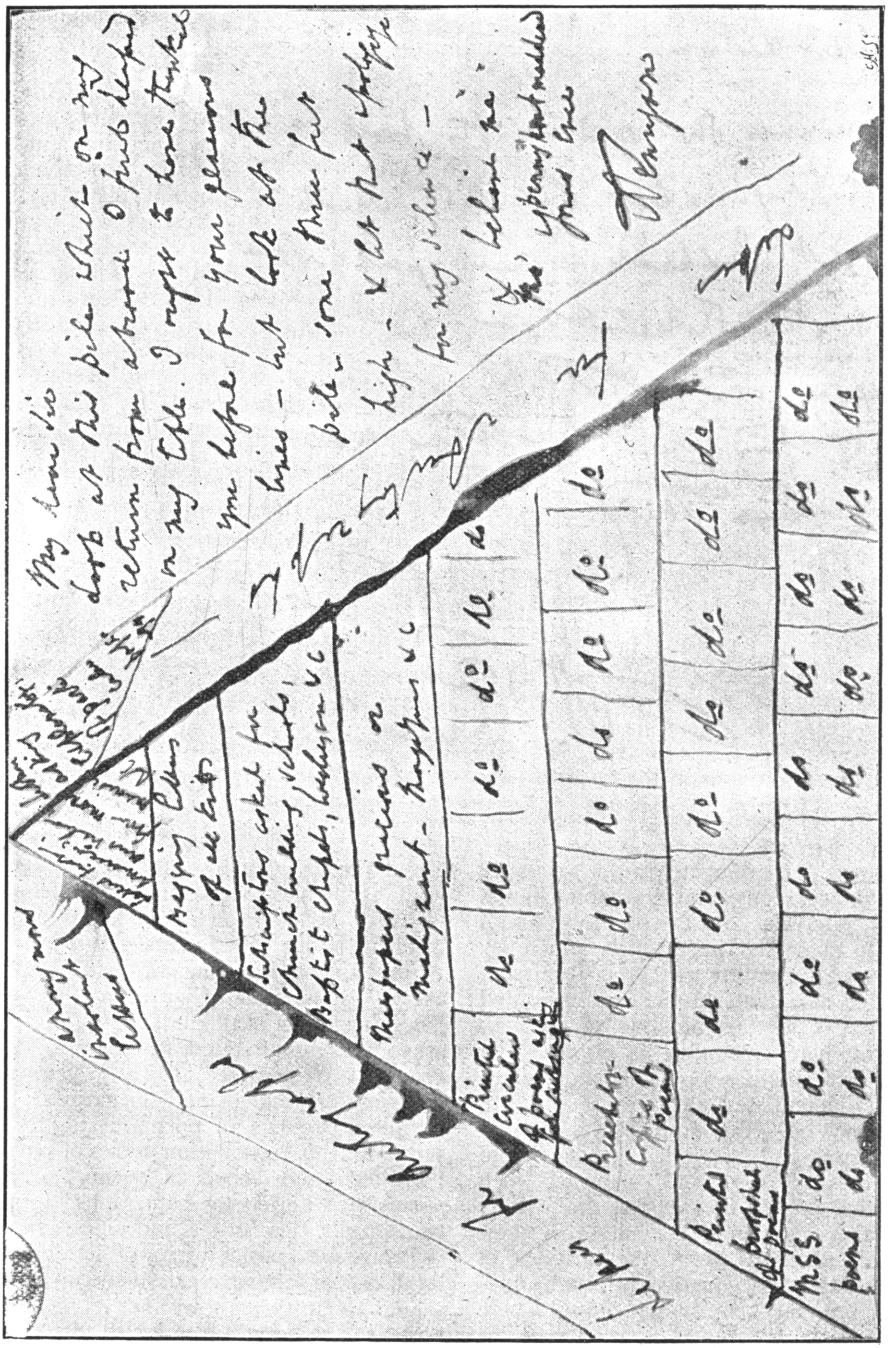


No. 9.—Written in December, 1860. Age 51-52. At Farringford to "My dear Latham." This is an excellent and interesting example of free, imaginative gesture.

will see much " movement " in the writing as a whole, and also considerable variation in it at short time intervals. But this one only (No. 9) suffices to show the imagination which lay ingrained in the nature of Alfred Tennyson, and notice also that, despite this unwonted exuberance of gesture, not one of the fifty-two words here facsimiled is confused or mixed up with another word—the movements are well differentiated although they are so freely thrown off—(the word *of* was inserted between *even* and *the*: line 3). I could show scores of specimens in which men of sensitive imagination evince the quality in a similar way, and I could also show plenty of selections from the writings of the insane where imagination is equally pronounced but not kept under control—here lies part of the difference between a genius and a madman. Speaking generally, both possess imagination: one controls it, and is perhaps a genius; the other has no control, and his disordered imagination and sensibility run away with his reason and he becomes a madman—or akin to one. [It is scarcely necessary to say that not all madmen possess imagination—I am merely taking a typical class of cases—for example, there is the insanity of heavy melancholia and dull apathy, in which imagination plays no part. Readers who may care to see the tell-tale antics in the writing of the insane can refer to pages 194 to 231 of *Handwriting and Expression*, Kegan Paul and Co., 1892.]

But turn to No. 10. Here is a curious freak of imagination based on fact: " *Look at this pile which on my return from abroad I find heaped on my table. I ought to have thanked you before for your generous lines—but look at the pile—some three feet high—and let that apologize for my silence—and believe me, tho' penny-post-maddened, yours ever, A. Tennyson.*" These words followed the drawing by Alfred Tennyson of a kind of pyramid in sections specifying the nature of the letters on his table: "Anonymous insolent letters": "Letters from America, Australia, from monomaniacs, etc.": "Letters asking explanation of particular passages": "Begging letters of all kinds": "Subscriptions asked for church building, schools, Baptist chapels, Wesleyans, etc.": "Newspapers gracious or malignant — magazines, etc.": "Printed circulars of poems asking for subscription": "Presentation copies of poems": "Printed proof sheets of poems": "MSS. poems": "Letters for Autographs" form the two sides of this curious and unique sketch.

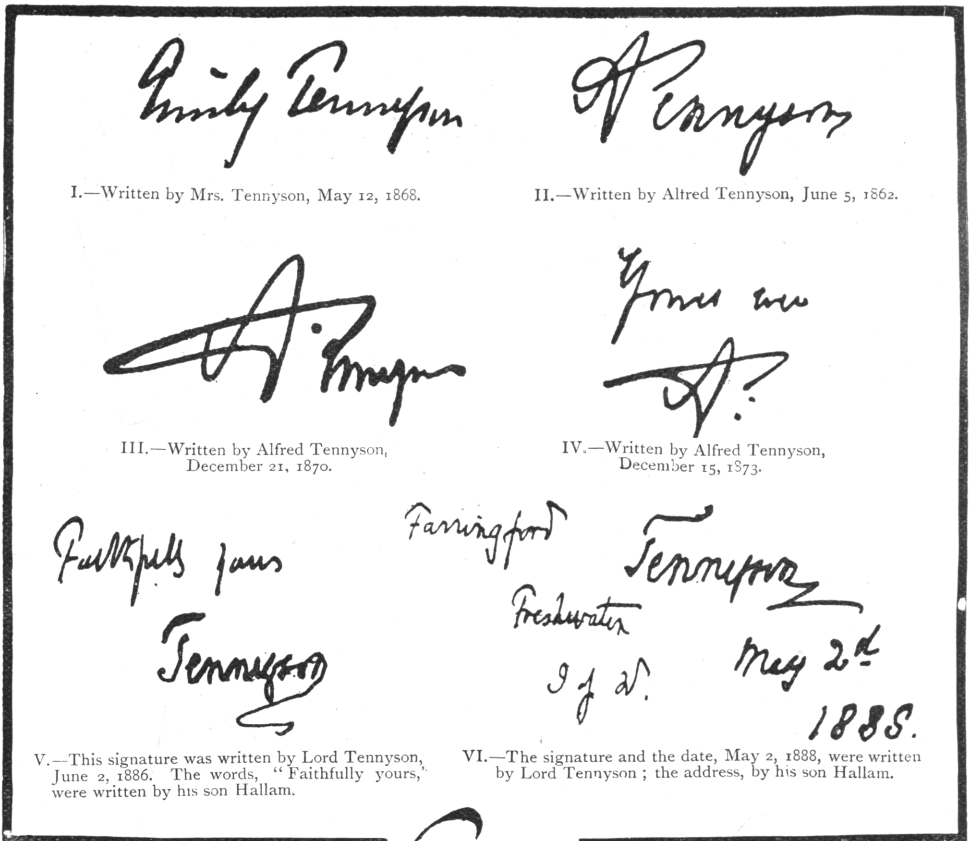
People who pester a man of letters do not think of the vast aggregate made up of many single applications of various sorts. Each post used to bring to the house fifty or sixty letters. Mrs. Tennyson and Hallam Tennyson were far too much occupied with the task of wading through these piles of unsolicited correspondence. A letter is on my desk written by Mrs. Tennyson on January 18, 1867, one sentence of which reads: " I ought to have written before, but it is difficult



No. 10.—Written October 22, 1864. Age 55-56. A graphic description by Lord Tennyson of the pile of letters on his table: "believe me, tho' penny-post-maddened, yours ever, A. Tennyson." (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

to do all I ought; there is so much to be done."

Just think for a moment of the expenditure of time and energy which must have been caused by the writing of replies to these multitudes of letters, and for the future let those abstain from troubling famous men in this way who now appreciate—for the first time perhaps—what a really serious tax this letter-writing is. The now broken health of Emily Lady Tennyson was to no small extent brought about by the conscientious



I.—Written by Mrs. Tennyson, May 12, 1868.

II.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, June 5, 1862.

III.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 21, 1870.

IV.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 15, 1873.

V.—This signature was written by Lord Tennyson, June 2, 1886. The words, "Faithfully yours," were written by his son Hallam.

VI.—The signature and the date, May 2, 1888, were written by Lord Tennyson; the address, by his son Hallam.

VII.—The signature of Hallam Lord Tennyson, written July 5, 1894

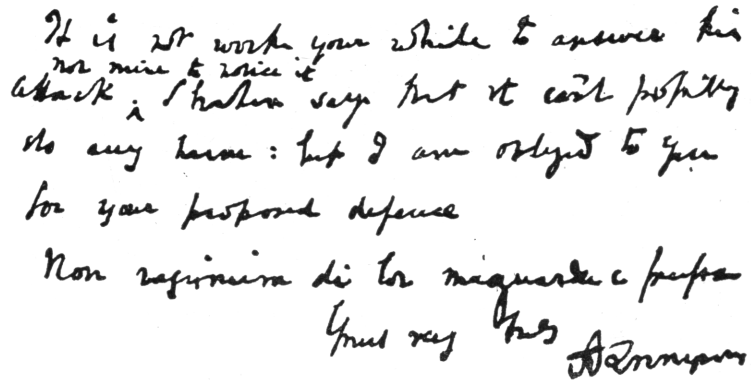
No. 11.—A comparison of signatures, etc., written by Alfred Lord Tennyson, with the handwritings of his wife and his son Hallam. Despite the many points of difference which may be seen to exist in these three handwritings, mistakes frequently occur in connection with letters, genuine and otherwise, of the Poet Laureate.

fulfilment of her duties in answering these worthless letters to her husband.

In No. 11 we have perhaps what is the most interesting illustration of this paper, and one that I hope will be useful. It is a comparison of three handwritings: Alfred Tennyson's, his wife's, and that of his son Hallam. The wife and the son frequently wrote in the name of the husband or of the father, and mistakes about Lord Tennyson's letters are common even amongst those who have some knowledge of autographs. When one sees a portrait of Lord Tennyson with a signature of his son facsimiled underneath, and letters facsimiled in widely-circulated journals as being those of Lord Tennyson, but which were not written by him, it is then time to set right the mistake—not to deal with the aspect of the case which arises when we note that a genuine signature is worth from £1 10s. to £2.

If any observant person will take the trouble to compare, for example, the "Tennyson" of I. and II. in No. 11, the signatures of VI. and VII., etc., he will see that they could not possibly have been written by the same hand. There is a certain general likeness between some of these specimens, but there remains no real likeness when we come to compare the movements which formed the letters of each of these signatures, etc.

No. 12 relates to a malignant attack upon Tennyson's reputation as a poet: "Make him out a third-rate poet," wrote the man who, in a disclosed letter, instigated the attack—a "slashing" attack was also advised by this gentleman. We see here how Alfred Tennyson quietly ignored the attack and refused the offer of his correspondent to defend him.

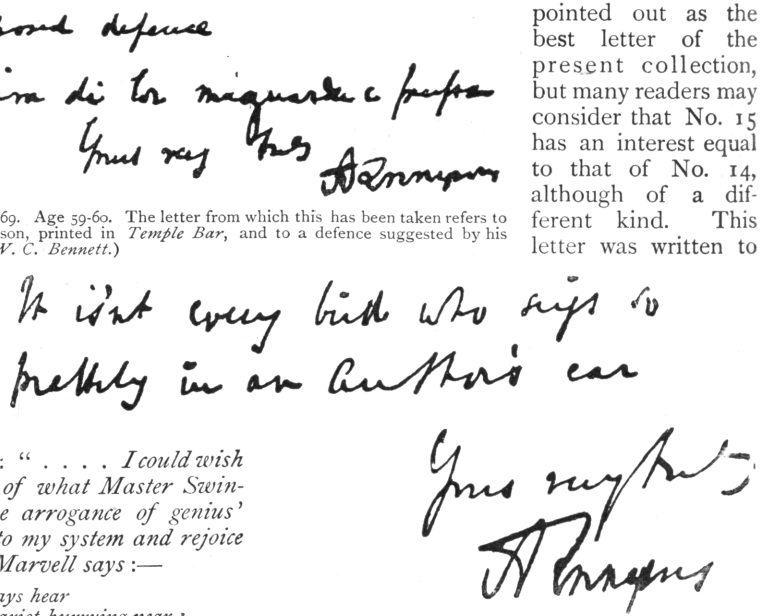

It is not worth your while to answer his
not mine to voice it
attack. I believe says but it can't possibly
do any harm: but I am obliged to you
for your proposed defence
Non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa
Yours very truly
A Tennyson

No. 12.—Written May 18, 1869. Age 59-60. The letter from which this has been taken refers to an attack upon Alfred Tennyson, printed in *Temple Bar*, and to a defence suggested by his correspondent. (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

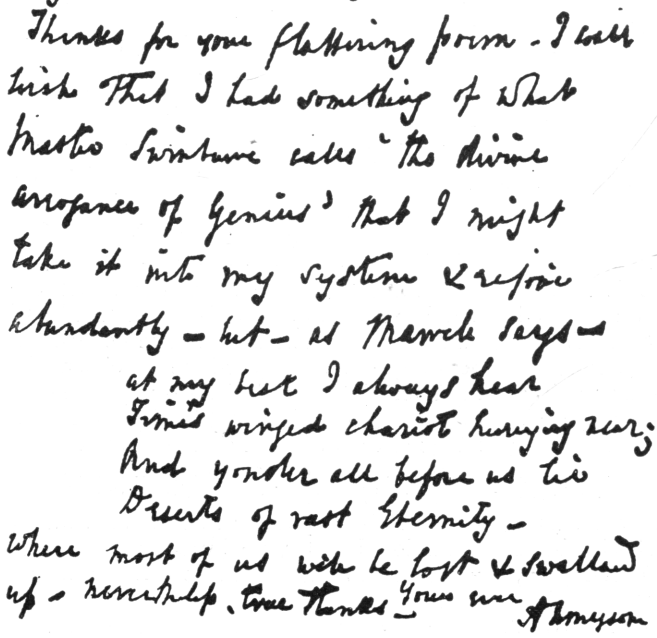
Is not No. 13 pleasing with its gracious words of thanks?

The best letter of the present collection is that shown in No. 14: "*. . . . I could wish that I had something of what Master Swinburne calls 'the divine arrogance of genius' that I might take it into my system and rejoice abundantly—but—as Marvell says:—*

At my best I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity—
Where most of us will be lost and swallowed up. . . ."


It isn't every bird who sings so
prettily in an Author's ear
Yours very truly
A Tennyson

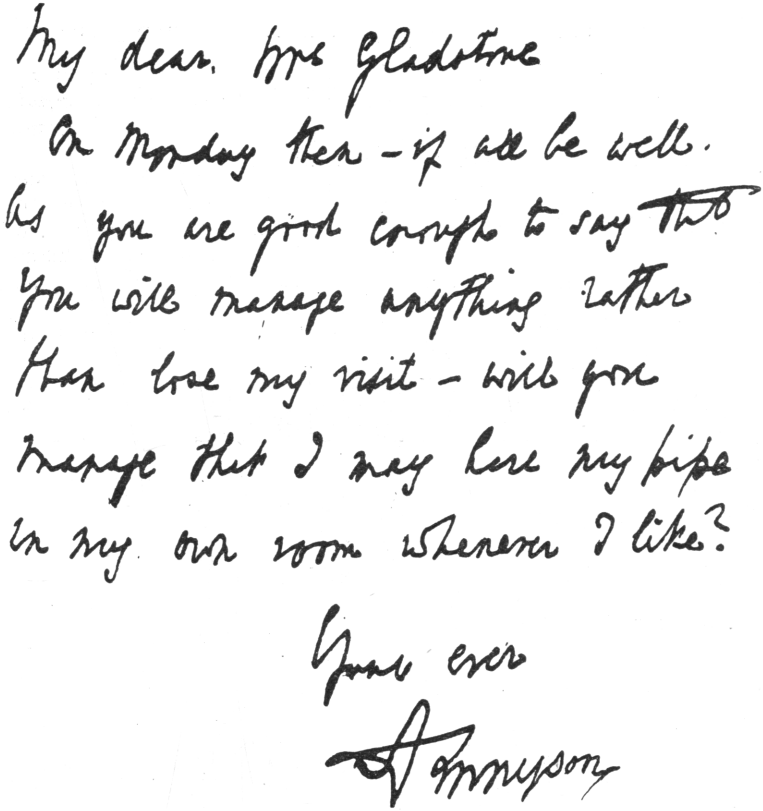
No. 13.—Written December 22, 1869. Age 60-61. Thanking Dr. Bennett for "... the music you make in my behalf ... It isn't every bird who sings so prettily in an Author's ear." (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)


My dear Mr Bennett,
Thanks for your flattering poem. I only
wish that I had something of what
Master Swinburne calls "the divine
arrogance of Genius" that I might
take it into my system & rejoice
abundantly — but — as Marvell says —
At my best I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast Eternity —
Where most of us will be lost & swallowed
up — nevertheless, true thanks. Yours ever
A Tennyson

No. 14.—Written November 13, 1872. Age 63-64. (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

No. 14 has been pointed out as the best letter of the present collection, but many readers may consider that No. 15 has an interest equal to that of No. 14, although of a different kind. This letter was written to Mrs. Gladstone, and, coupled with the pipe shown in No. 16, it certainly has a unique interest. In the former letter Alfred Tennyson wrote as the poet—here, he wrote as the devotee of "My Lady Nicotine": "*Will you manage that I may have my pipe in my own room whenever I like?*"

This pipe was recently lent to me for reproduction here; and, by the way, in one of the papers recently there was a nonsensical statement that Lord Tennyson smoked only new "churchwardens," broke them after use, and threw the pieces into a basket—pure fiction, as any smoker of clays ought to know. An old clay pipe is a very pleasant pipe, but a new clay is unpleasant, even though it be soaked, as Lord Tennyson used to soak

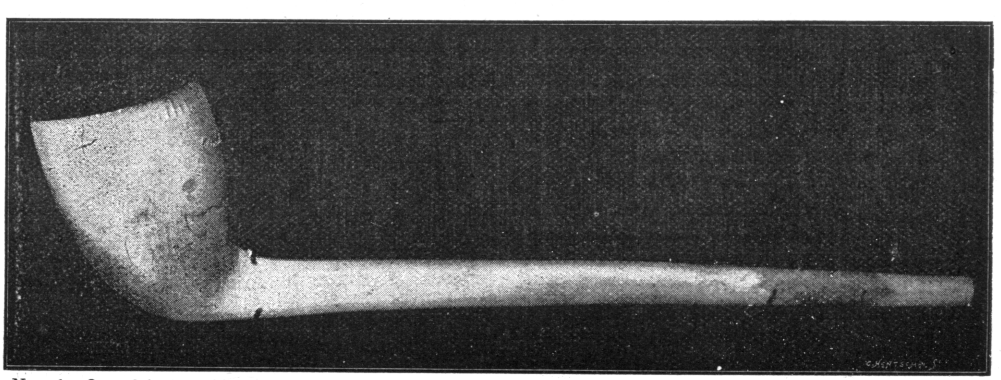

My dear Mrs Gladstone
On Monday then – if all be well.
As you are good enough to say that
You will manage anything rather
than lose my visit – will you
manage that I may have my pipe
in my own room whenever I like?
Yours ever
A Tennyson

No. 15.—Written October 25, 1876. Age 67-68. The original letter, written at Aldworth to Mrs. Gladstone, is in the possession of Messrs. Noel Conway, 50B, New Street, Birmingham. One of Lord Tennyson's pipes is shown in No. 16.

his, in some liquid spirit such as sal volatile, in order to remove the hot newness of an unused clay.

There is a pleasing group of signatures, etc., in No. 17. An interval of thirty-nine years came between the writing of I. and the writing of VIII., which was dated less than five months before Lord Tennyson died.

And now let me point out that the entire simplicity, and the absence of any striving for effect, which are so evident in these two signatures, are qualities that are shown again and again in the specimens of Lord Tennyson's handwriting which have been given in facsimile upon these pages. The *raison d'être* of this trait now pointed to appears to be evident. A truly great man has no need to pose—his nerve-muscular mechanism is not called upon for affected gestures—he has but to be himself, his natural *ego*, to be great, and to be recognised as great. A large proportion of the striving after effect, which is one of the distinguishing marks of mediocrities, comes from the inward recognition by them that they are in fact only mediocrities—and poor specimens at that. But some of us whom Nature has thus classed have an unfortunate desire to pass for more than the value indelibly stamped upon us, and, in such cases, there comes up a plentiful crop of the vulgarity and pretension that spoil so many of us—we do not dare to be natural

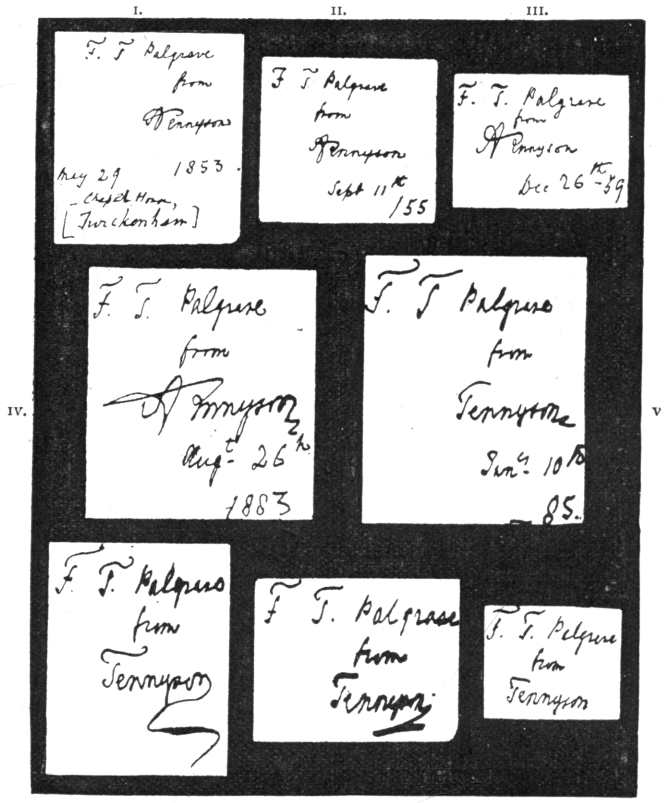


No. 16.—One of the last pipes actually smoked by Lord Tennyson. Slightly reduced size. The length of this pipe is five inches and three-quarters. This is one of the "Dublin" clay pipes which superseded the "Milos" formerly used by the Poet Laureate. Lord Tennyson would not smoke a pipe that had the usual projection underneath the bowl: he used to break off such projections, for he said they spoiled "the Grecian simplicity of the pipe." Through all his life he smoked this sort of pipe.

and simple for fear that people should underrate us. A gross error, which accounts for an infinity of snobbishness, which produces many inflated signatures quite different from those shown in No. 17, and which lessens the value of many excellent persons who are unable to realize that Nature's coinage cannot entirely consist of noble five-pound pieces.

I have now shown a collection quite unique of the handwriting of a man whom Nature coined great. Not after the minutely critical fashion that might properly be employed in the case of *X*'s writing sent in for a private opinion, but after the fashion of a man who, exhibiting things of beauty, contents himself with stray suggestions to a sympathetic friend: "See you this excellence here—I beg you will notice that exquisite touch there."

Ill indeed, and unmannerly, would be the act which should subject to miscroscopic examination the sensitive and nobly-simple nature of Alfred Tennyson.



No. 17.—Here is a very interesting series of Lord Tennyson's signatures, etc. The originals were written on the title-pages of eight volumes of Lord Tennyson's works (with one exception, first editions) when he gave them to his friend, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, at dates ranging from May 29, 1853 (I.—"Poems"), to May 12, 1892 (VIII.—"The Foresters"). The six other titles are: II.—"Maud." III.—"Idylls of the King." IV.—"Ballads and other Poems." V.—"Becket." VI.—"Teiresias," signature written in 1885. VII.—"Demeter," signature written in 1889. It will be noticed that VIII. was written at age 82-83, less than five months before Lord Tennyson died. (Reduced facsimiles.)

NOTE.—I thank—for welcome aid in a difficult piece of work—Miss Georgina Hogarth, Lord Tennyson, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Dr. W. C. Bennett, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. George Macmillan, Mr. Samuel Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, W.C., Mr. J. William Wilson, of Louth, Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 508, New Street, Birmingham, Mrs. Climenson, of Shiplake Vicarage, and Colonel Mansfield Turner.—J. H. S.

The Training of Performing Animals.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

CHARLES JAMES FOX defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." If this be a true definition, we must accord to the trainers of animals a front place among the geniuses of the world. There is assuredly no profession in which more patience and painstaking work are required. We see the results from before the footlights. It gives us a moment's pleasure, and we think no more about its difficulties. What that result may mean we do not care. The weeks and months, and sometimes years, which it may have cost to produce that result we cannot be expected to take into account. The band plays, the trainer stands before us, smiling and graceful, no sign of care or anxiety upon his countenance. The animals go through their performances; there is no hitch, no difficulty: all is easy, well rounded off. So far from being astounded, we ask for more; like the audience which hissed Grimaldi, we want a new feature. Nevertheless, some of the more curious amongst us do occasionally ask ourselves how these results are brought about. The sensitive murmur the mystic word "cruelty," shudder, and put the whole matter out of their minds.

This notion that animals are taught to perform tricks by dint of cruelty, by blows and starvation, is among the most illogical fallacies of the day. We have learned that it is easier to teach children by kindness than by blows, yet we assume that monkeys must be flogged into a condition of abject fear before they can be got to do anything. We know that the whip is of but little use in the training of dogs, and yet we imagine that bears are taught to dance on red-hot sheets of iron.

On the other hand, the answer which the trainer invariably makes to our inquiries is scarcely satisfying. "Patience, patience, always patience," this is his formula, his magic; but it does not convince us. We cannot believe that a fox can be taught to jump over a duck by patience. Yet that is the only way: it is a laborious, an unromantic, prosaic method, but, nevertheless, it is the only one. Perhaps it would be more correct to say "patience and firmness, with a judicious mixture of kindness and severity." Just as revolutions are not made with rose-water, wild beasts cannot be made tractable without the occasional exercise of a little severity. But there is a great difference between severity and cruelty.

Take, for instance, the Siberian bears of M. W. Permané; they are the most amiable, friendly, and playful creatures in the world—to look at them with their master. But approach them by yourself when that master's back is turned, and you will have cause to regret your indiscretion, and will for the future make it your rule in life never to talk to a bear without being introduced. Bears are proverbially ill-mannered animals. These Siberian bears are really beautiful to look at. They have the most lovely coats, the most happy faces, and the most ungainly walk. To see them standing on a swing and "talking" to their master is really killing fun. The way they will sit down at a table and drink stout out of bottles is an edifying sight for any total abstainer to see. But perhaps the climax of comicality is reached when one of these unwieldy creatures has a lady's straw hat tied to his head and walks round the stage on M.

M. PERMANE'S SWINGING BEAR.

M. PERMANÉ'S LADY BEAR.

Permané's arm, trying hard to kiss him all the time, and waddling about with all the gracefulness of any mature maiden lady of uncertain age among my acquaintances. That bear will shake hands with M. Permané like a thoroughly good fellow, but if you were to try to shake hands with him you would find his heartiness a little trying.

"How do you manage to train those bears?" I asked M. Permané, after witnessing the performance.

"By kindness," he said, "kindness!"

I looked at him; I did not wink, because I respected myself too much. "You do not mean to say so!" was all I said. I had just seen a specimen of the docility of one of these gentle creatures: he had stripped about half a yard of skin off the arm of a too trusting maiden lady.

"Yes," M. Permané continued; "it took me six months to train that one. You see, you have to catch your bears young. They get untrustworthy as they grow older. It is no use ill-treating them; you must be kind and gentle with them, but you must let them know that you are the master."

Presently I had an opportunity of observing how they were made aware of this fact. One of the bears became refractory, and manifested a strong disposition to run a-muck generally, but a few smart blows across his snout with a rattan speedily brought him to his senses. He shook his head after each blow, and uttered a strange, low, whining moan, but he reformed his conduct and became less bearish.

M. Permané, I also discovered, was in the habit of keeping his bears in good humour by feeding them perpetually during the performance with such delicacies as pleased their bearish palate. It was quite clear that the pleasures of anticipation—or, shall we say, hope?—had much to do with their training. But even hope is not a sufficient incentive unless the bear learns to know his master and to understand that the master can force him to do what he wants.

For this reason the bear must be caught young. M. Permané generally starts upon cubs about twelve months old. With these he romps about as though they were children, but he never allows them to get the better of him. As soon as the bear gets too old and begins to feel his strength, he can no longer be trusted, and has to be got rid of. Some bears will never learn anything at all, those that do learn all their tricks in play. The Russian bear is not only very intelligent, but exceedingly quick in his movements. There is a trick which one of these bears performs which it took M. Permané three months to teach. The bear gets on a see-saw, mounts a globe, which is hardly big enough for his four huge paws, and walks himself up the tilting plank on it, and then repeats the process backwards.

M. Permané teaches them this particular feat by placing the globe in a little hollow and then making the bear stand on it. The bear thus gets used to feeling it move under him. Then, little by little, he is made to move it in a groove on the level, and afterwards he has to work it up an inclined plane. And so, by slow stages, the clumsy cub becomes a skilled mountebank.

At no time are bears quite safe. They are so huge and strong, that even in play they often nip and hurt their trainer, but they occasionally turn on him in earnest, and if one has turned on M. Permané twice he gets rid of him. Performing bears are consequently expensive; their keep costs a good deal, so does their carriage from place to place, and then they have to be frequently replaced. But they are intelligent, and

understand when they are being talked to. I have seen a bear look quite sorrowful and penitent after a scolding.

If bears are treacherous so are monkeys, but they are also affectionate and grateful. M. Nivin, the Hungarian, who is perhaps one of the finest trainers of monkeys in the world, always gets hold of his monkeys before they have changed their teeth, and nurses them through their teething. They are generally so grateful for his care that they will do anything for him afterwards. Nevertheless, even then they are sometimes treacherous, and M. Nivin showed me several nasty bites which he had had from one of his little pupils. When they are vicious they have to be thrashed, to make them understand the moral obliquity of their conduct. Monkeys differ: some are intelligent and learn quickly; some will never learn. The most difficult thing to teach a monkey is to make mistakes. This is very perplexing to the monkey mind.

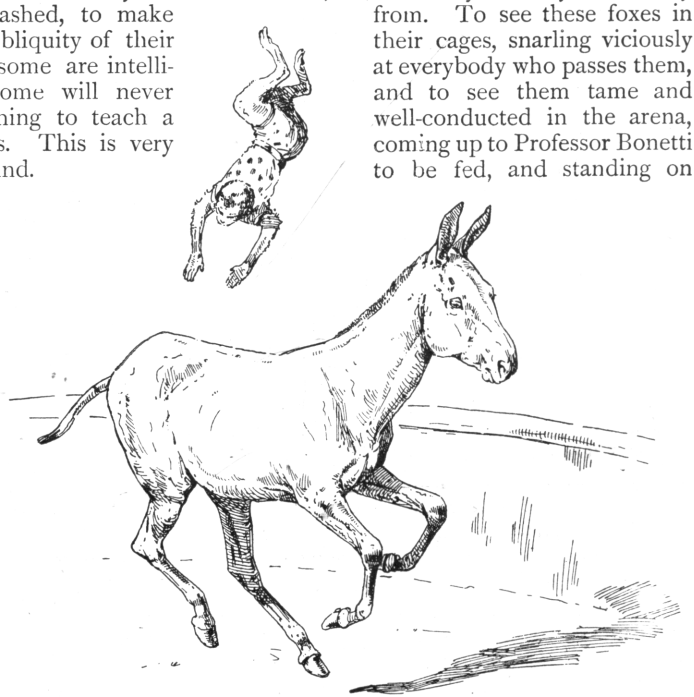
THE "BLONDIN' MONKEY.

Take, for instance, the "Blondin" monkey. This animal walks along a horizontal bar with his head in a sack. Before performing his trick, he is taught to throw the sack on the ground several times, and the difficulty is to make him understand when he is to refuse to do the trick and when he is to do it. There is always a look of anxiety on the monkey's face, which plainly betrays his uncertainty while he is throwing off the sack. By dint of great patience, however, he is eventually made perfect.

These monkeys are very amusing. I was looking at M. Gris's baboon, which rides a donkey, jumps through hoops, turns somersaults on the donkey's back, falls off, and climbs up again by the donkey's tail, all while the donkey is cantering round the arena. M. Nivin was talking to me at the time.

"You see that baboon," he said; "he is not doing a quarter of what he does during rehearsal. But he knows perfectly well that his master cannot thrash him before the audience, and so he can afford to be lazy. Monkeys are very human!" Perhaps the most amusing monkey is Clown Ruffin's jockey-monkey, who rides the porcine wonder. The way that monkey sticks on to the little pig's back, while the latter keeps squeaking as though it was being murdered, and jumps over miniature fences, is a sight for the gods. Occasionally the jockey falls off, but he gets on again in a jiffy, and the pig continues squeaking and jumping as if for its very life.

The most remarkable of animal trainers is, without doubt, Professor Bonetti, whose troupe of educated foxes, geese, ducks, fowls, ravens, and dogs are marvellous. His foxes jump over hurdles and through hoops, they jump over ducks and fowls, they feed with these birds, whom it is their nature to feed on, and they run about the arena with fox-hounds, whom they usually run away from. To see these foxes in their cages, snarling viciously at everybody who passes them, and to see them tame and well-conducted in the arena, coming up to Professor Bonetti to be fed, and standing on



THE BABOON CIRCUS-RIDER.

THE JOCKEY-MONKEY.

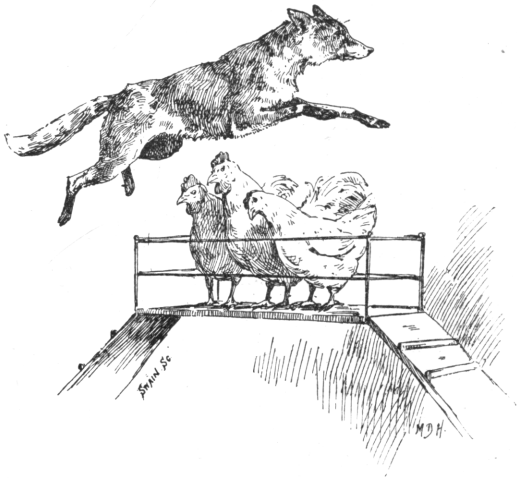
their hind-legs, like dogs, are two very different sights. One would scarcely believe them to be the same animals.

Professor Bonetti makes them ride a tricycle in the company of dogs and ravens, and winds up his performance with a triumphal procession, in which dogs and foxes are harnessed to a car and draw the feathered tribe round the arena. Foxes are particularly stupid animals to train, but Professor Bonetti makes them do what he likes. His watchword is patience. It took him six months to train these foxes. His methods are simple, but laborious. He is the original trainer of cats and mice and canaries, and has told me that the methods he applied in training them are the same as those he now uses with his foxes and his ducks.

Perhaps a short history of Professor Bonetti's beginnings may be interesting. He is a Dutchman, and was born at Amsterdam. His parents put him into a draper's shop to be a salesman. One day he read in Buffon's Natural History that cats, owing to their stupidity and obstinacy, could not be taught tricks. This surprised the young shop-assistant, who, instead of "penning stanzas when he should engross," was in the habit of spending all the time he could spare in a loft surrounded by a numerous company of cats, with whom he used to play, and whom he used to teach, in spite of Buffon, to perform the most remarkable feats imaginable. His employer, it must be confessed, had little sympathy with young Bonetti's tastes, and one fine morning turned him neck and crop out of his business. His parents found him another employer, but he was an unprofitable servant, and it soon became clear that his destiny had not singled him out for the walk of life for which his parents had intended him.

PROFESSOR BONETTI'S TROUPE.

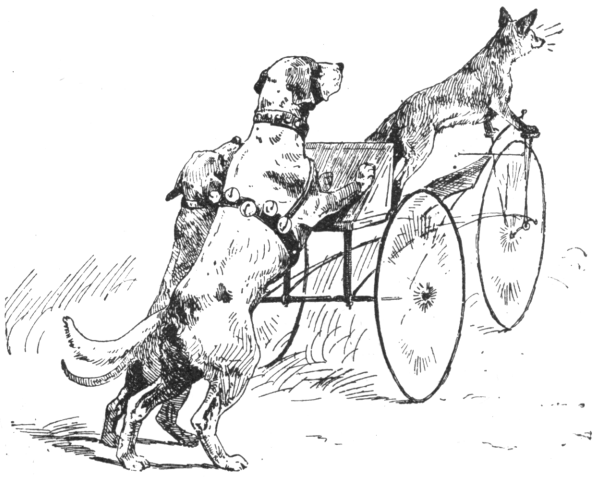
In a large granary in Amsterdam he devoted himself to the training of cats. Mice and rats abounded in this place, and here one day he caught a litter of eight young rats,



ONE OF PROFESSOR BONETTI'S FOXES.

each no bigger than his little finger, and only about twelve days old.

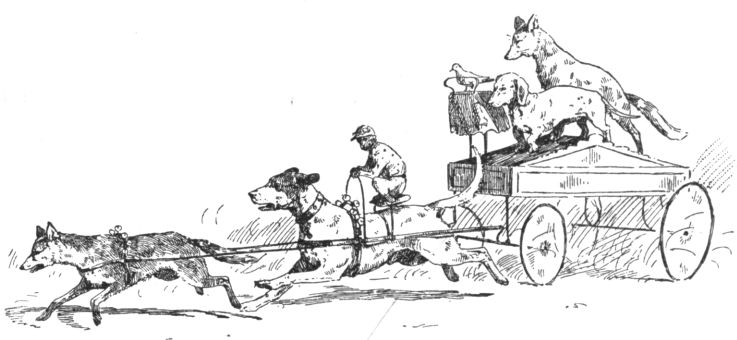
These gave him an idea. He introduced them to his cats, and gradually the formal acquaintance ripened into confidence and friendship. Of course, on their first introduction, the cats betrayed their natural propensities, and made a grab at the little rats, but Professor Bonetti restrained them, and after a time they got to behave quite frankly and unaffectedly towards each other. Use is second nature.



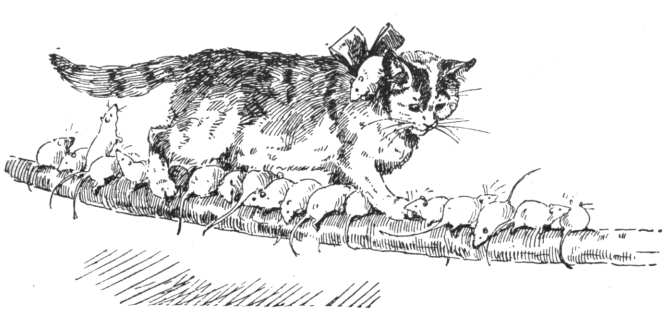
FOX RIDING A TRICYCLE.

The professor now increased his happy family by the addition of a canary. But the introduction of the bird was a work of difficulty. After a time the canary got confidence in the professor, and finally it got confidence in the cats, but it took time. Professor Bonetti never loses patience. Cats are intensely stupid, and will not understand what is expected of them. Nevertheless, to strike them or to seize them irritably only makes them more obstinate. When a cat once makes up its mind not to do anything, nothing on earth will induce the animal to do it.

Professor Bonetti never beats his pupils, but he also never allows them to beat him. He gently, but resolutely, insists upon their going through the tricks he wishes them to learn, and he never gets out of temper. One of the most difficult tricks to teach a cat is to make it jump through a hoop covered with paper. The method adopted is to make it first jump across a band of paper, and to increase the size of this band day by day until the cat has to jump through it. The professor then takes a hoop covered with paper, in which he makes a hole, through which he makes the cat jump. Each succeeding day the hole is made smaller until it reaches the vanishing point, and the cat makes a hole of its own. This one trick Professor Bonetti has often worked at for as long as five months. The jump through the flames is taught on the same principle, and takes just as much time.



A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.



CAT AND MICE.

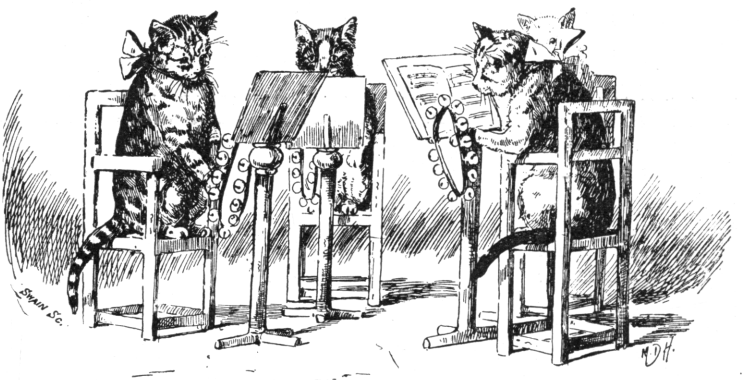
Having taught his cats and mice and canaries, and brought them up to perfection, Professor Bonetti commenced to exhibit them in 1882.

Since then he has done much in the way of the training of animals, but his last performance with foxes is the most remarkable of its kind. Yet the methods adopted in training these wild animals are in principle the same as those

THE "BALDWIN" KITTEN CLIMBING UP TO THE PARACHUTE.

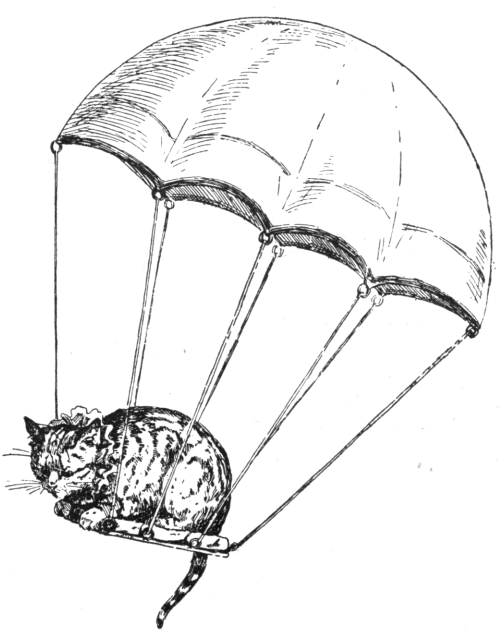
employed in the education of his cats. Violence and cruelty are of no use, they only confuse and frighten the animals.

much as children are taught to read. When once the initial difficulty of teaching them to do anything is overcome, nothing is surprising. And yet some of their tricks we shall never cease to marvel over. Take, for instance, Professor Leoni Clarke's "Baldwin"



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Patience and firmness are essential. As with bears, so with monkeys, foxes, cats, and any other animals, the general idea is always the

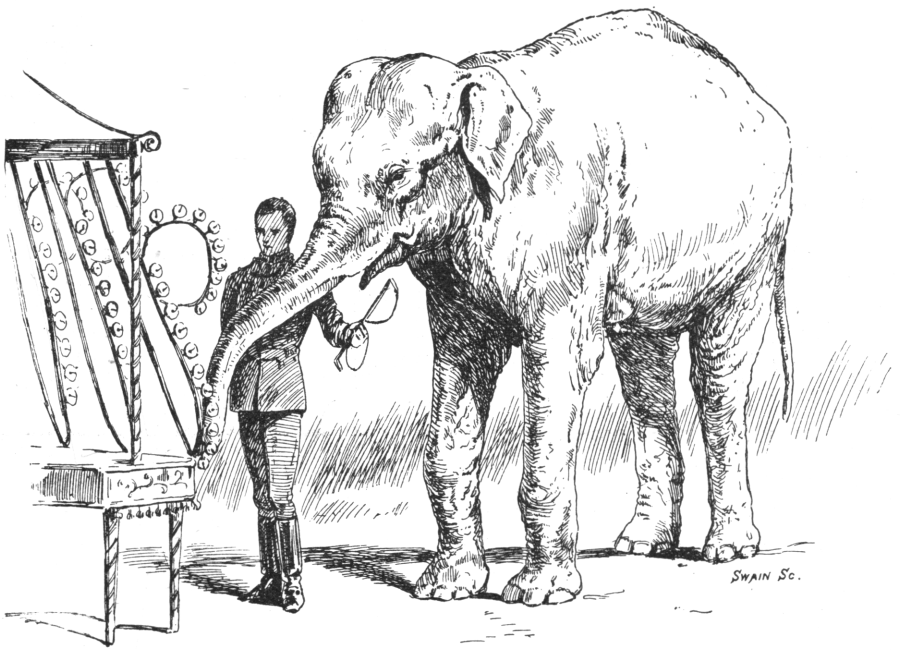


THE DESCENT.

same. First accustom the animal to its trainer, let it feel confidence in him, and feel that he is master, and then commence the tricks slowly and gradually. It must not be expected that an animal can be taught a trick all at once; they must be taught very

kitten, which climbs up to the roof of the theatre or circus where the performance takes place, gets into a parachute of itself, and then drops down, to be caught by Professor Clarke. To see that kitten slowly climb the rope, and stop every now and then to pause, is most thrilling. There can be no doubt of its unwillingness to ascend, and when it reaches the top it hesitates before getting into the parachute; it seems to reflect and ask itself whether it would not be wiser to climb down again rather than trust itself to that apparatus; but it overcomes its natural unwillingness and gets in with an air of heroic determination which is most pathetic. That "Baldwin" kitten

A GAME OF SKITTLES.



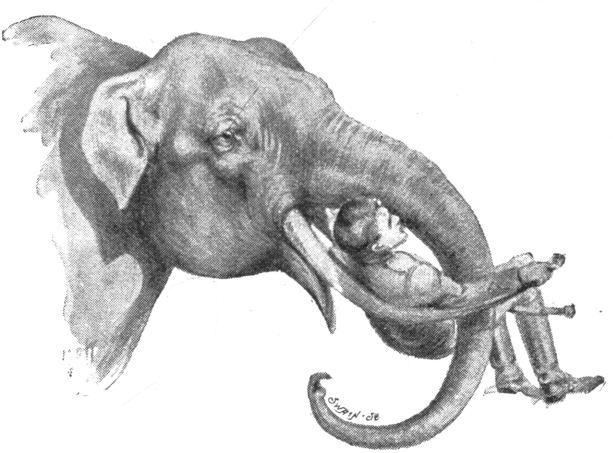
PLAYING THE BELLS.

M.D.H.

is one of the prettiest animal performers I have seen. No cruelty would have succeeded there. Professor Clarke's musical cats, who play "Home, Sweet Home" on sleigh-bells, are perhaps more cultured, but they are certainly less pathetic. The same may be said of his rats, who take their seats in a train and enjoy the excitement of a railway accident.

If cats are too obstinate to stand punishment, elephants are too big. How are elephants to be punished? Their skins are too thick, their bodies are too huge, they are too powerful, and they are too conscious of their power. Elephants can only be trained by kindness, but they are eminently sagacious animals; they understand and appreciate kindness, they resent deception. There seems no limit to what an elephant can be taught. He can be taught to play instruments, to sit on a chair, to carry his keeper on his tusks, to stand on his hind legs and on his head; but one thing he will not do, he will not walk through fire.

You can teach nearly all animals to jump through burning hoops, and walk under flaming arches, except an elephant. The training of these mammoths is, for all that, conducted on the same principle as the training of bears and cats. They must be caught young, they must learn to know and love their trainer. They must never witness an exhibition of temper, and they must feel



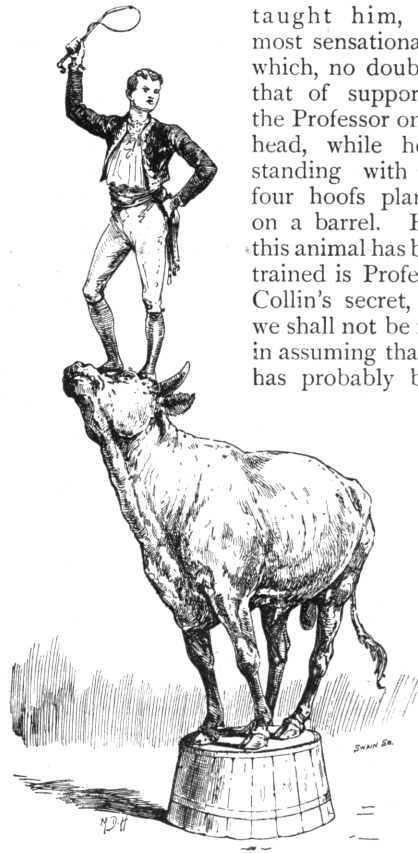
CARRYING THE KEEPER.

that their trainer is their master, and will insist upon their doing what he wishes them to do. This, indeed, is the whole secret of the training of performing animals.

When we turn from animals which, though often wild and stupid, are not absolutely

untractable, and look at the performances of such furious brutes as bulls and lions, we find that the same rules hold good here. Cruelty with a lion will avail nothing. While he is wrestling with his keeper he must know that that keeper is in his power. Nor will starvation do; for if the animal be ravenous, not even the keeper will be safe. The king of beasts is not dainty, and will make his meal off the first quarry he can find. The lion must be captured when a cub, he must be fed by his keeper, whom he must be accustomed to regard as his playmate as well as his master, and while he must not be under-fed, he must as certainly not be too well fed, or he will get unmanageable, and moreover, like a bear, he is not to be trusted after he has attained a certain age.

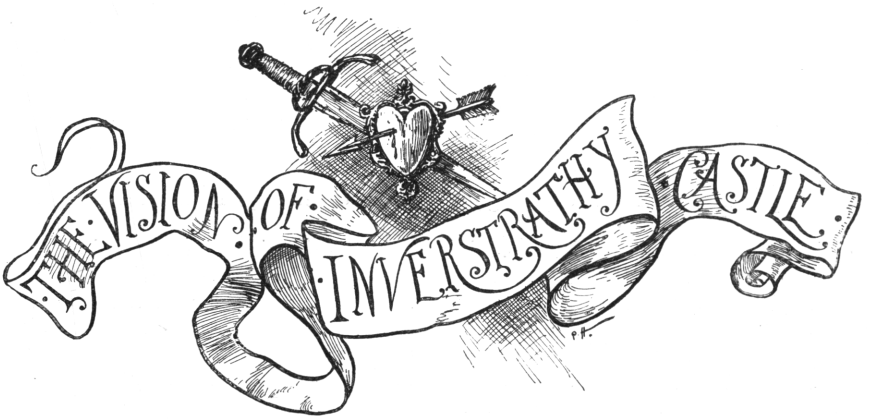
Professor Collin's bull is another instance of the triumph of mind over brute force. It is beautiful to see this handsome and noble animal performing the tricks his trainer has taught him, the most sensational of which, no doubt, is that of supporting the Professor on his head, while he is standing with his four hoofs planted on a barrel. How this animal has been trained is Professor Collin's secret, but we shall not be rash in assuming that he has probably been guided very much by the same rules which have been followed with so much success by Professors Bonetti and Permané, and, in fact, by all trainers of animals.



PROFESSOR COLLIN'S BULL.

A WRESTLING LION.

The results obtained by these trainers prove conclusively that with patience and determination all things are attainable. They also teach us another and equally important lesson, namely, that cruelty to animals does not pay. Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to watch the performances of educated animals without a pang, and our admiration for their trainers will only be heightened.



By F. Startin Pilleau.

I AM, as I think all who know me will readily admit, a peaceful man, and not one given to poking his nose into other people's business. I do not take any pride to myself for this, but at once admit that other people's affairs do not interest me, for, no matter how spicy a scandal may be, unless it be directly connected with sport of some kind or other, I turn a deaf ear to it. All mysteries and secrets I abominate, except secrets of the turf, and few even of these have sufficient hold on my memory to last over a good night's rest. Why, then, I ask, should I, of all people in the world, be the unwilling recipient of one of the strangest and most horrible mysteries it has ever been the lot of man to conceive?

True, I share the burden of the secret with one other man, my old friend Tom Farquharson; and it is, I fully admit, a considerable comfort to feel that he bears, equally with myself, the responsibility of the silence we have hitherto maintained respecting the extraordinary occurrence that I am about to relate, for, in consequence of what happened last week, we have, after considerable discussion, determined to lay the facts of the case before the public, taking care, of course, to suppress the real names of the people concerned.

Without further preamble, then, I will at once set forth, in as few and simple words as possible, the strange events to which I have referred.

It was on the 11th August last year that I travelled up to Scotland, in fulfilment of a long-standing engagement, to shoot grouse at Farquharson's ancestral place in Sutherlandshire; and when I add that I had been travelling, almost without stopping, ever since I left the Austrian Tyrol, in order to arrive at Tom's in time for the 12th, you will readily believe me when I say, upon my weary journey at last ending, I arrived at Inverstrathy Castle more dead than alive.

It was shortly after 8 o'clock p.m. when I got there, and the house party had just sat down to dinner; Tom, however, came out to greet me, and urged me to hurry up and join them as soon as possible. But I pleaded that I was dead-beat, and much too done-up to put in an appearance that night, so he considerately gave way to my solicitations; then, promising to send me up something to eat to my own room, he hurried back to his guests.

Inverstrathy Castle is a fine specimen of one of those grand old Scottish strongholds one reads of in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and, tired as I was, I greatly admired the magnificent collection of armour and trophies of antique weapons, grouped round the fine old hall, and up the sides of the broad, black oak staircase, the balusters and newels of which were carved with a boldness one seldom comes across in modern times.

My accommodation, I found, consisted of two rooms: a large, but rather gloomy, bedroom, hung from floor to ceiling with rare old tapestry and furnished throughout with old oak, the ancient four-post bedstead, carved with quaint designs, being almost hidden in a deep recess; and a dressing-room opening out of it, in which, I was glad to see, a modern bath had been fitted up, of which I determined to immediately avail myself.

Having done so, and donned an old, and consequently comfortable, shooting suit, I sat down to a tempting repast, which one of the footmen had spread while I was enjoying my tub.

Since I have made up my mind to take the public into my confidence, I will not keep back anything, however unimportant it may seem, and I therefore at once confess that I partook freely of that cosy meal, and made short work of the bottle of Heidsieck the man had been thoughtful enough to provide. Then, having lighted a cigar, I drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and proceeded to finish a racy novel I had purchased on my journey.

Let me recapitulate: I was tired out by my journey; I had had a comfortable warm bath; I had eaten a substantial meal and swallowed a bottle of champagne; and I had then sat down in a luxurious chair in front of a cheerful fire. Is it remarkable that I fell asleep? I think not; I believe ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done the same. Anyhow, I fully admit, I did fall asleep and that my sleep was long, and sound, and undisturbed by dreams, as an honest, tired man's sleep should be.

How long I slept I cannot say, but suddenly I awoke with a start, in consequence, as I thought, of somebody bringing a dazzling light into the room, and before I could collect my scattered senses, the tapestry at the further end of the room was pushed aside and a lovely girl, in evening costume, with a most beautiful but terror-stricken face, rushed frantically in and fell on her knees on the hearth-rug just in front of me: and as she fell, I noticed that a curious, antique jewel, shaped like a heart pierced by an arrow, becoming unfastened, slipped, without her knowing it, from off her neck to the floor.

Startled by her sudden and unaccountable appearance, I was on the point of rising to her assistance, when, to my further astonishment, from precisely the same spot as before, the tapestry was again pushed aside, and a tall, handsome man ran into the room with a drawn dagger in his hand, which, before I had time to interfere, to my unspeakable horror, he plunged to the hilt into the heart of the poor girl.

With a yell of dismay I sprang from my chair to seize him by the throat, when, just as I got to him, to my amazement both he and his victim suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; nor could I discover the slightest trace of the tragedy I had seen take place before my very eyes. Long I stood, completely bewildered and dumfounded, and then, persuading myself I must have been dreaming, I undressed and went to bed.

Next morning, the remembrance of what had taken place the previous night returned to me in full force, and the first thing I did was to carefully examine that part of the room from which both the actors of the tragedy had appeared; but, though I found no difficulty in pushing aside the tapestry, I could not discover any trace of a door. I, however, found, somewhat to my surprise, that the wall was wainscoted to the height of about 7ft., not only at that end, but forming a high dado all round the room. I imagine therefore that Farquharson, or one of his predecessors, finding the room too dark and gloomy with so much black oak, hung the tapestry round the walls to brighten it up a bit.

While dressing, I debated with myself whether or not I should tell Farquharson what I had seen, but came to the conclusion that neither he nor anyone else would for a moment believe it could be anything more than a bad dream, engendered by my over-eating myself. Indeed, I was myself very much of the same opinion, and so dismissed the matter from my mind. Once, however, during the afternoon, when Farquharson and I happened to be alone together, I remarked how greatly I admired Inverstrathy Castle, and then casually inquired whether, by any chance, it were haunted.

"Haunted!" he replied, "why, of course it is. Who ever heard of an old Scotch castle that wasn't?"

But upon my pressing him further to tell me the history connected with it, he confessed he was unable to do so, and admitted that neither he, nor anyone else so far as he knew, had ever seen or heard anything of a supernatural nature. Here the conversation dropped as we resumed the business of the day.

We were a merry party that night at dinner, and it was close upon ten when, at last, Tom

suggested we should join the ladies in the drawing-room; but as I had by no means recovered from the fatigue of my journey, which had been, moreover, aggravated by my disturbed night and the long day on the moors, I once more got him to excuse me, went straight to bed, and in a quarter of an hour, or less, was sound asleep.

"THE SELF-SAME YOUNG LADY RUSHED INTO THE ROOM."

I was undisturbed for a couple of hours or so, when, again, I suddenly woke up with a strange feeling of terror, which was by no means diminished by finding the room brilliantly illuminated by some unseen light. I sat up, wondering where on earth the light could come from, when the tapestry at the further end of the room was again pushed aside, and, again, the self-same young lady rushed into the room, and fell on her hands and knees on the hearth-rug; again I noticed the jewel she wore slip from her neck to the floor; and again the tall, handsome villain followed her, and once more plunged the cruel dagger into her heart; and then, as my heart stood still with horror and fright, the light was suddenly extinguished, and all was utter darkness.

At first, I freely admit, I was much too terrified to move, but at length I screwed up sufficient courage to fumble for the matches on the table by my bedside, and, after one or two failures, at last succeeded in lighting a candle; but, though I got up and carefully examined every nook and corner of the room, all was exactly as I had left it when I went to bed, nor could I find anything to account for the strange light I had seen. Once more I critically examined the panelling behind the tapestry, at the spot from whence I had seen the figures issue, but could discover nothing. With a trembling hand, I then turned up the large Persian hearth-rug, and there, at the very spot I had seen that ghastly murder committed, I fancied I could detect a slight difference of colour in the floor; but as it was of

"I FANCIED I COULD DETECT A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF COLOUR."

oak, polished by centuries of rubbing, and almost as black as ebony, I could not be certain, in the inadequate light, if such were really the case or not, and I therefore determined to return to bed and examine it more carefully in the morning.

It was some time before I again got to sleep, which, under the circumstances, I think was scarcely surprising; nor is it to be wondered at that, when at last I did do so, I slept so heavily that it was an hour later than the time I had intended to rise when I again woke up. Jumping out of bed, I dressed as rapidly as I could, and then descended at once to the breakfast-room, forgetting, in my hurry, to pursue my investigations of the night before. Judge, then, of my amazement when the first person I saw, on entering the breakfast-room, was the young lady of my vision! I could not possibly be mistaken, for her beautiful face had indelibly photographed itself on my mind; besides, too, there, hanging on her neck, was the identical jewel I had noticed on the unfortunate girl I had twice seen murdered.

Of course I carefully scrutinized the rest of the company, fully expecting to discover, in one or other of them, the villain of the tragedy; but no one there in the least resembled him, and though many others entered the room afterwards, he was not among them. I came to the conclusion then that either he was not staying in the house, or else had already breakfasted and gone out.

After breakfast I took an early opportunity of telling Farquharson I wished to speak to him privately, and he at once led me to his own sanctum. I immediately asked him who the young lady was, and, after hearing my description, he informed me she was a Miss Craig, a distant cousin of his own.

"And I tell you what it is, my boy," he added, "if you're touched in that quarter you couldn't possibly do better, for not only does she come from a good old stock—in fact, her great-grandmother married my great-grandfather—but she is an heiress in her own right, for, though of course Inverstrathy Castle descended through heirs male to your humble servant, she is the sole survivor of the Craigs of Craigcrathie, a place second to none in Scotland, about forty miles from here in Ross-shire."

I hastily disabused his mind of any such intent on my behalf, and then briefly related to him all I had seen the two previous nights.

Of course, as I fully expected, he poohpoohed, at first, the whole story; but I pointed out that it was very strange I should have immediately recognised Miss Craig, a lady I had never seen in my life before.

He admitted that was peculiar, to say the least of it, but, after a moment or two, added:—

"I tell you how it was, old fellow. You arrived here dead-beat, and evidently, while you were going to your room, you caught sight of Miss Craig—without, at the time, particularly noticing the fact. Nevertheless, her exceptional beauty made such an impression on your susceptible heart, that you dreamt about her. And now I come to think of it," he added, "I remember her being late on that occasion, for I recollect her coming into the dining-room just after I returned from seeing you."

"That may be," I replied; "but how is it I had the same dream, if dream it were, two nights running? Besides, too, I never saw Miss Craig at all yesterday, and surely I should have been much more likely to dream of one of the other ladies who were at dinner?"

"Perhaps so, but one can never account for dreams. You did not see Dora yesterday, because she kept her room the whole day with a violent attack of neuralgia. But if the coincidence of your recognising in her the victim of your tragedy tells in one way, surely the absence of your villain tells equally strongly in the other?"

"Well, perhaps you are right. At all events that is the rational, common-sense view to take of the matter; all the same, I wish you would make an opportunity to carefully examine my room with me."

"Why, certainly. Let's go at once."

We were crossing the hall to do so, when Miss Craig called out:—

"Oh, Tom, you're just the very man I want. Mrs. Fergusson is anxious to see the family ancestors, so do come with us and act cicerone, for I always jumble up the old people together, and Mrs. Morgan is so dreadfully prosy."

"Right you are," said Tom; "come along, Bob, you had better come too."

I was only too glad of the opportunity, for I am a bit of a connoisseur as regards pictures, and had often heard Tom expatiate on the treasures of his gallery, especially the Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas.

It is not necessary to go through all the gems of that magnificent collection; suffice it to say, they more than came up to my expectations, when, while I was lost in admiration of a splendid portrait of a Sir

Donald Campbell, by Vandyke, I heard Tom call to Miss Craig, from quite the end of the gallery :—

"Come here, Dora, for a moment, and pay your dutiful respects to our mutual ancestress, the Lady Betty Colquhoun. I don't wish to flatter you, my dear, but, methinks, I can trace a distinct likeness between you ; allowing, of course, for the deterioration of the species."

"Deterioration yourself, sir," she laughingly replied. "I am sure it is much more marked in the male than in the female line. Is it not, Mrs. Fergusson ?"

Roused from my reverie, I joined the group, and found them looking at the full-length portrait of a young lady dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century. That the portrait was a speaking likeness of Miss Craig there could not be two opinions ; but what immediately struck me was, that the Lady Betty Colquhoun wore around her neck the identical jewel which Miss Craig was then wearing, and which I had also seen on the neck of the lady of my vision. Although I instantly spotted it I might have easily overlooked it, as it was partially hidden beneath a lace collar the lady was wearing, but the jewel had made such an impression on my mind that I recognised it in a moment, nor could I refrain from calling the fact to the attention of the others ; upon which Miss Craig said :—

"A SPEAKING LIKENESS."

"Why, what sharp eyes you must have ! I have gazed at Lady Betty hundreds of times, and yet never noticed it before. Evidently this is the identical jewel, for it is an heirloom in the family."

"Indeed !" I said, "and is there any legend connected with it ?"

"Oh, dear, yes !" she replied. "It is supposed that no harm can ever come to the owner so long as she is wearing it, and so, as I am very superstitious, I always keep it round my neck, even when I go to bed."

I then asked whether there were any particular history connected with Lady Betty, but both Tom and Miss Craig declared that, so far as they knew, there was not, but that, if there were, Mrs. Morgan would be sure to know it, as she was far better up in the traditions of the family than either of them ; Miss Craig adding :—

"You had better be careful to get the right side of Mrs. Morgan, if you want her to divulge state secrets, as she is a difficult woman to humour, and not always willing to impart the information she undoubtedly possesses."

Shortly after, we separated to pursue the ordinary avocations affected by people staying in a country house ; but I, still thinking of Miss Craig, Lady Betty Colquhoun, and the antique jewel, sought out Mrs. Morgan, and, after a little judicious flattery and Machiavelian diplomacy, for which I have ever been noted, turned our conversation to the picture gallery.

Long were the anecdotes she told me of pretty well every member of the family except the one I wished to hear about, till at

last I had to ask her the direct question, whether there were any story or legend connected with the Lady Betty Colquhoun.

At first she was very reticent and tried to put me off, but when she found I pertinaciously returned to the subject, she admitted that her mother had once told her a strange tale with regard to that lady, but whether there were any truth in it or not she could not say. After a little more diplomatic handling, I at length got the story out of her, which, divested of her circumlocutions and embellishments, was shortly this :—

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the then Lord of Inverstrathy—one Ronald Farquharson—married the Lady Betty Colquhoun, although it was whispered she had already given her affections to the Laird of Carosphairn. Be that as it may, Ronald Farquharson seems to have had a highly jealous, passionate disposition, and they had been married but a few months, when it became a matter of common notoriety that scarcely a day passed without some desperate quarrel between them. Matters, however, were kept within the bounds of respectability for three years, during which time the Laird of Carosphairn seems to have been abroad; but upon his return, the relations between the Lord and Lady of Inverstrathy became still more strained. Although, some nine or ten months afterwards, a son and heir was born (whom their friends hoped might prove a bond between them, and be the means of a reconciliation), matters grew worse instead of better, and Ronald Farquharson was, more than once, overheard making the most disgraceful insinuations to the unfortunate Lady Betty.

At that time the castle was considerably smaller in extent than at present, the whole of the east wing, and part of the west, having been added in the early part of the seventeenth century, and Ronald and Lady Farquharson, it seems, occupied the identical room I was sleeping in.

One night, after the servants had gone to bed, the nurse, who was sitting up with the child on account of some infantine complaint, overheard her master and mistress having a more than usually serious altercation, and had just made up her mind to inquire what was the matter, when the noise quieted down, and she heard their voices no more. Next morning, however, her mistress had disappeared, and it was rumoured that, driven desperate by her husband's brutality, she had fled in the night to the Laird of Carosphairn, with whom she had eloped; at any rate, neither she nor the laird were ever heard of afterwards, and it was supposed that, endeavouring to cross to the Orkneys in a fishing smack, they had been wrecked during a terrible gale that was raging all that night.

I asked her whether the gallery contained any portrait of Ronald Farquharson as well as Lady Betty, but she informed me that, though undoubtedly there had been one, as the records proved, it had, unfortunately, perished, along with several others, during a fire which destroyed a large portion of the castle in 1639, soon after which the whole place had been renovated and enlarged by Angus Farquharson, the grandson of Ronald; the central portion, in which were the old state rooms, only being left untouched.

This was all I could get out of Mrs. Morgan, except that, when I cross-questioned her on the subject of the castle being haunted, she reluctantly admitted to having heard some idle tale of a lady, in a white evening costume, being seen about the place at midnight, but had never seen anything of the apparition herself.

Armed with this further information, I sought out Farquharson, and we, there and then, made a thorough examination of my room, but though we found an undoubted stain of something or other on the floor, under the hearth-rug, that was all the success we had, and Farquharson was more than ever convinced that my vision was nothing but a bad nightmare.

"I'll tell you what it is, old chap," he said. "If you like, I'll come and sit up with you here to-night, and see if this precious vision of yours recurs."

"Done with you," I cried, and we then joined the ladies in the hall for afternoon tea.

That night, after the ladies had retired to their rooms and we had played a few games of pool, Farquharson reminded us we were to make an early start the next morning to shoot over the outlying moors, and we all at once turned in, Farquharson going with me to my room, as agreed; then, producing a couple of packs of cards, he said :—

"Look here, my boy, as this is likely to prove a long job—for I don't suppose you'll be satisfied till two or three o'clock, unless anything happens in the meantime, which I'm quite sure won't be the case—we had better have a little *écarté;* so fill up your glass" (he had taken care to send the necessary materials to my room), "and cut for deal."

"All right," I replied. "A sovereign a game, as usual, I suppose?" and we at once commenced.

Now, both Farquharson and I, without being gamblers, were keen card-players, this being by no means the first time we had sat down to a bout of *écarté*. We had played a dozen games or so, the luck so far proving fairly even, and had become so absorbed in our occupation that the real reason for our sitting up together had quite vanished from our minds, when, in the midst of one of the most exciting hands of the evening (the score was three all, I'd turned up the nine of clubs and Farquharson was playing "on authority," little knowing that I held king, knave, eight of trumps, as well as the king and another spade), just as I was about to say "I hold the king," preparatory to marking it and then trump the king of hearts, which he had already led, the light in the room suddenly increased to quite three times its previous brilliancy!

"WE BOTH STARTED ROUND."

We both started round just in time to see the tapestry once again pushed aside, and the beautiful girl, so like Miss Craig, yet also so like the Lady Betty, rush forward, with terrified face, and fall on her knees on the hearth-rug. Once more the antique jewel slipped from off her neck to the floor; once more the evil-looking scoundrel followed her into the room; once more he raised the naked dagger in his hand; and then, for the third time, I witnessed that horrible murder, without being able to stir a step to interfere. In a quarter of a minute or less it was all over, and the light had resumed its normal brilliancy; then Tom, shaking off his apathy, rushed forward to where the deed had been committed, calling to me to bring the lamp.

He hastily turned up the rug, exposing the same stain we had seen in the afternoon; but whether it was only our imagination or not I cannot say—it certainly appeared to us to be much fresher and redder than before.

"Well! What do you say to my vision now?" I asked. "Do you still persist in maintaining it was only a dream?"

"Don't be an ass," Tom replied. "Of course I believe in it. How can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? I am, however, determined to trace the mystery to its source. Depend upon it, the Lady Betty never eloped at all, and that the whole story was a foul slander, concocted by her brute of a husband, who had murdered her in a fit of passion. Come, let us once more examine the panelling behind the tapestry."

This we did, but for a long time without any success, when, in stooping to hold the lamp in a more favourable position for Tom to examine the skirting, I placed my left hand against one of the stiles of the wainscoting to steady myself; and, as I leant against it, I fancied I felt a slight current of air issuing between the stile and panel. I called Tom's attention to it, and he struck a match and held it to the spot, when there could be no doubt there was a distinct draught of air blowing the flame away from the woodwork.

This was enough for Tom. "Wait here," he said, "till I get a few tools"; and off he went, returning a few minutes later with a centre-bit, crowbar, a couple of chisels, and a screw-driver. This last he managed to insinuate into the small crack we had discovered, and endeavoured to force away the panel from the upright. At first he could make no impression on it, but after he had worked it up and down a bit, he must have accidentally touched a spring, for the whole panel suddenly swung away from him, nearly precipitating him headlong through the opening it had disclosed. We found then that the panel had formed a secret door, opening directly on a flight of steep, stone steps, built in the thickness of the wall, up which a cold, damp air was blowing, drawn up, no doubt, by the heat of my room.

Excited by the success of our efforts, we at once determined to push our investigations further, so, snatching up the crowbar, Tom stooped through the doorway and began to cautiously descend the steps, while I followed after, lighting the way with the lamp. After descending thirty-three steps we reached the bottom, and found a passage stretching away in front of us. We followed this for 50ft. or 60ft., and then, to our disappointment, came to a dead stop; for either the passage itself had come to its natural ending, or else it had been purposely walled up.

After a careful examination, we came to the conclusion the latter was the case, for although it had been built to look as much as possible like the side walls, we found there were no through stones in either angle, both being straight joints; and, upon holding the lamp well up, we could see that in one place there was a space of a couple of inches or so between the top stone and the ceiling.

Tom hastily ran back with the lamp, leaving me in the dark, a situation I did not altogether relish. However, he soon returned with a chair, mounting which, he worked away with his crowbar until he dislodged a large stone, which fell with a startling thud on the floor. After the first few stones were removed the rest was easy, and, between us, we had soon made an opening sufficiently large to scramble through, when we found ourselves in a small chamber about 8ft. square, evidently an old dungeon.

At first we thought it was empty, but upon Tom poking his crowbar into a heap of rubbish which lay in one of the corners, a portion of it fell away, exposing, to our

"A PORTION OF IT FELL AWAY."

horror, the hand and part of the fore-arm of a skeleton. We quickly set to work to remove the rubbish heap, and soon lay bare the entire skeleton, which, from its size, we concluded was that of a woman, and close to it, on the floor, we further discovered the hilt and a portion of the blade of what was evidently a dagger, the rest of the blade having been eaten away by rust. Solemnly we looked at one another, and then, without a word, made the best of our way back to my bedroom.

After we were once more safely in my room and had each mixed a stiff glass of whisky-and-water, Tom said:—

"You see, it is just as I thought. I haven't a doubt in my mind but that my worthy ancestor, Ronald Farquharson, murdered his unfortunate wife, whose skeleton we have just discovered; that he hid her in yonder dungeon, and himself walled up the passage to prevent his crime from being found out; and then set abroad the shameful story of her having eloped with the Laird of Carosphairn, to account for her absence. It is a terrible business; but, thank goodness, it can't have anything to do with poor Dora."

"And yet," I said, "the lady of the vision was undoubtedly like Miss Craig."

"Not more like her than the Lady Betty," he quickly returned.

"Perhaps not. Did you notice the face of the villain who murdered her?"

"No; from the position in which I was sitting, I could not see his face at all, but only his back; I am, however, perfectly convinced it must have been Ronald Farquharson. Don't you agree with me?"

"No, I certainly do not!"

"Good heavens! Why?"

"For a very obvious reason. Both the girl who was murdered and the ruffian who butchered her *were in modern evening costume!*"

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Tom, "so they were! How do you interpret that?"

"I cannot say. I don't know what to think. The whole thing is perfectly inexplicable to me."

"But if the vision were not that of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, what was it?"

"Ah, indeed, what was it?"

"Besides, too: how can you account for our finding the secret stairway opening from exactly the spot from whence they came? And, still more, the significant fact of our discovery of the skeleton and dagger in the walled-up dungeon?"

"I tell you I can account for nothing."

"Well! what's to be done?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I don't see what good we can do by spreading the tale abroad. I think it is a clear case where 'masterly inactivity' should be the order of the day. Let us keep the secret to ourselves, at all events for the present, and watch what happens."

We discussed it some time longer in all its bearings, and then, Tom agreeing with me, we fastened up the secret door and separated.

Next day Miss Craig left, and though Tom again sat up with me that night, nothing happened to disturb our *écarté*, and the day following I had myself to leave, having received an important telegram calling me back to London.

Nearly a whole year passed without anything occurring to remind me of my strange experience at Inverstrathy Castle. I had seen Tom frequently in the interval, and he had told me that, though he had more than once slept in the room I had occupied there, he had never again seen the vision. Again the 12th of August was approaching, when I was to join his party as before, when, one day, he called upon me to explain that, scarlet fever having unfortunately broken out in Inverstrathy Castle, he was compelled to put everyone off. That afternoon, I was walking down Regent Street, thinking how I could best re-arrange my plans, when, as I was crossing the Circus towards the Criterion, a gentleman overtook and passed me, and, as he did so, his walking-stick accidentally knocked against my arm. He turned round, politely apologized, and then hurried down Waterloo Place; but, slight as the glimpse was which I got of his face, I immediately recognised him as the villain of my vision.

"THE VILLAIN OF MY VISION."

At first I was so staggered I stood stock still, and was nearly run over by a passing cab;

then, recovering my senses, I hastened after him, keeping him in sight till he turned up Pall Mall and went into the Megatherium Club, of which I am also a member. Entering after him, I saw him go into the smoking-room, and then I inquired of the hall-porter who he was. He informed me he was Sir Philip Clipstone, and that he had only recently returned from India. I immediately jumped into a hansom and drove to Tom's town house at Albert Gate, and, directly we were alone, I said :—

"Tom, I've just seen the villain of our vision ! "

"Nonsense ! I thought that had died a natural death."

"So I hoped, but this afternoon I undoubtedly met the identical man we saw murdering Miss Craig at Inverstrathy Castle."

"I wish you wouldn't persist in saying it was Dora. I'm more than ever convinced that it was a vision of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, and not Miss Craig at all."

"Possibly—though I don't think so myself. Anyhow, I saw the murderer, no matter who his victim was."

"Are you sure you weren't mistaken, or misled by some strong resemblance? "

"No ; I tell you he was the very man. I could not possibly be mistaken. Remember, I saw the scoundrel three times, and his villainous face left far too great an impression on my memory ever to be effaced ; and I tell you I saw him to-day while I was crossing Piccadilly Circus, and recognised him in a moment, although his face was naturally without that diabolical expression I saw on it at Inverstrathy Castle."

"What did you do? "

"Followed him, of course, and tracked him to the Megatherium Club, where I ascertained who he is."

"And who is he? "

"Sir Philip Clipstone."

"Good God ! You don't say so?" said Tom, starting to his feet. "Why, although Dora never even heard of him till about two months ago, I received a letter from her barely an hour since, announcing their engagement ! What's to be done? "

"What's to be done? Aye, there's the rub ! Ought we, or ought we not, to inform Miss Craig, or Sir Philip, or both, of what we saw at Inverstrathy Castle? "

Long we argued the point ; one of us, no matter which, thinking we certainly ought ; the other equally convinced that we ought not. Neither could persuade the other to adopt his view of the case. Each was perfectly certain he only was right, and words grew high between us, even threatening to jeopardize the warm friendship that has existed since our school-days.

At last a happy thought struck Tom, that, changing of course the names of the parties concerned, and the *locale* of the tragedy, we should lay the simple facts of the case before the public, inviting expressions of opinion on this knotty point, from any who feel competent to give one.

I eagerly agreed to this suggestion, and I can therefore only request, gentle reader, that, after having carefully weighed the pros and cons, you will communicate your valuable opinion to the editor. But do not delay too long, for I hear Sir Philip, as is only natural, is pressing Miss Craig to name the happy (?) day. Should she or should she not, before doing so, be informed of the possible consequences of such an act? And if they do marry, will their conjugal life end in the horrible tragedy both Tom Farquharson and I saw enacted in my bedroom at Inverstrathy Castle?

Caricaturists and Their Work.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

Mr. Dudley Hardy.

A MAN of the middle height, twenty-eight years of age, auburn-haired, grey eyes glancing at you through a pair of *pince-nez* that give much character to his face, a moustache smartly twisted upwards, a tremendously broad-shouldered, deep-chested, narrow-flanked man, brimming over with wit and humour, alive to his finger-tips: and this is Dudley Hardy.

A large studio, the walls of which are decorated by his skilful brush from floor to

DUDLEY HARDY.
From a Photo. by C. H. Cook.

ceiling, and from which bright-eyed houris from the far East, or young women absolutely up-to-date, smile briskly down upon the curious visitor; a few beautiful rugs and cloths artistically and carelessly flung around, treasures from many distant lands lying in rich profusion, a general and, truth to tell, a *mélange* of infinite untidiness, an indescribable air of Bohemian ease and unconventionality: and this is the place in which the clever young artist lives and moves and has his being. I notice hanging upon the wall an engraving of his beautiful picture, "*Sans Asile*": Trafalgar Square at night, and around the stately lions are crouched in varied attitudes the poor and destitute of a great city. A herculean labourer sleeps the wearied, restless slumber of the over-worked and underpaid; a powerful negro, in strange contrast to the little Cockney clerk beside him, gives character and movement to the scene; a tall, proud, beautiful woman, leaning against the pedestal of one of the lions, and whose face tells a sad story of poverty and suffering, gazes half sadly, half contemptuously, upon the mass of wearied and destitute humanity at her feet. A wonderful picture to have been painted by any man—marvellous it becomes when one learns that it is the work of a lad scarcely more than twenty years of age.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "of course it took me some time. I was walking home from the Savage Club one night, or rather early one morning, and I came across the Square. It struck me that the scene was worthy of reproduction. That night and for many nights I made careful pencil sketches and studies. I used to talk to the people, find out their histories, help them as well as I could, and so gradually I got into the spirit of the whole thing. Then I advertised

DUDLEY HARDY, AGE 9.
From a Photo. by Rowland Taylor, Edgware Road.

for poor men to come to sit for special studies. Crowds of cadgers came: out-of-works of every possible description; and a queer lot they were. One fellow told me his mother had discovered a picture 'by a man named Wanduck—he meant Vandyke—worth £25,000!' Another fellow turned up very smart in his Sunday-go-to-meeting togs. 'I don't want you like that, my good fellow,' I said. 'I wanted you to come as ragged and dirty as possible.' 'All right, governor,' he replied, 'I'll soon make that right.'

"He walked off, and I, being rather curious to see what he was going to do, followed him. There he was, rolling in the mud and puddles! '*Sans Asile*' was exhibited in the Salon in 1889, and it has been on tour ever since. I was so pleased with this my first success in the 'Life of the Streets,' that I planned and painted another picture dealing with the same phase of life, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. I called it the 'Dock Strike.' I used to go down to Tower Hill every day and make careful sketches and studies, just as in the other picture."

TYPES OF MODELS BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"You are going in a good deal now for 'advertising' art," I remarked, as the celebrated "Yellow Girl" in *To-Day* caught my eye.

"Yes," he replied, "I am, and I don't see why I shouldn't either. It pays well, and, without any cant or high-falutin', I think you can educate the masses to a great extent by improving the art of the advertisement. By this means you can make the streets the Royal Academy of the masses. They appreciate good work as well as we do, after their fashion. To do these things effectively, I argue that you must have them as simple and flat as possible in outline, and paint them so that they present a big brilliant flash of colour that catches the eye in a moment. No background: just a flash of light and life as one flies by them in a cab or carriage. The first one I ever did was, as you probably know, this 'Yellow Girl' for Jerome's *To-Day*.

"'I want a striking figure illustrating a feature of to-day,' he said to me.

"I sketched a few then and there, and he chose the 'Yellow Girl.' I did it in a week, rising from a bed of sickness to do it. The very first girl I met when I went out after I got well was a regular 'Arriet in that very costume, of course much exaggerated, flying down the street with her 'brolly' stuck behind her, exactly like the picture. Then came the 'Gaiety Girl.'"

"Do you do them from models?" I asked.

"No; always done straight from my head. You very often in that way get more 'go' in them than you would working painfully and accurately from a model. I knock them out of my head first, *then* get a model and correct here and there, where necessary."

"Have you been long an artist?"

"My father is one," he replied. "T. B. Hardy, the sea-scape artist."

"Ah!" said I. "I know his work well. We have some splendid specimens of his at the Savage Club."

"Precisely. I was brought up in art; never knew any other atmosphere. Sketched at school, but never showed any special

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE EARL'S COURT ROAD. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

promise until I returned from abroad. I was at Dusseldorf for two years under Müller and Krowenstein; then to Antwerp and worked under Verlat. Then to London and worked on the Press. My first paper was the *Pictorial World*. I acted as their special artist in the Soudan. I never got farther than Hampstead, though," he added, with an amused grin of recollections at the way in which he had "faked" up moving scenes on the battle-field, and harrowed the innocent and unsuspecting public by his pictures of desert warfare. "My mother wouldn't let me go to the seat of war, so I had to do as best I could."

MR. E. T. REED.

A VERY beautiful studio and a very æsthetic atmosphere, everything of the most perfect, greet the visitor to the now celebrated *Punch* Parliamentary caricaturist. He himself a young man, quiet, brown-bearded, with much charm of manner, and a pretty wit of his own; a son of Sir Edward Reed, the well-known naval constructor. Educated at Harrow, wide-travelled, trained for the Bar: capital preparation for the special artistic career which he has struck out for himself.

"I began my artistic career at twenty-two," he told me. "I studied for a while under Calderon and Burne-Jones — it is not generally known that Burne-Jones is a wonderful caricaturist. In 1889 I began

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

E. T. REED.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

BY E. T. REED.

black-and-white work for *Punch*. Some of my first sketches were done in the Law Courts, and very often I have worked from Frank Lockwood's sketches. I am very fond of wig and gown, and the lighting of the Law Courts is very effective. The picture that first brought me out was the 'Slot-Policeman.' Then a sketch of Brighton Front; but social cuts are not much in my line. So I turned to the eccentric in art," and as he spoke he handed me the sketch of a skeleton, which he supposes is dug up many centuries hence—the skeleton of a bicyclist, which he calls "A Warning to Bicyclists," and which represents a gruesome figure, with bent back, tiny arms, and hugely-developed skeleton legs bowed over a bicycle. "Dr. B. W. Richardson referred to it the other day in a lecture on health and anatomy which he was delivering somewhere."

BY E. T. REED.

"What was the origin of your celebrated prehistoric sketches?"

"Well, I one day sketched a London cabby, who was supposed to have been dug up ages hence in the neighbourhood of the Cromwell Road. I showed it to Burnand, who was much taken with the idea: then came the primeval hansom. As soon

A STREET ARAB. BY E. T. REED.

as I found I had to take up Harry Furniss's Parliamentary work, I did a sketch of a prehistoric Parliament. I got in as many portraits as I could. The picture was a great success; it was much talked of in the House, and, indeed, the *Daily News* devoted a whole leading article to its description. Curiously enough, I get a great many suggestions as to subjects for my prehistoric pictures from officers in India. Many of them are very artistic naturally; and I expect the wit and humour of a big mess provide them with ideas, which they very good-naturedly send on to me. Boys, too, are very fond

BANTERING A WITNESS. BY E. T. REED.

of the prehistoric subjects. I suppose," humorously added Mr. Reed, "it is an easy way of learning the history of those far-off times."

"What is your method of caricature, Mr. Reed?" I asked, as I glanced round the beautiful room, upon the walls of which hung photographs and portraits of the leading men and Parliamentarians of the day.

"Well," he replied, "I go for a man's *expression*, and I try and caricature that more than his features, for if you take only a man's features, and do him constantly over and over again, you find yourself in the end very far away from the original face. I go down to the House. I carefully study a man. Next morning I sketch him from memory or

BY E. T. REED.

from very rough notes which I may have made in the House in my sketch-book."

"And who are your most difficult Parliamentary subjects?"

"Asquith, Morley, and Lord Rosebery. All clean-shaven men, all young-faced, all with great command of countenance.

"This is *not* personal," added Mr. Reed, with a smile, as he handed me the caricature of interviewing which is given at the beginning of this brief sketch of one of the cleverest black-and-white artists of the day.

Mr. Leslie Ward—"Spy."

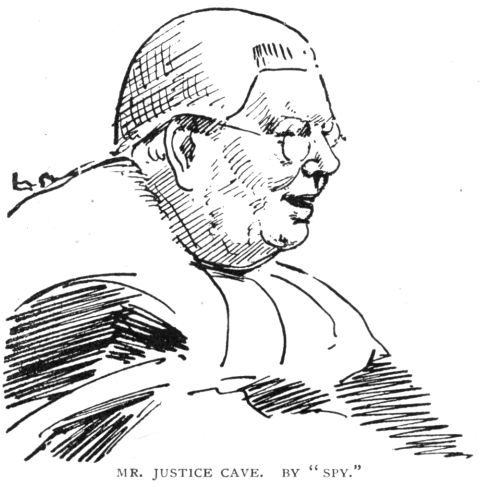
Mr. Leslie Ward, educated at Eton, and in that wider Vanity Fair of which the clever paper in which his bright and "fetching" work appears is the faithful mirror, is the very youngest looking man of four-and-forty that I have ever met. He is the son of a well-known Academician, whose wife, Mrs. Henrietta Ward, was the painter of that touching picture representing Elizabeth Fry passing through Newgate in the last century. His studio in Pimlico is a gallery of the times, for here upon the walls you see depicted the best known men of the day, the most familiar faces in the Row, at the play, upon the Bench, or in either of the Services. Lord Lytton "as he used to stand before the fire before going to dinner."

CAPTAIN MACHELL. BY "SPY."

"He was a great friend of my father's," continues Mr. Ward, as he shows me a beautiful interior representing the dining-room at Knebworth. "That is almost the first picture I did. It practically determined my career as an artist. Here, too, is my sketch of Corney Grain and Grossmith—the Giant and the Dwarf"; and

W. S. PENLEY. BY "SPY."

A. W. PINERO. BY "SPY."



MR. JUSTICE CAVE. BY "SPY."

I may remark they are both excellent likenesses, scarcely even caricatures, so cleverly has Mr. Ward caught the characteristics of each.

"What is your method in caricature?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I catch hold of the leading feature and slightly, very slightly, exaggerate. I don't mean facial or physical features exactly, so much as that characteristic by which each man is known best to friend and foe alike.

"Yes, that's a sketch of Dan Godfrey. As you see, it was snowing hard on that morning; he was conducting at the guard-mounting at St. James's Palace."

"Do you often get regular sittings?"

"Well, only now and again. Frequently I have to make the best of very poor opportunities. For instance, having learned that Canon Liddon walked regularly at a certain hour in the Broad Walk in Oxford, I lay in wait for him. Punctually to the moment he appeared. I followed him up and down so persistently that at last—taking me, I suppose, for a fervent admirer—he turned and bowed to me with a very pleasant smile. Cardinal Newman, too: I saw him get out of a railway carriage and run into the refreshment-room for a cup of tea. I flew to the same table, ordered a cup of boiling fluid, and studied him carefully all the time."

"But you can't sketch them at such times?" I objected.

"Oh, dear me, no!" he laughingly replied. "I make the vaguest notes: a line here, a dot there, anything to give me an idea, though they would be absolutely meaningless to anyone else. Then I come home to work out quietly what I have done. Now and again I get a regular sitting. Cardinal Vaughan was here, in this studio, for a long time."

"Some are good subjects, some are not!" was the rather obvious remark I made as I absently turned over the pages of an autograph book in which the name of almost every well-known man of the day was written.

"Why, of course. Indeed, I have got into a habit of dividing humanity into two classes—those made for *Vanity Fair* and those who are not."

"Do your subjects ever quarrel with your portraits of them?"

SIR J. STERLING. BY "SPY."

"Well, no; hardly that. I remember when I had done a portrait of old Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton—old Goody, as we called him—he said, 'Surely that can't be me? I never stand like that.' But one day shortly after, he was walking down the 'High,' and catching sight of himself in a window, he said, 'Yes, that *Vanity Fair* man was right after all.' No, I never do women—stop a moment—with one exception: I once had a caricature in *Vanity Fair* of the fair Georgina Weldon. To make a portrait of the 'Master,' I used to attend his lectures at Balliol in cap and gown."

"Do your 'notes' ever fail you?"

"Very rarely. Sometimes a face will go altogether, and, do what I will to recall it, I fail, until it suddenly flashes quite vividly before me, often just as I am falling asleep. Needless to say, I record it at once. Yes, that's a fairly good one of Barnum. He was staying at the Métropole. I used to go there and have my breakfast at the next table to his, and so I managed to sketch him."

"What is the best caricature you have ever done, Mr. Ward?"

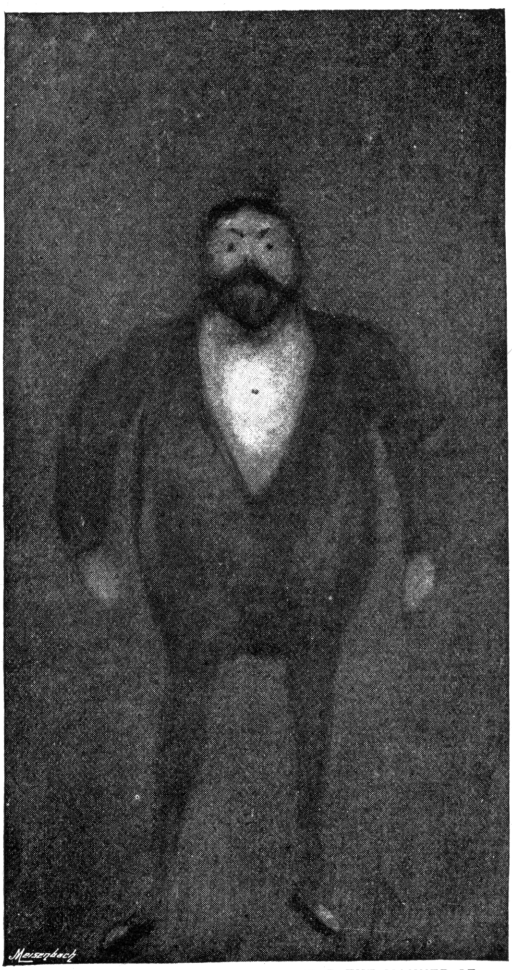
"Lord Haldon. I laugh myself when I look at it. You asked me just now if people were ever very angry. I remember one occasion. There was a certain old nobleman, a great friend of my parents. He said to me one day:—

"'Now, look here, Leslie, you have done sufficient of these dons and clerics; people want you to do some well-known society characters. Do me.'

"So I did a very fairly good caricature of him. He was furious. My mother met him shortly afterwards, and asked him to dinner.

"'No,' said he; 'I'll never enter your house again while your son is in it. I couldn't contain myself if I saw him.'

"Now and again people have written angry letters to my editor, inclosing a batch of photographs to show 'how they have been libelled,' but such cases are very rare."



HARRY FURNISS. BY HIMSELF, AFTER THE MANNER OF WHISTLER.

Mr. Harry Furniss.

To detail Mr. Harry Furniss's methods of caricature is to go over a very oft-trodden ground indeed. How he pursues his victims on horseback, how he runs them to earth in the House of Commons, how he has caught them stepping into a railway carriage, all unconscious of the keen eye and the rapid pencil, the never-failing accuracy with which each well-known peculiarity has been portrayed: have not these things been recorded a hundred times? Are not the methods of the clever little whilom artist of *Punch* known to the simplest dwellers in the farthest corners of our great Empire?

Therefore will I not take up the precious space allotted to me by the retelling of so oft-told a tale. Rather I will break new ground. He was on the very eve of producing his now familiar paper, *Lika-Joko*, and was up to his eyes in work when I went to see him for the purposes of this article.

"Ah," he said, as I entered the room. "Here I am, you see, a full-blown editor. I am forming quite new ideas on the subject of journalism."

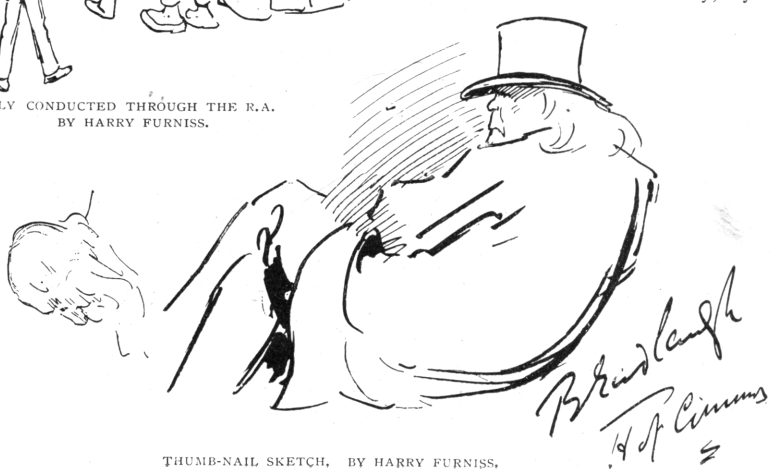
"And what do you think of caricature?" I asked.

"I have been asked that so often," he replied, "that it is difficult to say anything new on the subject. Now, however, I am not only a producer, but I am a purchaser, and I have some new ideas gained from my new experiences. I think at present that there is really more talent artistically in the ranks of the caricaturists than ever, but less judgment, by which I mean that caricaturists nowadays are chiefly copyists. They are led instead of leading. Take Phil May, for instance: an imitation of him and his style is fatal, because that facility of his, like all facility that is good, is only gained by experience and hard work; but it can be jumped at or imitated so easily that the imitator does not see his work shows even in a slight line a great want of excellence. Now, if a beginner imitates a different style—say, for instance, that he went in for pre-Raphaelitism—his work would always benefit, because, though he might fall short of

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

THE G. O. M. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED THROUGH THE R.A.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

pressionism he will probably sink, and his reputation, at all events, will never rise beyond mediocrity. And so you see your Dudley Hardys and your Phil Mays, however clever they individually may be, have anything but a good effect on those who are coming on. I am now speaking in the editorial chair, and in striving to get new men of talent I have first to show them that, although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, yet the excellence of the master of pre-Raphaelitism, yet, their style being over-elaborated, he has to master many difficulties and, therefore, he gains experience. But whilst he is striving to keep afloat by grasping at the mere straw of im-



THUMB-NAIL SKETCH, BY HARRY FURNISS.

flattery costs nothing, and will fetch nothing, and no artist or literary man can sell his wares in an over-stocked market if he is a mere imitator and wants to sell imitations of others, too slight, really, even in the originals, and much more so without the appendix of a well-known name. Nowadays, people to succeed must be original, and the day is fast coming when the public will demand more substantiality than this mere facility, so rife at present."

Here is a funny story, though he did not tell it me himself, that went the round of the New York clubs when Furniss visited the States two years ago. Be it known that American journalists and American *flaneurs* affect to regard *Punch* as a production absolutely devoid of humour, and inasmuch as it is a paper written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," it probably fails to secure general appreciation in journalistic America, though in certain circles it is as popular in the great Republic as it is here. Two men were quarrelling violently in a club smoking-room.

"I tell you I saw a man sitting here an hour ago laughing over a copy of London *Punch*."

"Impossible!" replied his companion. "I don't believe there is a man in America who *could* laugh over London *Punch*."

The discussion waxed furious, and at last bets were made on the subject. Suddenly a thought struck the second man.

"What was the fellow like you saw reading *Punch?*"

"A little, sandy-bearded man, with a rather bald head and a big moustache."

"Ah!" replied his interlocutor, "now I see. *Why, that was Harry Furniss himself!*"

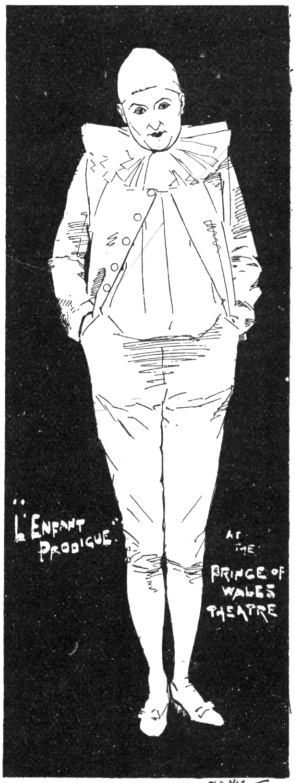
BY HIMSELF.

MR. PHIL MAY.

A CROWDED night at a well-known Bohemian club, a black-board in the centre of the room, a slight, clean-shaven, somewhat anxious-faced young man, with a quiet smile now and again lighting up his features, standing chalk in hand in front of it. A roar of laughter greets the appearance of a coster lover or a typical

BY PHIL MAY.

'Arriet upon the board; a few swift strokes, drawn by an unerring hand, and the two most popular actors of the day, Henry Irving and dear old Johnny Toole, are presented to the enthusiastic crowd. They disappear to make way in a moment for the features of some well-known politician. And yet a few years ago the young artist, celebrated throughout the world, was a strolling player, picking up a few precarious shillings here and there, sketching now and again the features of his comrades for display in the shop windows of the towns through which they might be passing. But excellent practice for the young Yorkshireman, whose work was so soon snatched up by the quick-witted editor of *St. Stephens' Review*. Then he passed to the full tide of life in Australia, and here every phase of existence was mirrored by his faithful pencil for the many readers of the *Sydney Bulletin*, declared in those days by



BY PHIL MAY.

its admirers to be the most humorous paper in the world. For four years England knew him not, but in 1889, after a few months' hard study of the "Immortals" in Rome, he returned to his native land to crowd the illustrated magazines of every description with his brilliant work.

Though giving the appearance of great rapidity, yet in reality Mr. May is a most painstaking workman. As Mr. Spielman has well pointed out in a delightful article in the *Magazine of Art*, "he will watch his victim and sketch him with the most deliberate care and conscientiousness; he will even 'get him in bits' if it is necessary, and not infrequently, when he returns to his studio, the artist will find that he has the nose on one page of his note-book, the eye on another, and the muscles about the mouth on

A STUDY. BY PHIL MAY.

a third; and to obtain a likeness these must all be pieced together." And then models are procured, and each detail of dress and pose is worked out with the utmost care. And no less remarkable than the beauty and exactness of his work is the man's sense of humour.

Who does not recall the furious wife shaking her fist at the drunken lion-tamer fast asleep with his head pillowed on the paws of a magnificent lion, and crying out to him as she retires baffled from the scene, "*You coward*," or who has not smiled at the drunken loafer asking the barmaid if his friend had called in that night, and who, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, merely remarked, "*Was'h I with him?*"

MR. H. JACKSON. BY PHIL MAY.

"F.C.G."

FOR by those initials Mr. Carruthers Gould, the popular caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Truth*, and one of the few Radical members of the Stock Exchange, is best known the world over. More than one of the leading artists of the day have assured me that his skill in presenting an absolutely faithful portrait, even in an excruciatingly funny caricature, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is not absolutely unequalled by any other caricaturist known. He is, as the very clever portrait of him which is here presented shows—and which was done by his son, Alec Carruthers Gould—a tall, broad-shouldered, singularly genial man. He is possessed of very decided political opinions indeed.

"I could not be a caricaturist if I did not hold the most definite opinions on political matters," he once told me. "I am an out-and-out Radical. I have never had any regular artistic career, so that the faculty of personal caricature has simply eaten out through the shell.

"Almost the first victim I practised on when I was a boy was the borough gaoler. He lent himself well, and I am afraid I was ruthless. One thing that used to exasperate him to desperation was a back view of him, exactly like the hinder part of an elephant.

By an arrangement of tail and head, which would slide up and down, I could present to him alternately the back view of himself or of the elephant. He went to the Mayor at last and complained of the persecution. His worship tried to pacify the complainant.

"'But, zur,' said my irate model at last, 'that bain't the worst of it, zur: why, he's been a caricatoorin' o' yew, too!'

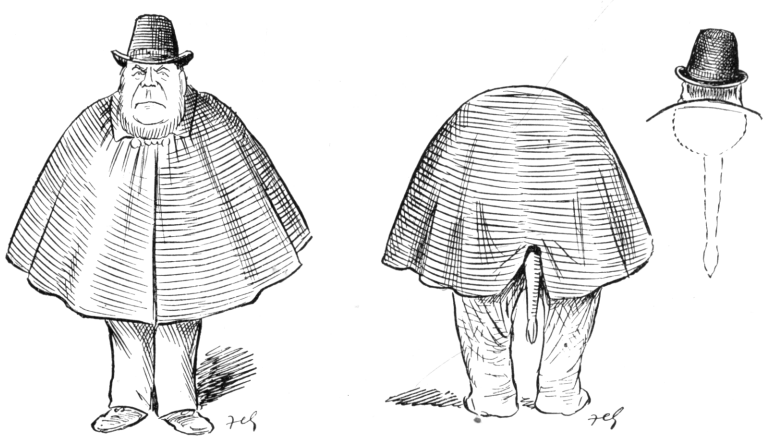
"Which was perfectly true. The gaoler evidently thought that his worship would immediately order me off to the lowest dungeon under his control—but he didn't, for he was a kindly man. Here are one or two sketches illustrating this.

MR. CARRUTHERS GOULD. BY HIS SON.

"With regard to political caricature, my faculty as far as the drawing is concerned lies in the powers of grasping and recollecting the features which give the life-like expression to a face, and then I am able to work up to it, knowing exactly when I have succeeded or where I fail in catching the life. As for the political side, that comes from a close study of and interest in politics. Then the principal thing is to translate your idea into lines that shall tell the story or point the moral clearly and dramatically by itself.

HIS WORSHIP. BY F.C.G.

"One often hears of dashing off a caricature. That may sometimes be done by a happy inspiration, combined with a facility of draughtsmanship. But I find it necessary to work out the simplest political picture carefully and as systematically as if one were working out a problem in mathematics. There must be no weak point. Besides my political work I am very fond, when I have leisure, of doing and illustrating short children's stories. You can take a few specimens of this sort of work which I have done at different times. I have also illustrated for Fisher Unwin a translation of 'Brentanto's Fairy Tales.'"



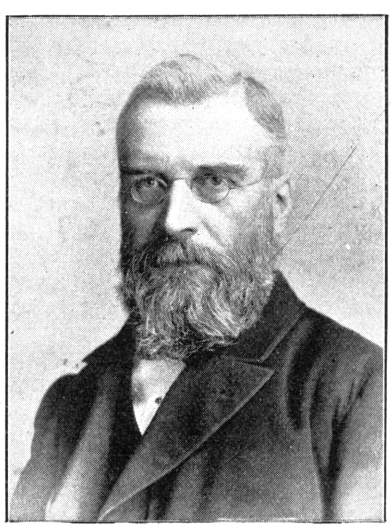
THE BOROUGH GAOLER. BY F.C.G.

The Bible: How it is Printed and Circulated.

By Harry How.

IT will be readily understood that in attempting to write a popular article on the Bible within the limits of a short paper, one is necessarily severely handicapped. The history of the Bible is almost as great as the Book itself; hence, for present purposes, the subject narrows itself down to one which cannot but appeal to the many rather than the few. How is this wonderful volume—for which Tyndale laid down the real foundation in this country in 1530—printed, and how is it circulated, and, if one may use the word, popularized in every speaking part of the globe? It is at once a matter of historical interest in the past, and commercial enterprise, tempered with religious convictions, in the present.

We have no trace of an English Bible earlier than the 14th century, when Wycliff made a complete translation of the New Testament into English in 1380. He subsequently—with the assistance of Nicholas de Hereford—made a version of the Old Testament previous to his death in 1384. Several other versions of the Bible followed, until the year 1611, when what is known as the Authorized Version was published under the sanction of James I. "Appointed to be read in churches," are the words on the title-page, and this Authorized Version held its own for more than 250 years, until the Revision commenced in 1870, and the Revised Version was given to the world on May 18th, 1885. Biblical students, however, are of the opinion that the 1611 version was never authorized, and that the word "Appointed" in reality stood for "pointed," that is, the chapters were "pointed": marked off, "to be read in churches."



MR. HENRY FROWDE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Whilst the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have a just claim to the copyright of the Revised Version, the copyright of the Authorized Version is in the Crown, by whom the authority to print is given by patent to the Queen's printers, and by charter a like authority to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Henry Frowde is the representative of the Oxford University Press, Messrs. Clay, and Sons of the Cambridge Press, and Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode the Queen's printers. A special license must be obtained to secure the right to print the Bible in Scotland, whilst it is not on record that the Sacred Book has ever been set up in type in Ireland.

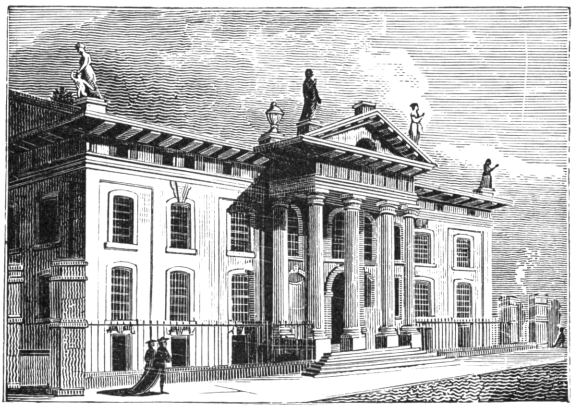
Bibles were undoubtedly printed at Cambridge earlier than at Oxford.

The first printer at Cambridge appears to have been John Siberch, who in the year 1521 published seven books. Some eight or nine years after this the printers' accounts contain an entry of proceedings taken against one Sygar Nicholson, a stationer of Cambridge, for being in possession of Lutheran Books. It cost the University a groat for faggots to burn them. Hence the inference is, that if Bibles were not printed, at least works of a religious character were circulated.

At the moment, however, we are more concerned with the Bible as printed and circulated today, and this involves a brief survey of the three great houses where it takes place, together with a glance at the work of one of the biggest Bible circulators in the world.

Oxford is probably the more important. The old Clarendon Press in Broad Street—it derives its name from Lord Chancellor Clarendon—was entirely erected out of the profits accruing from the sale of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." It is a strikingly impressive stone edifice, with fine Corinthian columns.

The business increasing beyond the capacity of this building, new premises on a much larger scale were erected in 1825–1834, in the suburbs of the city, and here



THE OLD CLARENDON PRESS.

the Oxford edition of the Sacred Word is printed. The Clarendon Press is unique in its way, for not only does it make its own paper—the new Indian paper being one of its specially interesting products—but it casts its own type, makes its own ink, and finishes the leather for binding. In short, as Mr. Henry Frowde remarked to the writer, "we manufacture the book from the raw material."

Mr. Frowde has been associated with the Clarendon Press for twenty years. Whilst Mr. C. J. Clay and Mr. W. Aldis Wright represented Cambridge at the time of the Revision in 1870-1885, the Rev. Bartholomew Price and Mr. Frowde represented Oxford, and all the business arrangements were left in their hands. A very pleasant half-hour may be spent with Mr. Frowde, and he talks most enthusiastically of the Bible as we have it to-day.

His remark that he issued a million Bibles annually suggested the question as to whether the Bible maintained its standard of popularity.

"I think it is more popular to-day than ever," he replied; "the sale was never so great. I do not believe that all these advanced opinions of people of the Anarchist and Socialist class have done it much harm, though it may have lessened the reverence for the Book in some quarters. The demand is increasing, particularly in Sunday schools, which I think are worked to-day on a much more intelligent basis than heretofore. Yes, the Bible circulates everywhere—though I would say that there is little call for it in India, practically no demand in China, and very little in Africa. Very large numbers go to America. The American population is very mixed—still, they like our Bible. Whilst the Americans produce Bibles of their own, we print and bind many for them: their own are so full of printers' errors. As an idea to what extent the Scriptures are circulated in America, one religious paper gave away no fewer than 100,000 Oxford Teachers' Bibles in a season; and this is only one of a few."

It would appear, however, that the enterprising Yankee is not beneath stooping to a very low level in order to make profit out of the Sacred Volume. Authors complain of their novels being pirated—it will surprise many to learn that the Bible is one of the most pirated books in the States! The sheets are photographed one by one and reproduced, bound and sold. An examination of one of these Bibles, however, proves that they are often done in very slovenly style, for in many cases the type on one page has been photographed either larger or smaller than the type on the page opposite. The result is a very awkward and unprinter-like page. It is evident that the American knows the commercial value of the Bible.

Whilst the Revised Version of the New Testament was passing through the Press—for the New Testament was ready some four years before the complete Bible—several American firms sent their smartest men to this country with a view to obtaining advance sheets. A foreman at Oxford was offered £2,000 for an advance copy; but the foreman was not to be bought—indeed, it is stated on the best authority that as much as £5,000 was held out as a bait. But nobody nibbled at it, so much did everybody, from bishop to binder, realize how unpurchasable their honour was at this time. Our friend with the £2,000 in cash, however, was not to be easily turned aside. He determined to try one of the Revisers. He journeyed to Scotland, gained an audience with a certain Reviser, who showed him the precious volume, but never allowed his visitor to handle it. He departed, only to return one day later on with a dummy copy—a marvellously manufactured imitation—which he meant to substitute for the real book, when he knew the reverend gentleman would be out. He saw a daughter of the Reviser, but she guarded the book zealously, and the man went away £2,000 to the good and a New Testament to the bad.

Yet, whilst condemning this act one must credit our American friends with a remarkable stroke of enterprise attending the issuing of

this particular portion of the Scriptures in its revised form. The Revised New Testament was issued to the public in this country on May 17th, 1881. Both the Oxford and Cambridge Presses had dispatched copies to America for publication there on May 20th. The extra edition of the *Times* of Chicago of May 22nd contained the whole of the Revised New Testament! It was not possible for copies to reach Chicago till late on May 21st, so the *Times* ordered the whole of the Book to be wired through from New York. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Romans were telegraphed from New York. This portion of the New Testament contains about one hundred and eighteen thousand words, and is probably the largest despatch ever sent over the wires. The remainder was printed from copies of the New Testament received at Chicago on the evening of the 21st May.

It might be interesting to chronicle the headlines in the *Chicago Times* which accompanied this remarkable production. They run :—

THE WILL

WHICH IS MORE COMMONLY DESIGNATED AS THE NEW TESTAMENT,

AS IT BEQUEATHS ETERNAL LIFE TO THE HEIRS OF GOD.

IT IS THE CHARTER UNDER WHICH ALL BRANCHES OF THE CHURCH ARE ORGANIZED,

AND THE SOURCE WHENCE THE THEOLOGIANS DERIVE THEIR DOCTRINES.

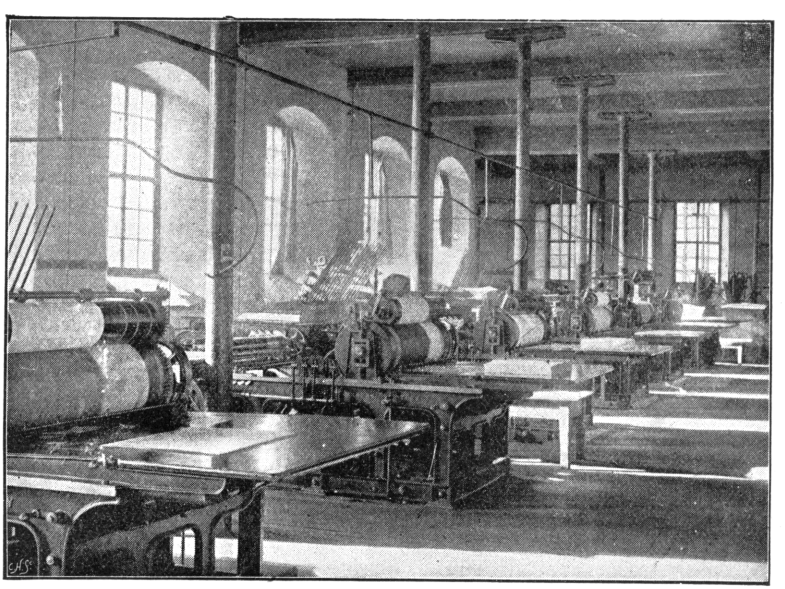
"THE TIMES" PRESENTS TO ITS READERS THE ENTIRE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT,

WHICH DOES NOT DIFFER RADICALLY FROM THE COMMON VERSION.

IN ITS RECORDS AND TEACHINGS IT IS NOT BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE,

AND OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIANS WILL FIND IT UNOBJECTIONABLE.

The entire Bible in its revised state was issued on Monday, May 18th, 1885, and it is a striking coincidence that this took place on the eve of the Jewish Feast of Pentecost, which commemorates the Revelation on Mount Sinai, when the law was first given to Moses. The work was undertaken by order of the Convocation of Canterbury; the Revisers gave their services—many of whom either resigned or died whilst the work was in progress—and the two Universities subscribed £20,000 towards the labour, by this means securing the copyright. The revision took place in the Jerusalem Chamber, and it required a majority of two-thirds of the Revisers to alter the wording of the "Authorized" Version, and a bare majority to put their conception in the margin—the Old Testament Company sitting for a period of 792 days, of six hours each. Mr. Frowde stated that, so far as the Oxford Version went, previous to the day of publication 5,000 people were employed in binding alone; 10,000 people altogether had the handling of the Book ere it reached the public; one paper mill alone produced enough paper sufficient to put a girdle round the world six inches wide, using 375 tons of rags for this purpose, and if the paper were piled in sheets it would form a pillar eight times the height of



From a] MACHINE-ROOM, OXFORD. [*Photograph.*

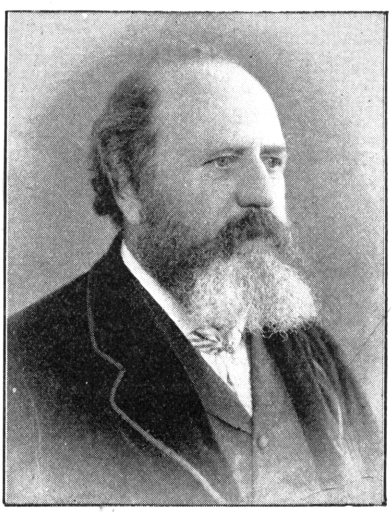
St. Paul's. A copy of the Revised Version was presented to the Queen, bearing the autographs of the Revisers then living, and the following inscription: "Presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. May XV., A.D. MDCCCLXXXV."

Whilst the Oxford University Press probably does the larger business in printing and publishing the Holy Word, the work of the Cambridge Press in Trumpington Street, Cambridge, and at the University Press warehouse in Ave Maria Lane, is very extensive.

The building is known as the Pitt Press, and was erected out of part of the surplus fund raised for the statue of Pitt, and completed in 1833. Since the year 1582—when Thomas Thomas was appointed—Cambridge has always had a University printer, and the present gentleman, Mr. C. J. Clay, M.A. of Trinity College, has now held that position for forty years, and his two sons have worked with him for ten and fifteen years respectively. It is interesting to note the numbers of Bibles and Prayer Books printed by the Cambridge Press from 1810 to 1850:—

1810.....	29,500
1820.....	28,750
1830.....	48,000
1840.....	195,000
1841.....	125,000
1842.....	41,250
1843.....	57,250
1844.....	38,000
1845.....	57,000
1846.....	78,000
1847.....	32,500
1848.....	76,500
1849.....	31,000
1850.....	31,000

These figures compare curiously with the fact that sometimes an edition of 500,000 penny Testaments is now printed at Cambridge. The penny Testament, however, is only one of many different types of Bibles printed at Cambridge. Perhaps, their most notable Bible of recent date is the Cambridge Teachers' Bible, which was published last year in several sizes. The Cambridge "Companion to the Bible" is bound with each volume. Mr. Clay stated that the articles in the "Companion" are written mainly by eminent Cambridge men, and the work is in the best sense representative of Cambridge scholarship at the present day.



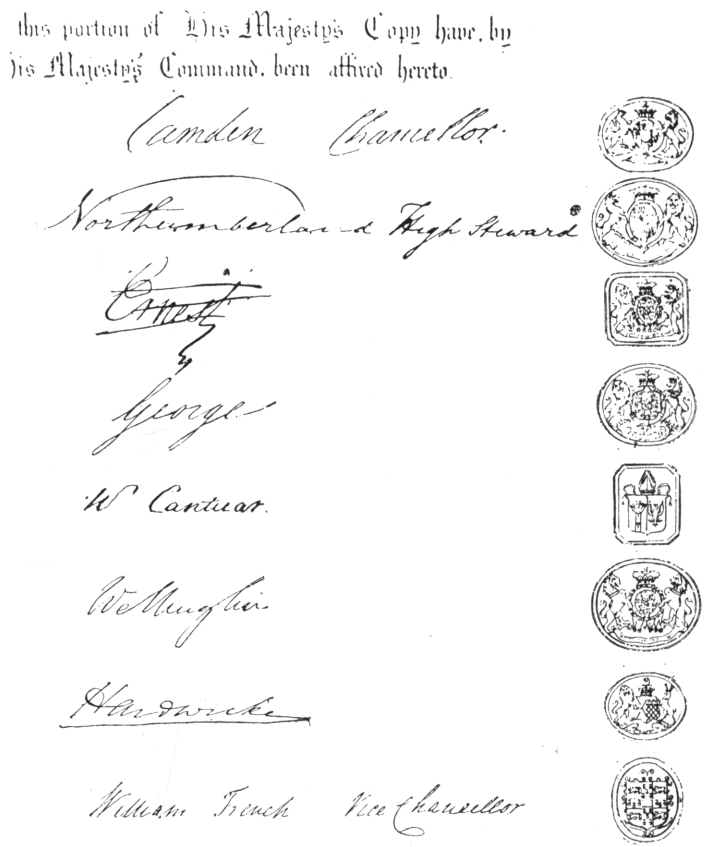
MR. C. J. CLAY, M.A.
From a Photo. by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. Clay also showed me an interesting facsimile of the Bible originally printed on vellum at Cambridge for the use of King William IV. It is a huge volume, magnificently bound. The great interest surrounding it, however, lies in the fact that its first eight pages were taken off the press by eight of the most prominent men of that day, namely, the Marquis of Camden (the Chancellor of the University), the Duke of Northumberland (the High Steward of the University), H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hardwicke, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The names are given in the order in which the pages were printed and autographed, and reproduced here.

Mr. Clay considers that the Bible has done more to strengthen and sustain our standard of English than any other book.

"It is," he said, "one of the earliest authentic records of the human race—hence I recommend it on that score, and should I feel led to make a birthday present of, say, half-a-dozen of the best books in the literature of the country to a young man, I would give him—and I place the books in order of literary and training value—the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray."

The Bible printing office of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode is at Shacklewell, North London. Here, in a single establishment, may be seen all the many processes a Bible has to go through before it is ready to be issued to the public. The various buildings, which compose one of the most complete printing offices in the world, cover close upon four acres of ground, and give employment to close upon a thousand people. They are, apparently, a long-lived race of printers at Shacklewell. The writer came across many "one-berth" men of thirty and forty years, whilst an old gentleman sits on guard near the strong-room—where are stored Bibles in plates and in type, a collection of immense value, formed



PAGE OF SIGNATURES FROM KING'S BIBLE (CAMBRIDGE PRESS).

during about a century and a half — who has been in the employ of the Queen's printers for fifty-five years. It was at Shacklewell that the Bible which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Duke of York on his marriage was printed and bound. From here, too, came the specimen Bible which the late President Carnot accepted from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. It was printed in English, and the late President remarked on receiving it: "I am very pleased, but Madame Carnot will understand it better than I—she knows English so well."

It is proposed to print and bind a Bible from start to finish. We visit one of the composing-rooms first — here they are setting the type. The "readers" in the boxes —they correct the proofs —are interesting. Some of them have been reading the Bible for forty years, and one of their number can read it in every Continental tongue. The type, being set and corrected, is reproduced in electrotype plates (which the Queen's printers were the first to substitute for stereotype plates), and made up into "formes," comprising as many as 48, 64, or even 128 pages each. These are placed upon one of the many and various machines, to be printed. Extraordinary care is taken, not only to avoid errors, but to avoid even blemishes in the work at every stage, for Bible-work must be as perfect as human skill and watchfulness can make it. The first pages off the machines are carefully scanned—every page is examined: one man said that

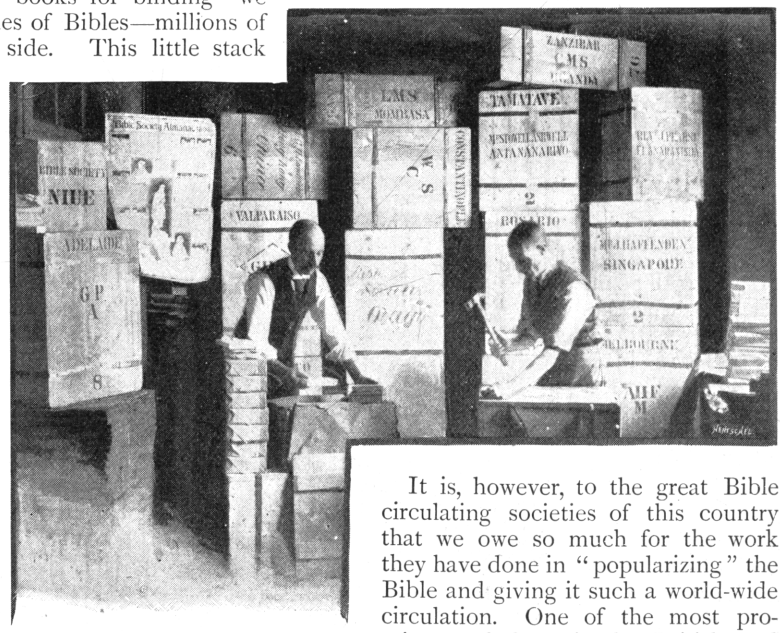
From a] FOLDING AT MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S. *[Photograph.*

From a] BINDING THE BIBLE—MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S. *[Photograph.*

he could examine a ream—516 pages of the Bible—in a quarter of an hour, but that it had taken him thirty-nine years to attain to this state of proficiency.

Watch the paper being prepared and watered, hydraulicly pressed, for the machines—1,200 reams of paper are so treated every week. As we pass on to the "gatherers"—young girls who place the sheets in order to make completed books for binding—we walk through avenues of Bibles—millions of sheets are on either side. This little stack to the right represents 48,000 Testaments, and this small parcel of 45,483 Bibles is only representative of many more.

The folding is done by girls. The sheets are then rolled and passed on to the sewers, who stitch the sheets together. Thence the volume passes to the forwarder, who with a hammer curves or rounds the back and front of the book after it has been compacted by hydraulic pressure, and cut for the gilding of the edges—the last stage before binding. Fifty glue-pots are bubbling over as we enter the room where the binding cases are being made, and workmen are busy stamping the words "Holy Bible" on the backs of the covers. The Bible being bound, it is thoroughly dried and matured, and issued from Shacklewell in fabulous numbers, in every variety of style and to all parts of the world by agencies, commercial and religious. It appears that, in proportion to its population, the Disestablished Church of Ireland absorbs the greatest number of Bibles, next to which Scotland in this respect exceeds all other countries, and that, so far as England proper goes, the greatest number of readers of the Sacred Book are to be found in the northern counties.



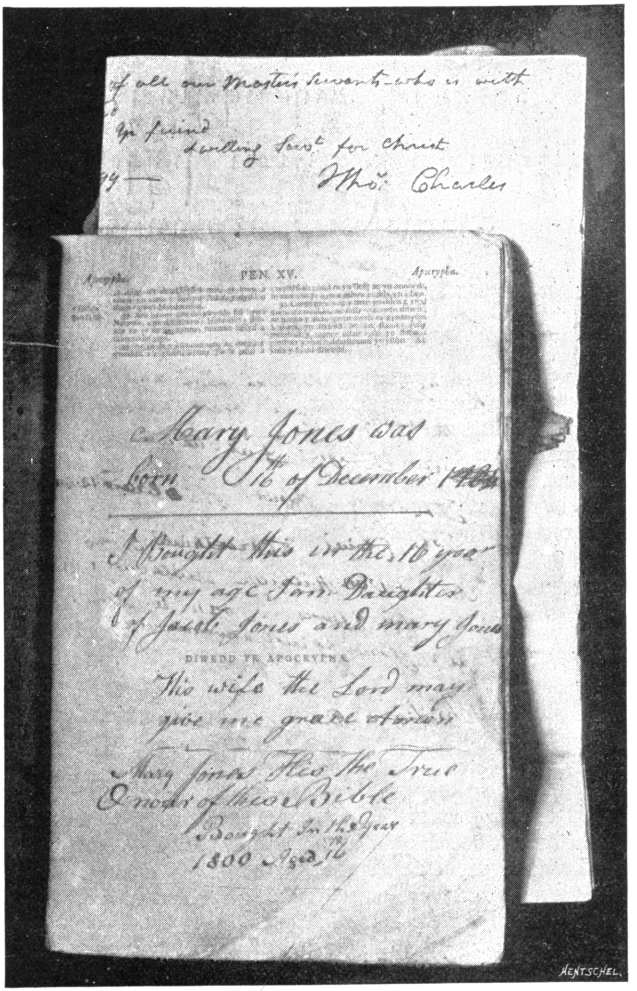
PACKING BIBLES AT THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.
From a Photograph.

It is, however, to the great Bible circulating societies of this country that we owe so much for the work they have done in "popularizing" the Bible and giving it such a world-wide circulation. One of the most prominent of these is the British and Foreign Bible Society, which, up to

the end of last year, has sent out no fewer than 139,559,008 copies since its formation in 1804! The story as to how the Society came to be started is most interesting.

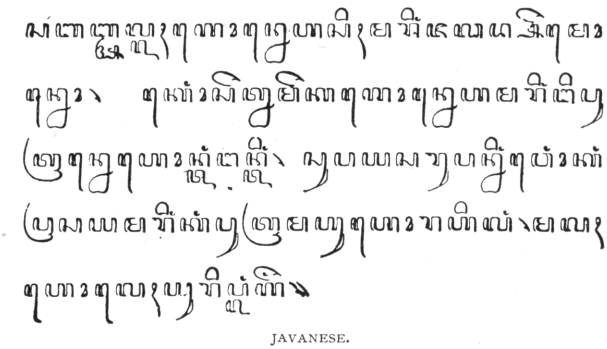
Mary Jones was a little Welsh girl. She had set her heart on having a Bible, so she saved up her odd halfpence until she could purchase a copy for herself, and tramped twenty-five miles with a view to obtaining one from a Welsh minister. The original Bible bought by Mary Jones is still treasured, together with the signature of the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala, whose idea was really the germ of the present Society. Her visit set the minister thinking. A meeting was held. It was proposed that a society should be started for sending Bibles to Wales.

"If for Wales," exclaimed a visitor at the meeting, "why not for the world?" And now the British and Foreign Bible Society have the Bible, or portions of it, printed in 320 different tongues! The stupendous nature of this work will be better understood when it is remembered that there are not sufficient scholars in Britain to undertake the many problems involved in such a task. The whole thing amounts to a great and grand linguistic achievement. We reproduce a few of the most curious of these. The translation of those in Tinne, Javanese, and Burmese in English is "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and the other two specimens in Macassar and Jaski are Mark iii., verse 35.



PAGE OF MARY JONES'S BIBLE AND SIGNATURE OF REV. MR. CHARLES.

From a] THE LIBRARY—BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. [*Photograph.*



JAVANESE.

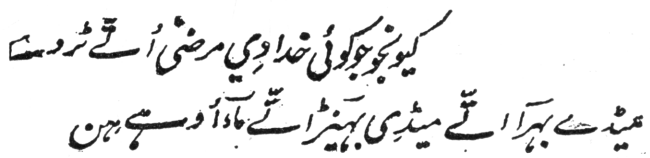
The process of preparing these versions for printing is a striking one. A missionary in some strange corner of the world proposes a version of, say, one of the Gospels. It is sent to London and examined by experts. When approved a small edition is printed to be circulated amongst experts, and to be submitted to the better-informed natives of that part of the globe where it is to be sent. The first foreign version was for the North American Indians, and was prepared by an Indian chief as far back as 1804. He translated the Gospel of St. John. The difficulties in the way of these translations are many. It took a long time to convince the inhabitants of one part of India that it was not necessary to prefix the word "Christ" with "His Excellency!" This and the following true incident are given by the writer with all reverence to the subject under treatment:—

In preparing a version for the press for use in New Guinea one or two native assistants were called in to help in the translation of the Gospel of St. Mark. These gentlemen could not understand how Our Lord—whom they looked upon as like themselves—could possibly afford the time to think of children, so they translated the well-known verse as follows: "And He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and *kicked them out of His presence!*"

Of course this was quickly put right.

Apeech zhahwaindung sah Keshamunedoo ewh ahkeh, ooge-oonje megewanun enewh atah tatabenahwa Kahoogwesejin, wagwain dush katapwayainemahgwain chebahnahdezesig, cheahyong dush goo ewh kahkenig pemahtezewin.

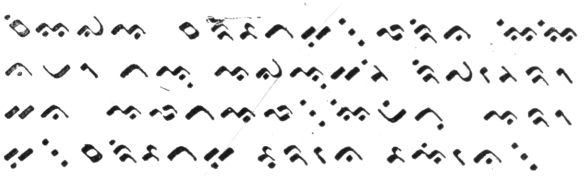
TINNE.



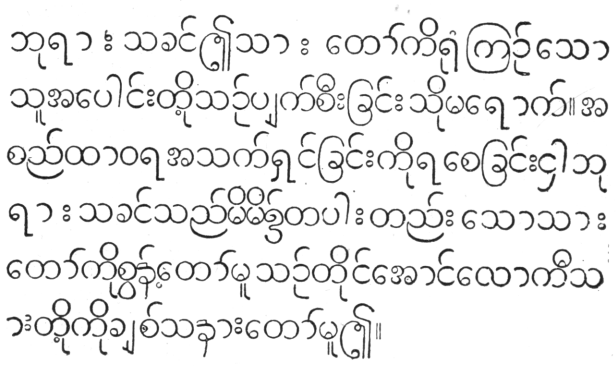
JASKI (MULTAIN).

In the greater part of Africa, as in all savage countries, there is no alphabet at all, hence the natives have their Bibles printed in Roman characters, and are taught to read them.

How is the Bible circulated all over the world by this Society? By colporteurs—men who travel about with their packs on their backs, over mountains, through almost unknown valleys, and across deserts and huge tracts of countries in nearly every part of the known world, and it is interesting to note that, as the Rev. Geo. Wilson, the Literary Superintendent, assured me, no man is more ready to trade with a colporteur for a Bible than the Russian soldier, and in no part of the world are better facilities afforded to these Scripture travellers than in the same vast Empire.



MACASSAR.



BURMESE.

The library of the British and

PAGE OF KING THEODORE'S BIBLE.

Foreign Bible Society has one of the finest collections of Bibles in the world—some facsimiles of which are reproduced in these pages—Bibles the possession of which has meant the stake to those who read the pages; Bibles in shorthand; Bibles in pictures; Bibles great and small. It is a handsome apartment, and as the Rev. William Wright, D.D., and I stood there looking over many valuable and never-to-be-replaced volumes, the visit of the late Cardinal Manning to this room was remembered, and Dr. Wright told me three memorable expressions used by the Cardinal, which now appear in print for the first time.

I happened to mention that, though I had met the Cardinal many times, he had never once mentioned the subject of *religion*, his last act to me being to give me a little crimson-covered book, bearing the title of "The Grounds of Faith"—a very suggestive action.

When Manning saw the portrait of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, he stood before it contemplatively for a moment, and then quietly said:—

"There's a man that England—aye, the whole world—should be proud of!"

As he was leaving the building a friend turned to him and asked:—

"Don't you think, your Eminence, that a good deal of the asperity has departed from religious controversy?"

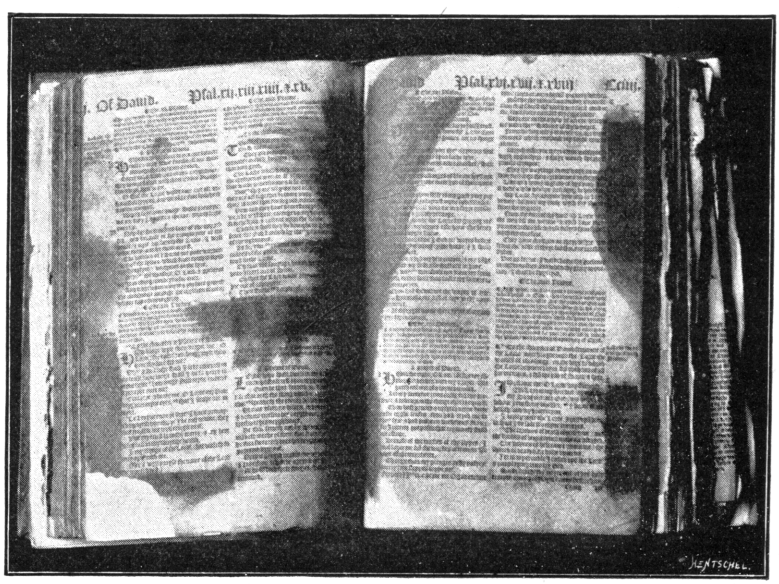
To which Manning replied:—

"The Spirit of God has been poured out upon us."

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable expression of all was that he used when entering the room where the valuable Bibles are kept.

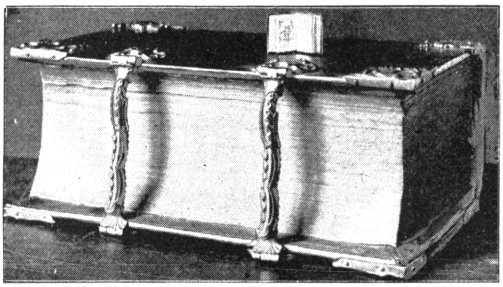
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is the sort of place I like. Plenty of light!" And then he added, quietly, "*I am accustomed to be in dark rooms!*" Before visiting the Library the Cardinal had called into the Depôt, where he purchased a copy of the Greek *Textus Receptus* and a copy of Henry Martin's Persian Testament.

The greater part of the Bibles here formed part of the collection of the late Mr. Francis



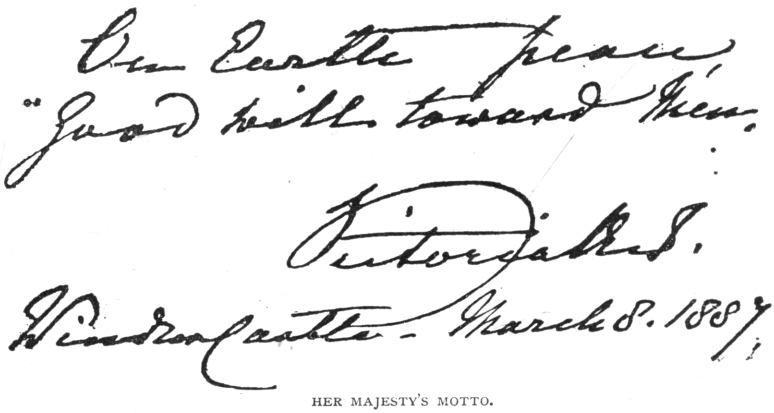
ROGERS' BIBLE—SHOWING MUTILATED MARGINS.

Fry, and were purchased for £6,500, Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P., himself contributing £1,500 towards that amount. Amongst other versions of the Scriptures one is particularly interested in Tyndale's version and Coverdale's version, and the version printed at Geneva, which may be regarded as representing the democrat; the Bishops' Bible (1568) representing the aristocrat. A first edition of the Authorized Version of 1611 is here, and a well-preserved specimen of the first Bible printed on British soil by James Nycolson in 1537. Here is the Sacred Book said to have been used by Charles I.—elaborately bound in red and gold. A remarkable book is that brought out by Rogers — he called himself Mathews, by-the-bye. He was burnt for his pains, and his Bibles mutilated with a red pigment. His marginal notes were very accurate, but they were obliterated. A copy of Rogers' Bible—one of the finest in existence—is in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is worth £250.



OLD DUTCH BIBLE AND THUMB BIBLE, SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE.

There are also preserved here numbers of copies of the Scriptures in the various English dialects — Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, indeed, almost every county tongue is represented. These were the work of scholars who worked under the guidance of the late Prince Lucien Buonaparte. A curiosity in its way is a page from the Bible of King Theodore, found in the church at Magdala when the fort was captured by Sir Robert Napier in 1868. The illustration is in very brilliant colours. Near at hand, in a frame, is the Queen's text, chosen and written by Her Majesty for the edition of the penny Testament presented to State scholars in Australia in commemoration of the Royal Jubilee, 1887. It is peculiarly appropriate at this period of the year, and will fittingly close this brief article.



HER MAJESTY'S MOTTO.

The Star of the "Grasmere."

By E. W. Hornung.

MY acquaintance with Jim Clunie began and ended on the high seas. It began when the good ship *Grasmere*, of the well-known Mere line of Liverpool clippers, was nine days out from that port, bound for Melbourne with a hardware cargo and some sixty passengers. There were but seven of us, however, in the saloon, and Clunie was not of this number. He was a steerage passenger. When, therefore, on the tenth day of the voyage I had occasion to seek the open air in the middle of dinner, I was not a little surprised to find Clunie practically in possession of the poop. As a steerage passenger he had no business to be there at all, much less with the revolver which I instantly noticed in his right hand.

"It's all right, my lord," he shouted to me hesitating on the top of the ladder. "I'm only taking a pot at the sea-gulls!" And he discharged his weapon over the rail, needless to say without effect, for we were close-hauled to a hard head wind, and pitching violently.

I looked at the man at the wheel, and the man at the wheel nodded to me.

"The third mate'll be back in a minute, sir. He's only gone for'a'd to speak to Chips."

"A minute's all I want," cried Clunie, firing twice in quick succession. "What does your lordship say? Too sick to say anything, eh?"

I need hardly say that I have no title, and just then I could not even claim to be a lord of creation, as I hung and clung like a wet towel to the rail. But such manhood as I had left was still sensitive to an impertinence, and I turned and stared as resentfully as possible at this insolent fellow. He was young enough, but I was younger, and I am sure we hated each other on the spot. At my look, at all events, his offensive grin changed to a sinister scowl, while I recollect making an envious note of his biceps, which filled out the sleeves of the striped football jersey that he wore instead of a coat. Perhaps at the same moment he was looking at my wrists, which are many sizes too small, for the next liberty the brute took was to pat me on the back with his left hand while he brandished the smoking revolver in his right.

"Cheer up," said he. "You'll be as good a man as any of us when we get the trades. Try sardines whole! When you can keep a whole sardine you'll be able to keep anything."

"The third mate'll be up directly," said the man at the wheel.

"He will so!" said I, starting off to fetch him; but as I reached the break of the poop, up came the captain himself, who had heard the shots, and in a very few seconds Mr. Clunie found himself in his proper place upon the main deck. He took his discomfiture very coolly, however, just nodding and laughing when the captain threatened to take away his revolver altogether. And I saw no more of the man for some days, because I was so cold on deck that I soon retired to the saloon settee, and so miserable on the saloon settee that I finally retreated to my own berth, where most of my time was spent.

For the voyage had begun very badly indeed. We were actually three weeks in beating clear of the Bay of Biscay, during which time we were constantly close-hauled, but never on the same tack for more than

"HE BRANDISHED THE SMOKING REVOLVER."

four consecutive hours. It was a miserable state of things for those of us who were bad sailors. For four hours one's berth was at such an angle that one could hardly climb out of it, and then for four more the angle was reversed, and one lay in continual peril of being shot to the other side of the cabin like clay from a spade. Then the curtains, the candle-stick, and one's clothes on the pegs described arcs in the air that made one sick to look at them; and yet there was nothing else to look at except the port-hole, which was washed repeatedly by great green seas that darkened the cabin and shook the ship. The firm feet and hearty voices of the sailors overhead, when all hands put the ship about at eight bells, grieved me only less than the sound and smell of the cuddy meals that reached and tortured me three times a day. I think my only joy during those three weeks was one particularly foul morning on the skirts of the Bay, when I heard that all the ham and eggs for the cuddy breakfast had been washed through the lee scuppers. Ham and eggs in a sea like that!

Most days, it is true, I did manage to crawl on deck, but I could never stand it for long. I had not found my sea-legs, my knees were weak, and I went sliding about the wet poop like butter on a hot plate. The captain's hearty humour made me sad. The patronizing airs of a couple of consumptives, who were too ill to be sick, filled my heart with impotent ire. What I minded most, however, was the insolent demeanour of Jim Clunie. He was as good a sailor as our most confirmed invalid, and was ever the first person I beheld as I emerged from below with groping steps and grasping fingers. He seemed to spend all his time on the after-hatch, always in his blue and black football jersey and a Tam o'Shanter, and generally with a melodeon and some appreciative comrade, whom he would openly nudge as I appeared. I can see him now, with his strong, unshaven, weather-reddened face, and his short, thick-set, athletic frame; and I can hear his accursed melodeon. Once he struck up "The Conquering Hero" as I struggled up the starboard ladder; and once——

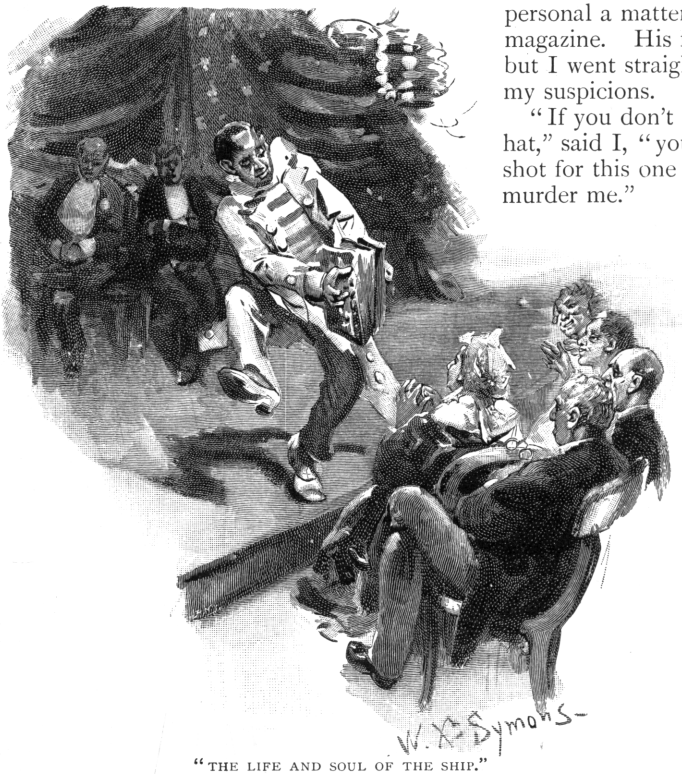
But that was not yet.

Those three weeks wore to an end. A fair wind came at last, and it came to stay. We took the north-east trades in 33° N., and thenceforward we bowled along in splendid style, eight or nine knots an hour, with a slight permanent list to port, but practically no motion. The heavy canvas was taken down, the ship put on her summer suit of thin white sails, and every stitch bagged out with steadfast wind. There was now no need to meddle with the yards, and the crew were armed with scrapers and paint-pots to give them something to do. Awnings were spread, as every day the sun grew hotter and the sea more blue, and under them the passengers shot up like flowers in a forcing-house. There was an end to our miseries, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. I never saw so many souls in spirits so high or in health so blooming. We got to know each other. We told stories. We sang songs. We organized sweepstakes on the day's run. We played quoits, and cards, and draughts, and chess. We ventured aloft, were duly pursued and mulcted in the usual fine. We got up a concert. We even started a weekly magazine.

Clunie took a conspicuous part in almost everything. He was the only man of us who was too quick for the sailors up aloft. When his pursuer had all but reached him, Clunie swung himself on to one of the stays and slid from the cross-trees to the deck in the most daring manner, thus exempting himself from further penalty. He afterwards visited all three mastheads in one forenoon, and wrote his name on the truck of each. We had our first concert the same evening, and if one man contributed to its success more than another, that man was undoubtedly Jim Clunie. He not only played admirably upon his melodeon, but he recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and Poe's "Raven" with unsuspected force and cleverness. People began to speak of him as the life and soul of the ship, and yet in the saloon we were getting to like him less and less. For though plucky and talented, he was also pushing, overbearing, and ready to make himself objectionable on or without the very slightest provocation.

He had sent in a contribution for the *Grasmere Chronicle*, which happened to be edited by the doctor and myself. We were prepared for a good thing, for the general aggressiveness of the man had by no means blinded us to his merits, but we soon discovered that these did not include any sort of literary faculty. His effusion was too silly even for a ship's magazine. It was also illiterate, so it really did fall short of our modest standard. We therefore rejected it, and that night I encountered Clunie in the waist of the ship.

"You call yourself the editor of the *Gras-*



"THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE SHIP."

mere Chronicle, don't you?" he began, stopping me, and speaking with the northern burr that gave some little distinction to his speech. I had noticed that this burr accentuated itself under the influence of emotion, and it was certainly accentuated now. So I looked at him inquiringly, and he rolled out his words afresh and rather louder.

"I am one of the editors," said I.

"Yes; the one that rejected my verses!" cried he, with a great many "r's" in the last word.

"No," said I; "I'm afraid we did that between us."

"That's a lie," said he through his teeth, "and you know it's a lie. You're the man! You're the man! And see here, Davidson, I'll be even with you before we get to—the port we're bound for. Do you know what that is?"

"Melbourne," said I.

"Kingdom Come!" said he; "and I'll pay you out before we get there."

The sun had been very hot. I felt sure that it had struck through Clunie's most unsuitable Tam o' Shanter and affected his brain. Nothing else could explain the absurd ferocity of his tone about so trivial and impersonal a matter as a rejected offering to our magazine. His face it was too dark to see, but I went straight to the doctor and reported my suspicions.

"If you don't prescribe that man a straw hat," said I, "you may order a sheet and a shot for this one; for I'll swear he means to murder me."

The doctor laughed.

"My dear fellow, it isn't that," he said. "It's much more likely to be whisky. He was as right as rain when he was with me an hour or two ago. He came to tell me what he was going to do for us to-morrow night at the concert. He means to bring the ship down this time, and I believe he'll do it. He's our star, my boy, and we mustn't take him too seriously. It'll never do to go and have a row with Jim Clunie!"

The doctor thought differently a day or two later. Meantime, he took the chair at our second concert, which was held the night before we crossed the line, and in his opening speech he paid Clunie what I considered a rather unnecessary compliment, which, however, the "star" certainly justified before our entertainment was over. He gave us a capital selection on his melodeon, then he sang to it, and finally he danced a breakdown to it in response to a double encore. But his great success was scored in the second part of the programme, when he recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram" with a tragic intensity which has not since been surpassed in my hearing. Perhaps the tragedy was a little overdone. Perhaps the reciter ranted in the stanzas descriptive of the murder, but I confess I did not think so at the time. To me there was murder in the lowered voice, and murder in the protruding chin (on which the beard was still growing), and murder in the rolling eye that gleamed into mine more times than I liked in the course of the recitation. The latter was the most realistic performance I had ever heard, and also the most disagreeable. Nor can I have been alone in thinking so, for, when it was over, a deep sigh preceded the applause. This was deafening, but Clunie was too good an artist to risk an anti-climax by accepting

his encore. He was content, possibly, to have pulled the cork out of the rest of the entertainment, which fell very flat indeed. Then, in a second speech, our infatuated doctor paid a second compliment to "the star of the *Grasmere*." And by midnight he had the star on his hands: sun-struck, it was suspected, but in reality as mad as a man could be.

Some details of his madness I learned afterwards, but more I witnessed on the spot.

At six bells in the first watch he appeared half-dressed on the poop and requested the captain to make it convenient to marry him next morning. Our astonished skipper had lifted his pipe from his teeth, but had not answered, when Clunie broke away with the remark that he had not yet asked the girl. He was back, however, in a minute or two, laughing bitterly, snapping his fingers, and announcing in the same breath how his heart was broken, and what he did not care. It appeared that, with a most unlooked-for proposal of marriage, he had been frightening the wits out of some poor girl in the steerage, whither he now returned, as he said, to sleep it down. The mate was sent after him, to borrow his pistols. He lent them on condition the mate should shoot *me* with them, and heave my body overboard, and never let Clunie set eyes on me again. And in the mate's wake went our dear old doctor, who treated the maniac for sun-stroke, and pronounced him a perfect cure in the morning.

Nevertheless, he was seen at mid-day perched upon the extreme weather-end of the fore-t'-gallant yard-arm, holding on to nothing, but playing his melodeon to his heart's content. The whole ship's company turned out to watch him, while the chief officer himself went aloft to coax him down. To him Clunie declared that he could see Liverpool as plain as a pikestaff on the port bow, that he could read the time by the town-hall clock, and that he wasn't coming down till he could step right off at the docks. Our ingenious chief was, however, once more equal to the occasion, and he at last induced Clunie to return to the deck in order to head a mutiny and take command of the ship. When he did reach the deck, he rushed straight for me, the mate tripped him up, and in another minute he was wailing and cursing, and foaming at the mouth, with the irons on his wrists and a dozen hands holding him down. It appears that the two of them arranged, up aloft, to burn me alive as an offering to Neptune on crossing the line; to behead the captain and all the male passengers; and to make all females over the age of twenty-five walk the plank that afternoon. The last idea must have emanated from our wicked old chief himself.

They put him first in the second mate's cabin, which opened off the passage leading to the saloon. His language, however, was an unsavoury accompaniment to our meals, and it was generally felt that this arrangement could not be permanent. Though shackled hand and foot, and guarded day and night by an apprentice, he managed to escape, in a false nose and very little else, on the second afternoon. A number of us effected his capture on the main deck, but I was the only one whose action in the matter he appeared to resent. He spent the rest of the day in hoarsely cursing me from the second mate's berth. The next, we lost the trade-winds which had carried us across the line. All day we wallowed in a steam of rain upon an oily sea. But the damp of the doldrums seemed to suit the poor fellow in the second mate's cabin; at all events, his behaviour improved; and by the day after that (when we were fortunate enough to drift into the south-east trades) the carpenter's berth, in the for'a'd deck-house, was ready for his reception, with a sheet of iron over the door, stout bars across the port-hole, and the carpenter's locker securely screwed up.

It took Clunie exactly twenty-four hours to break into that locker. He then stationed himself at his port-hole with a small broadside of gouges and chisels, which he poised between the bars and proceeded to fire at all comers. The officers were fetched to overpower him, but he managed to break the third mate's head in the fray. Then, because they could not throw him overboard, they fixed a ringbolt in the floor of the berth, and handcuffed him down to that whenever he became violent. As we sailed into cooler latitudes, however, he became better and better every day. He gave up railing at every man, woman, or child who passed his port-hole; he even ceased to revile me when we met on deck, where he was now allowed to take the air with his right wrist handcuffed to the left of the strongest seaman in the forecastle. At this stage I fear he was the amusement of many who had latterly gone in terror of him, for he was very strong on mesmerism, which he fancied he achieved by rattling his manacles in our ears, while he was always ready to talk the most outrageous nonsense to all who cared

"ALLOWED TO TAKE THE AIR."

to listen to him. His favourite delusion was a piece of profanity very common indeed in such cases; and his chief desire was to be allowed to row himself back to Liverpool in one of the boats.

"Give me the dinghy and a box of mixed biscuits," he used to say, "and I won't trouble you any more."

It was all very sad, but the violent phase had been the worst. His only violence now was directed against his own outfit, which he tore up suit after suit, swathing his feet with the rags. The striped football jersey alone survived, and this he wore in a way of his own. He put his legs through the sleeves because he had torn up all his trousers. And as his costume was completed by a strait-waistcoat, constructed by the sailmaker, it was impossible not to smile at the ludicrous figure now cut by this poor, irresponsible soul. He was no longer dangerous. The homicidal tendency had disappeared, and with it the particular abhorrence with which I of all people had been unfortunate enough to inspire him when he was still comparatively sane. We were now quite friendly. He called me Brother John, after a character in a comic song with which I had made rather a hit at our first concert, but the familiarity was employed without offence.

We had it very cold in our easting. We all but touched the fiftieth parallel. But we were rewarded with excellent winds, and we bade fair to make a quick passage in spite of our sluggish start. One wild, wet evening, I was standing on the weather side of the quarter-deck, when Clunie came up to me with his strange apparel dripping wet, his swathed feet dragging behind him like squeegees, and the salt spray glistening in his beard.

"Well, governor," said he, "do you remember refusing my verses?"

"I do," said I, smiling.

"So do I," said he, thrusting his face close to mine. "So do I, Brother John!" And he turned on his swaddled heel without another word.

Straight I went to the doctor.

"Doctor," said I, "you oughtn't to let that fellow go loose. I fear him, doctor; I fear him—horribly."

"Why?" cried he. "You don't mean to tell me he's getting worse again?"

"No," I said, "he's getting better every day; and that's exactly where my fear comes in."

The wind blew strong and fair until we were within a day's sail of Port Phillip Heads. Then it veered, still blowing strong, and we were close-hauled once more, the first time for eight weeks. Then it shifted right round, and finally it fell. So we rolled all night on a peaceful, starlit sea, with the wind dead aft and the mizzen-mast doing all the work, but that was very little. Three knots an hour was the outside reckoning, and our captain was an altered man. But we passengers gave a farewell concert, and spent the night in making up the various little differences of the voyage, and not one of us turned in till morning. Even then I could not sleep. I was on the brink of a new life. The thought filled me with joy and fear. We had seen no land for eighty-six days. We expected to sight the coast at daybreak. I desired to miss none of it. I wanted to think. I wanted air. I wanted to realize the situation. So I flung back my blankets at two bells, and I slipped into my flannels. In another minute I was running up the foremast ratlines, with a pillar of idle canvas, and a sheaf of sharp, black cordage a-swing and a-sway between me and the Australian stars.

I had not "paid my footing" at the beginning of the voyage for nothing. I had acquired a sure foot, a ready hand, and, above all, a steady head. I climbed to the cross-trees without halt or pause, and then I must needs go higher. My idea was to sit on the royal yard, and wait there for Australia and the rising sun. It is the best spar for seeing from, because there are no sails to get in your way—you are on the top of all. But it is also the slightest, the unsteadiest, and the furthest from the deck.

I sat close to the mast, with my arm, as it were, round its waist, and it is extraordinary how much one sees from the fore-royal yard. There was no moon that night, the sea seemed as vast as the sky and almost as concave. Indeed, they were as two skies, joined like the hollows of two hands: the one spattered with a million moon-stones; the other all smeared with phosphorus; both inky, both infinite; and perched between the two an eighteen-year-old atom, with fluttering heart and with straining eyes, on the edge of a wide new world.

"SIT TIGHT, BROTHER JOHN."

It had been a pleasant voyage. I was sorry it was over. Captain, officers, passengers and crew, it was probably my last night among them, and my heart turned heavy at the thought. They had been good friends to me. Should I make as good over yonder? It was too much to expect; these dear fellows had been so kind. Among them all I had made but one enemy, and he, poor soul, was not accountable. My thoughts stayed a little with Clunie, who had not spoken to me since the wet, wild night when he brought up that silly, forgotten matter of his rejected contribution. My thoughts had not left him when his very voice hailed me from a few feet below.

"Sit tight, Brother John," he cried, softly. "I'll be with you in two twos."

I nearly fell from the yard. He was within reach of my hand. His melodeon was slung across his shoulders, and he had a gleaming something between his teeth. It looked like a steel moustache. There would have been time to snatch it from him, to use it if necessary in my own defence. As I thought of it, however, his feet were on the foot-rope, and he himself had plucked the knife from his mouth. It was a carving-knife, and I could see that his mouth was bleeding.

"Move on a bit," he said; and when I hesitated he pricked me in the thigh. Next moment he was between the mast and me.

He thrust his left arm through my right; his own right was round the mast, and the knife was in his right hand, which he could hardly have used in that position. For an instant my heart beat high; then I remembered having seen him throw quoits with his left hand, and I heard the look-out man give a cough down below.

"We hear him," observed Clunie, "but he won't hear us unless you sing out. And when you do that you're a gone coon. Fine night, isn't it? If we sit here long enough we shall see Australia before morning. So that surprises you, Brother John? Thought I'd say Liverpool, now, didn't you? Not me, you fool, not me. I'm as sane as you are to-night."

He chuckled and I felt my forehead; it was cold and messy. But say something I must; so I laughed out:—

"Were you ever anything else?"

"Ever anything else? I was as mad as

mad, and you know it, too. You're trying to humour me; but I know that game too well, so look out!"

"You mistake me, Clunie, you do——"

"You fool!" said he; "take that, and get out further along the yard."

And he gave my leg another little stab, that brought the blood through my flannels like spilled ink. I obeyed him in order to put myself beyond his reach. This, however, was not his meaning at all. He edged after me as coolly as though we were dangling our legs over the side of a berth.

"I've got a crow to pluck with you," he went on, "and you know well enough what it is."

"Those verses?" said I, holding on with all ten fingers, for we were rolling as much as ever; and now the black sea rose under us on one side, and now on the other; but Clunie had straddled the spar, and he rode it like a rocking-horse, without holding on at all.

"Those verses," he repeated. "At least, that's one of them. I should have said there was a brace of crows."

"Well, as to the verses," said I, "you were hardly a loser. Our magazine, as you may know, died a natural death the very next week."

"Of course it did," said Clunie, with an air of satisfaction which I found encouraging. "You refused my poem, so, of course, the thing fizzled out. What else could you expect? But I tell you I have a second bone to pick with you. And you'll find it the worst of the two—for you!"

"I wonder what that is," said I, in a mystified tone, thinking to humour him still more.

"I'll tell you," said he. "Just shunt a bit further along the yard."

"I shall be over in a minute," I cried, as he forced me and followed me with the naked carver.

"I know you will," he replied, "but not till I've done with you. To come to that second bone. You had a concert to-night, and you didn't ask me to do anything!"

My teeth chattered. We had never thought of him. I protested, and truly, that the fault was not mine alone; but he cut me short.

"How many concerts have you had without asking me to perform—me, the only man of you worth listening to—me, the star of the ship? Tell me that, Brother John!"

"I hardly know."

"Count, then!"

"I think about six."

"Curse your thinking! Make sure."

I counted with my clutching fingers.

"Seven," I said at length.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Then take that—and that—and that—and that!" And he pricked me in seven places with his infernal knife, holding it to my throat between the stabs in case I should sing out.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to give you a concert all to yourself. You're going to hear the star of the *Grasmere* free of charge. But get along to the point of the spar first; then you'll be all ready. What, you won't? Ah, I thought that'd make you!"

I had obeyed him. He had followed me. And now the knife was back in his mouth—the blood had caked upon his beard—and the melodeon was between his hands. He played me the "Dead March." I should not have known it, for I was past listening, only the horrid grin in his mad eyes showed me that he was doing something clever, and then I discovered what. I was now past every-

"THE DEAD MARCH."

thing but holding on and watching my man, which, as I have since thought, was better than looking down. He was wearing his beloved jersey, and he had it the right way on. Upon his legs were a pair of thick worsted drawers; but his feet were naked, and his head was bare. It was his head I watched. His hair had been cropped very close. And the stars swam round and round it as we rose and fell.

I heard four bells struck away down below, and repeated still more faintly from the break of the poop. It was two o'clock in the morning. As we dipped to port, Clunie suddenly lifted his melodeon in both hands, and heaved it clean over my head.

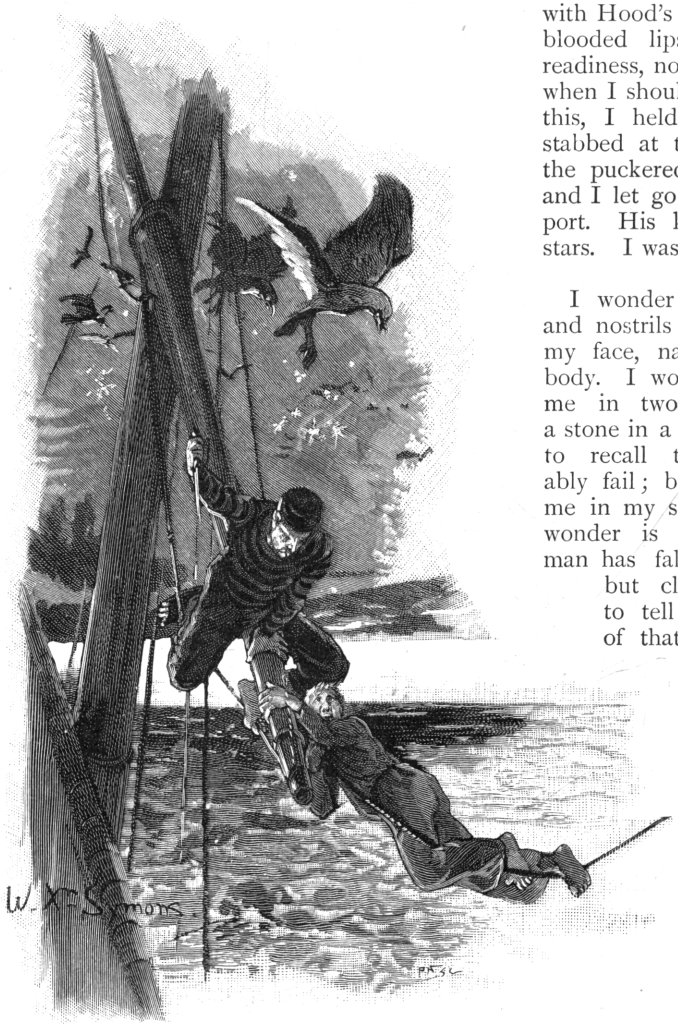
"Hear the splash?" he hissed. "Well, there'll be a bigger one in a minute, and you'll hear that. You're going to make it!"

His words fell harmlessly upon my ears. I had heard no splash. I was wishing that I had; the abyss below us would have seemed less terrible, then.

The next thing I noted was the monotonous and altered sound of his voice. He was reciting "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and making the ghastliest faces close to mine as he did so. But I, too, was now astride of the spar. My legs were groping in mid-air for the brace. They found it. They clung to it. I flung myself from the spar, but the lithe, thin ropes gave with my weight, and I could not—no, I dare not let go.

And yet I was not stabbed to the heart; for there was Clunie leaning over me, with Hood's stanzas still flowing from his blooded lips, and the carver held in readiness, not for me, but for the brace when I should trust myself to it. Seeing this, I held fast to the spar. But he stabbed at the back of my hand—I see the puckered white scar as I write—and I let go as we were heeling over to port. His knife flashed up among the stars. I was gone!

I wonder the rush of air in mouth and nostrils did not tear the nose from my face, nay, the very head from my body. I wonder the sea did not split me in two as I went into it like a stone in a pond. When I endeavour to recall those sensations, I invariably fail; but at times they come to me in my sleep, and when I wake the wonder is ever fresh. Yet many a man has fallen from aloft, and if he but cleared the deck, has lived to tell the tale. And I am one of that lucky number. When I came to the surface, there was the ship waggling and staggering like a wounded albatross, as they hove her to. Then they saved me in the pinnace, because I was still alive enough to keep myself afloat. But some may say that Clunie was as lucky as myself; for he had fallen a few seconds after me, and his mad brains splashed the deck.



"I HELD FAST TO THE SPAR."

An Alpine Pass on "Ski."

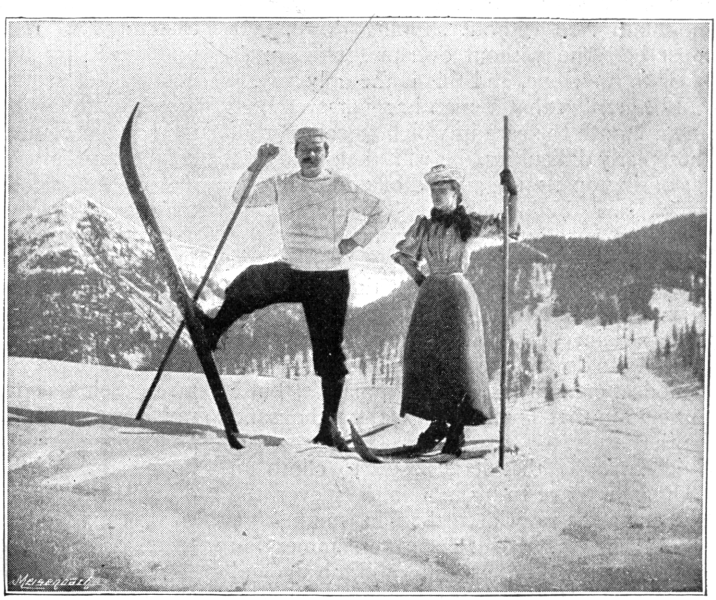
By A. Conan Doyle.

THERE is nothing peculiarly malignant in the appearance of a pair of "ski." They are two slips of elm-wood, 8ft. long, 4in. broad, with a square heel, turned-up toes, and straps in the centre to secure your feet. No one to look at them would guess at the possibilities which lurk in them. But you put them on, and you turn with a smile to see whether your friends are looking at you, and then the next moment you are boring your head madly into a snow-bank, and kicking frantically with both feet, and half rising only to butt viciously into that snow-bank again, and your friends are getting more entertainment than they had ever thought you capable of giving.

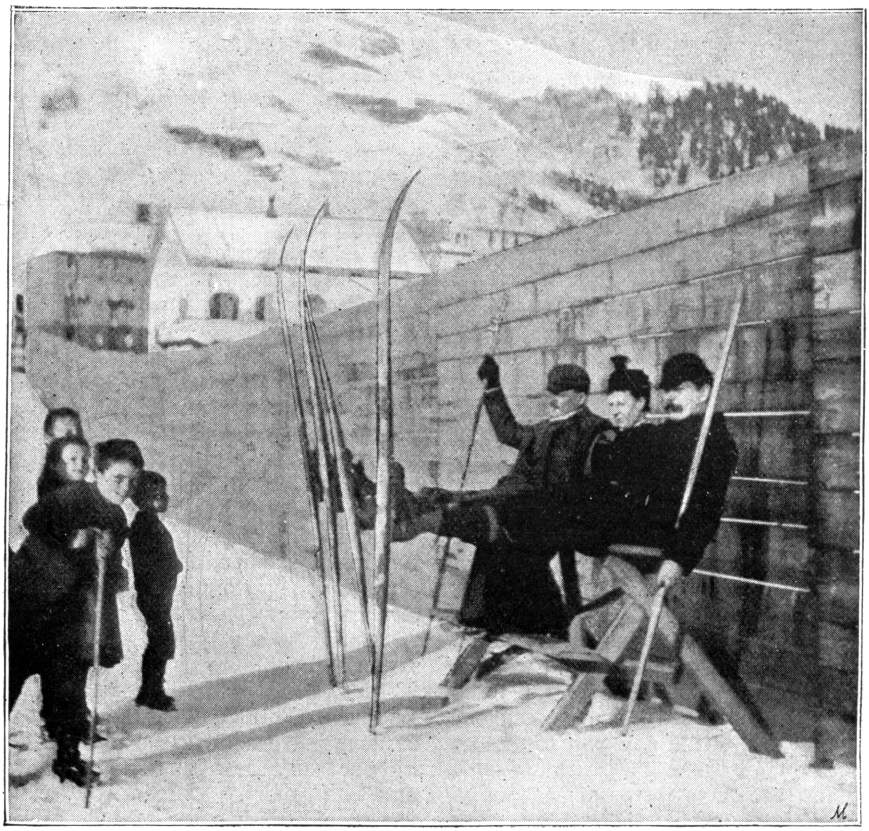
This is when you are beginning. You naturally expect trouble then, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But as you get on a little the thing becomes more irritating. The "ski" are the most capricious things upon earth. One day you cannot go wrong with them. On another, with the same weather and the same snow, you cannot go right. And it is when you least expect it that things begin to happen. You stand on the crown of a slope and you adjust your body for a rapid slide, but your "ski" stick motionless, and over you go upon your face. Or you stand upon a plateau which seems to you to be as level as a billiard-table, and in an instant, without cause or warning, away they shoot, and you are left behind staring at the sky. For a man who suffers from too much dignity, a course of Norwegian snow-shoes would have a fine moral effect.

Whenever you brace yourself for a fall it never comes off. Whenever you think yourself absolutely secure it is all over with you. You come to a hard ice slope at an angle of 75deg. and you zig-zag up it, digging the side of your "ski" into it, and feeling that if a mosquito settles upon you you are gone. But nothing ever happens, and you reach the top in safety. Then you stop upon the level to congratulate your companion, and you have just time to say, "What a lovely view is this!" when you find yourself standing on your two shoulder-blades, with your "ski" tied tightly round your neck. Or, again, you may have had a long outing without any misfortune at all, and as you shuffle back along the road, you stop for an instant to tell a group in the hotel veranda how well you are getting on. Something happens—and they suddenly find that their congratulations are addressed to the soles of your "ski." Then, if your mouth is not full of snow, you find yourself muttering the names of a few Swiss villages to relieve your feelings. "Ragatz!" is a very handy word, and may save a scandal.

But all this is in the early stage of "ski"-ing. You have to shuffle along the level, to zig-zag or move crab fashion up the hills, to slide down without losing your balance, and, above all, to turn with facility. The first time you try to turn, your friends think it is part of your fun. The great "ski" flapping in the air has the queerest appearance, like an exaggerated nigger dance. But this sudden whish round



DR. CONAN DOYLE ON "SKI."



A WAYSIDE REST. DR. CONAN DOYLE.

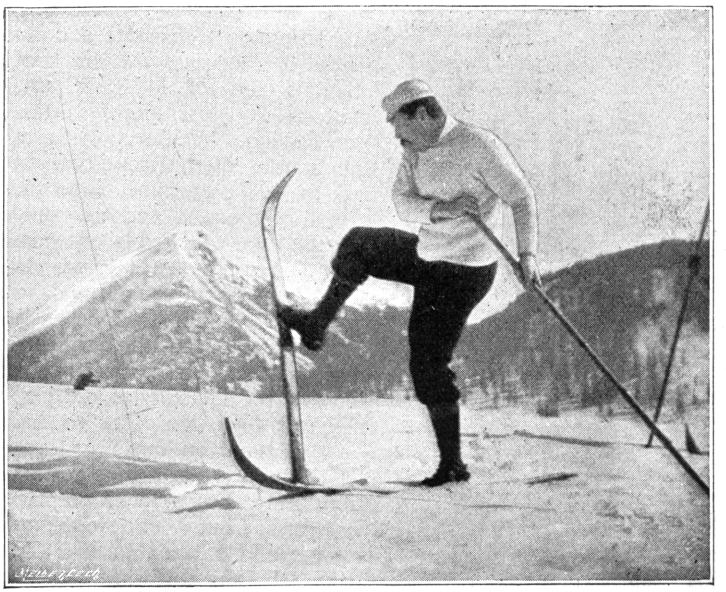
is really the most necessary of accomplishments, for only so can one turn upon the mountain side without slipping down. It must be done without ever presenting one's heels to the slope, and this is the only way.

But granted that a man has perseverance, and a month to spare in which to conquer all these early difficulties, he will then find that "ski"-ing opens up a field of sport for him which is, I think, unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the "ski"-ing season, in March and April. I believe that I may claim to be the first save only two Switzers to do any mountain work (though on a modest enough scale) on snow-shoes, but I am certain that I will not by many a thousand be the last.

The fact is that it is easier to climb an ordinary peak or to make a journey over the higher passes in winter than in summer, if the weather is only set fair. In summer you have to climb down as well as climb up, and the one is as tiring as the other. In winter your trouble is halved, as most of your descent is a mere slide. If the snow is tolerably firm, it is much easier also to zig-zag up it on "ski" than to clamber over boulders under a hot summer sun. The temperature, too, is more favourable for exertion in winter, for nothing could be more delightful than the crisp, pure air on the mountains, though glasses are, of course, necessary to protect the eyes from the snow glare.

Our project was to make our way from Davos to Arosa over the Furka Pass, which is over 9,000ft. high. The distance is not more than from twelve to fourteen miles as the crow flies, but it has only once been done in winter. Last year the two brothers Branger made their way across on "ski." They were my companions on the present expedition, and more trustworthy ones no novice could hope to have with him. They are both men of considerable endurance, and even a long spell of my German did not appear to exhaust them.

We were up before four in the morning, and had started at half-past for the village of

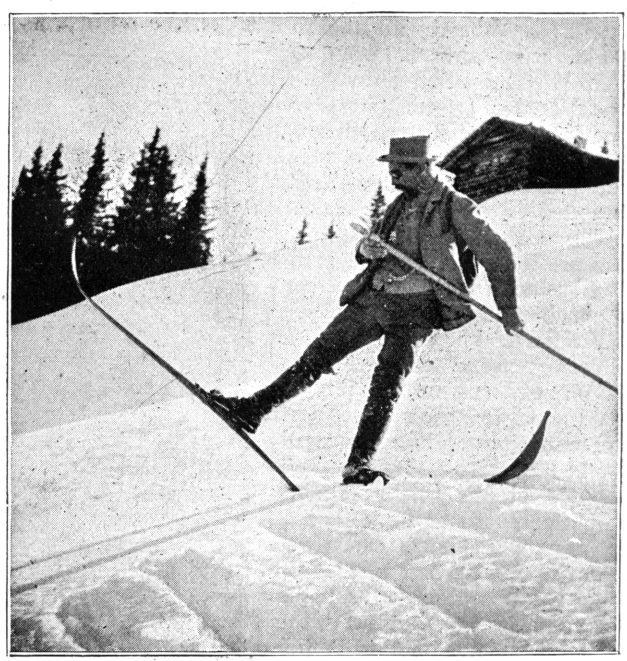


A NOVICE TURNING—DR. CONAN DOYLE

Frauenkirch, where we were to commence our ascent. A great pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as can only be seen in the tropics or the higher Alps. At a quarter-past five we turned from the road and began to plod up the hill-sides over alternate banks of last year's grass and slopes of snow. We carried our "ski" over our shoulders and our "ski" boots slung round our necks, for it was good walking where the snow was hard, and it was sure to be hard wherever the sun had struck it during the day. Here and there in a hollow we floundered into and out of a soft drift up to our waists, but on the whole it was easy going, and as much of our way lay through fir woods, it would have been difficult to "ski." About half-past six, after a long, steady grind, we emerged from the woods, and shortly afterwards passed a wooden cow-house, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached Arosa.

The snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us a good grip for our feet, we pushed rapidly on over rolling snow-fields with a general upward tendency. About half-past seven the sun cleared the peaks behind us, and the glare upon the great expanse of virgin snow became very dazzling. We worked our way down a long slope and then, coming to the corresponding hill-side with a northern outlook, we found the snow as soft as powder and so deep that we could touch no bottom with our poles. Here, then, we took to our snow-shoes, and zig-zagged up over the long, white haunch of the mountain, pausing at the top for a rest. They are useful things, the "ski," for, finding that the snow was again hard enough to bear us, we soon converted ours into a very comfortable bench, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of mountains, the names of which my readers will be relieved to hear I have completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening now under the glare of the sun, and without our shoes



AN ADEPT TURNING.

ASCENDING IN ZIG-ZAGS.

all progress would have been impossible. We were making our way along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the Furka Pass fairly in front of us. The snow fell away here at an angle of from 50deg. to 60deg., and as this steep incline, along the face of which we were shuffling, sloped away down until it ended in absolute precipice, a slip might have been serious. My two more experienced companions walked below me for the half mile or so of danger, but soon we found ourselves on a more reasonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now came the real sport of snow-shoeing. Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots would do over ground where no boots could pass. But now we had a pleasure which boots can never give. For a third of a mile we shot along over gently dipping curves, skimming down into the valley without a motion of our feet. In that great untrodden waste, with snow-fields bounding our vision on every side and no marks of life save the track of chamois and of foxes, it was glorious to whizz along in this easy fashion. A short zig-zag at the bottom of the slope brought us, at half-past nine, into the mouth of the pass, and we could see the little toy hotels of Arosa away down among the fir woods, thousands of feet beneath us.

Again we had half a mile or so, skimming along with our poles dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our journey was over, and that we had only to stand on our "ski" and let them carry us to our destination. But the most awkward place was yet in front. The slope grew steeper and steeper, until it suddenly fell away into what was little short of being sheer precipice. But still, that little, when there is soft snow upon it, is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of these wonderful slips of wood. The brothers Branger agreed that the place was too difficult to attempt with the "ski" upon our feet. To me it seemed as if a parachute was the only instrument for which we had any use, but I did as I saw my

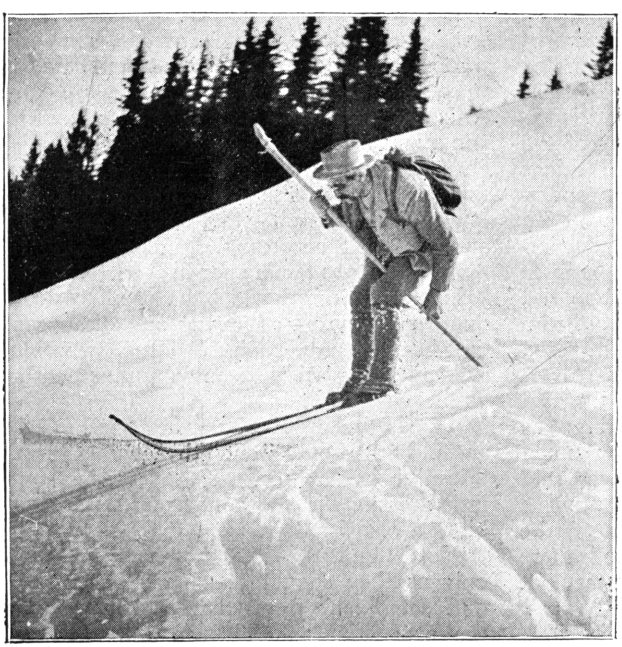
ASCENDING FOOT AFTER FOOT.

companions do. They undid their "ski," lashed the straps together, and turned them into a rather clumsy toboggan. Sitting on these, with our heels dug into the snow, and our sticks pressed hard down behind us, we began to move down the precipitous face of the pass. I think that both my comrades came to grief over it. I know that they where as white as Lot's wife at the bottom. But my own troubles were so pressing that I had no time to think of them. I tried to keep the pace within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways, so that one skidded down the slope. Then I dug my heels hard in, which shot me off backwards, and in an instant my two "ski's," tied together, flew away like an arrow from a bow, whizzed past the two Brangers, and vanished over the next slope, leaving their owner squatting in the deep snow. It might have been an awkward accident in the upper fields, where the drifts are 20ft. to 30ft. deep. But the steepness of the place was an advantage now, for the snow could not accumulate to any very great extent upon it. I made my way down in my own fashion.

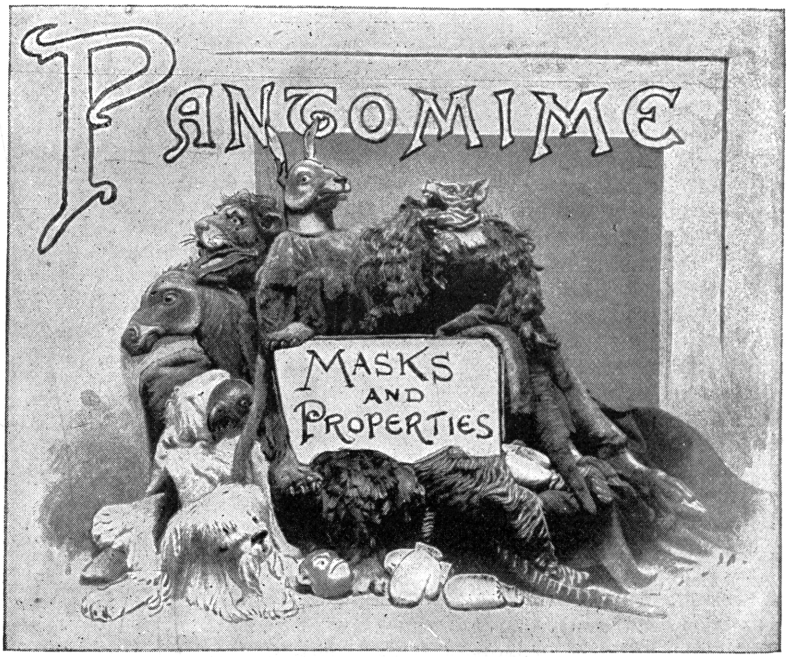
GLISSADING—STEEP SLOPE.

My tailor tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory, and will not stand a thorough scientific test. He will find samples of his wares on view from the Furka Pass to Arosa, and for the remainder of the day I was happiest when nearest the wall.

However, save that one of the Brangers sprained his ankle badly in the descent, all went well with us, and we entered Arosa at half-past eleven, having taken exactly seven hours over our journey. The residents at Arosa, who knew that we were coming, had calculated that we could not possibly get there before one, and turned out to see us descend the steep pass just about the time when we were finishing a comfortable luncheon at the Seehof. I would not grudge them any innocent amusement, but, still, I was just as glad that my own little performance was over before they assembled with their opera-glasses. One can do very well without a gallery when one is trying a new experiment on "ski."



GLISSADING—MODERATE SLOPE.



By Harry How.

THE time of Pantomime is once again close at hand—the "Hear we are again!" of our old friend in motley is not far off. Within a week or so a thousand little hearts—aye, and old hearts, too—will be beating faster than their wont, a thousand pairs of eyes will be wider open than usual, and striving to take in all the glories of the Christmas carnival; but—and the inevitable "but" is the outcome of many an hour's watching of the youngsters at pantomime time—the things that seem to set the smaller minds a-wondering and thinking are: What must have been the size of the pig which grew that enormous leg of pork which the clown threw at the policeman's cranium? Which shop did that huge rib of beef come from? And who manufactured that long string of a hundred and one sausages, those funny heads, those birds, beasts, and fishes? Is that the real head of the Giant whom Jack killed? Was there ever such a lobster? How much could those oysters—a family of twelve could easily sup off one—cost a dozen? I propose saying something about them, for if the children are interested in them, where is there a *paterfamilias* in the land who is not interested in the meat question, too?*

* Joke.

Most of the items come under the category of pantomime "props." The majority of the principal theatres have a property-room, where the joints and fowls, the fish and sausages, are made—and a clever property-master can manufacture anything between a bunch of turnips and a white elephant. You want a string of sausages? Very well. They are made of bags stuffed with saw-dust and painted to colour. Or a pair of fowls?—they are constructed on exactly the same principle. Or you might feel inclined to go in for a gigantic cheese, like Old Stilt, a celebrated clown in the old days in the East-end of London. It would, in all probability, be made of wood and coloured accordingly. Old Stilt—like Simpson's—was famous for his cheese.

He had one with which he used to do a number of tricks—appearing and disappearing about it. And then the old fellow would suddenly sit astride it and murmur gently, "Stilt on cheese!"

"Well, give us a bit," the audience cried; and old Stilt would "cut" the cheese, when, lo and behold! there were all manners of little presents for the youngsters inside. A bit of a wag was Stilt.

Heads and the like, however, are—and only as they should be—made on quite a different plan from that which governs the concocting of chickens and sausages.

MR. CLARKSON.
From a Photo. by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

It is quite an elaborate process — and there are few men more famous to-day for their really ingenious work, not only in this, but in the manufacture of all representatives of the animal kingdom, than Mr. W. Clarkson, the Queen's perruquier. Mr. Clarkson sends them all over the world—and has recently been revelling in the preparation of a Chinaman's head for the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime—a head which is in no fewer than fourteen pieces. I have heard of people with heads ready to split in two, but here again we are beaten by a foreigner! It is a consolation, however, to know that the Chinaman's head is only worth five guineas.

Now—to make a head. Procure a lump of clay, and gradually mould it with the fingers into something resembling the shape required. When this has been done to one's satisfaction, grease it well over, and take a cast in plaster of Paris. Let it dry. Grease the interior of the cast. Take layer after layer of papier-maché—first brown, then white, then a layer of linen to strengthen it, and work on in this way until of substantial thickness. The papier-maché is now dried in front of a fire, taken out of the mould, the rough edges cut off and joined together—for, of course, there are two sides to this particular head—dried again, and painted "to order." Now you have a head!

But there are heads and heads—and although the grinning ploughboy and the queer-looking Chinaman, all on a large scale, are perplexing enough to the juvenile mind in general, the proprietor of the giant's cranium is always the centre of the greatest curiosity. Why? He can open his mouth, move his eyebrows, and even wink with the left or right optic at will. Let us examine the interior of our old friend's head. See how simple it is: just a little mechanical arrangement. The wearer of the big head has three strings—one for the mouth, and one for each of his eyes. He has only to pull the right one to produce the desired effect.

PROPERTY HEADS.

GEORGE CONQUEST'S GIANT'S HEAD.

There are also two loose strings with small weights attached. These govern the eyebrows, so that when the giant turns his head to look down on diminutive Jack, the force of the weight lifts up one of the eyebrows. Who would not be the proud possessor of another head, and a giant's at that, with eyes that will frighten away a tax-collector, and eyebrows that will lift your enemies into the middle of next week?—Price, to order—ten to fifteen pounds.

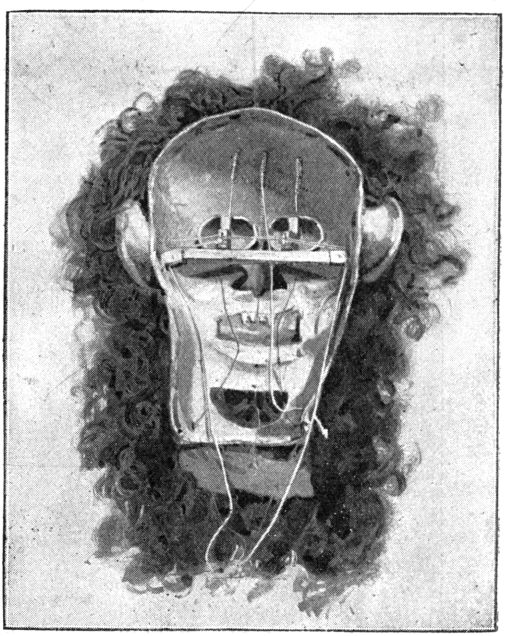
Richard Wyne Keene—he called himself Dykwynkyn—was one of the smartest makers of property heads in Chatterton's time at Drury Lane, when no pantomime was complete without scores of them, and Mr. Clarkson was the first to lessen the numbers of plain property heads when he made one in three pieces with mechanical effects for Mr. Harry Payne's father for use in "Ali Baba" at Covent Garden Theatre, whilst Mr. George Conquest may justly be regarded as probably the best-known wearer of the famous huge shoulder ornament as sported by the Giant. Mr. Conquest has a very amusing experience to relate on this topic.

"I think one of the funniest things that has happened to me when playing a giant," he said, recently, when he learnt that a paper on "Pantomime Properties" was to appear in the Christmas Number of this Magazine, "was at Drury Lane, in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' The mask I was wearing measured about three feet from its crown to the crown of my head, and it had to be made very light, so that I could balance it. One evening, in the giant's kitchen scene, one of the comedians had to bring on my supper, which consisted of large property fowls, ribs of beef, legs of mutton, etc., and at the finish of the scene the business was that I got cross with my supper, and, with a heavy club in my hand, chased the cooks round the stage, who were all the time pelting me with the various articles of diet. I suppose I hit one of them a little too hard, so he had his revenge. He threw a leg of mutton at my mask, and knocked in one of the eyes,* which left a black hole, needless to say, much to the amusement of all—but myself. At this moment I did not exactly know what had happened, but I could hear something dangling about inside the head (of course I found out afterwards it was the eye hanging by one of the various strings that worked it), and as soon as the audience and cooks had had a good laugh at my eye's expense, a cook jumped up on the high table and said:—

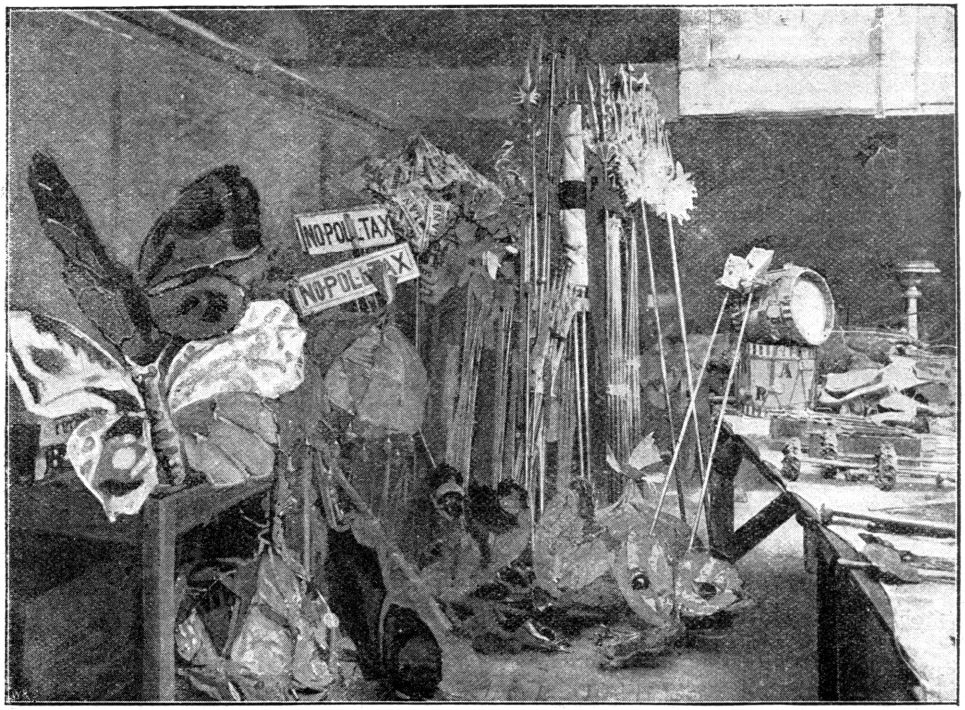
"'George, I've knocked one of your eyes out! I'm so sorry, but I couldn't help it!' And then he stuffed his white cap into the hole that the eye had left, which of course looked more comical still.

"When the scene was over and I took the

* No joke.



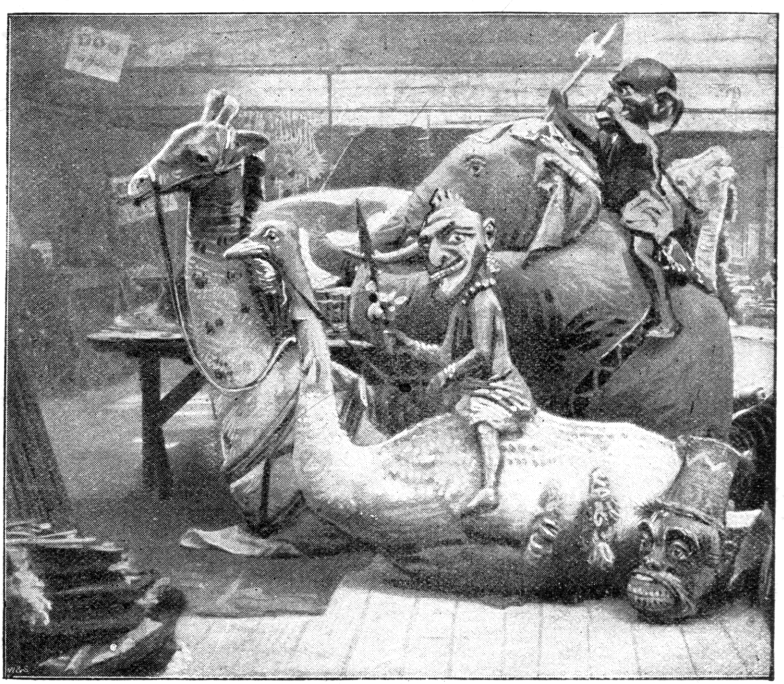
INSIDE OF GIANT'S HEAD.



PROPERTIES FOR THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

mask off I was anything but pleased, as I had to go on in another scene a few minutes later. What was I to do? It would take quite an hour to repair the damage. At last a thought struck me. I sent for Clarkson — who, by-the-bye, made the mask — and got him to make me a black patch. So with a piece of cardboard and string I tied it over the damaged eye and went on the stage again, to the amusement not only of actors and orchestra, but of the audience as well."

The giant, however, does not always have it all his own way in the matter of heads. His may possibly be a bigger one than any of his fellow pantomimists, but his shaggy eyebrows are lifted when he is confronted with a



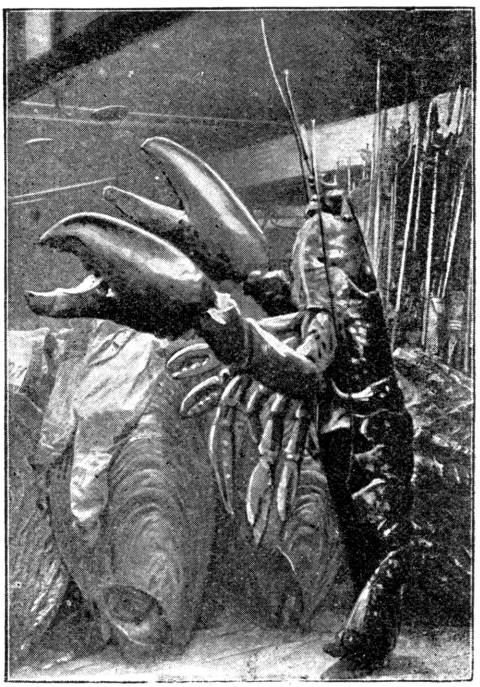
MOUNTED SAVAGES.

DRESSING A LOBSTER.

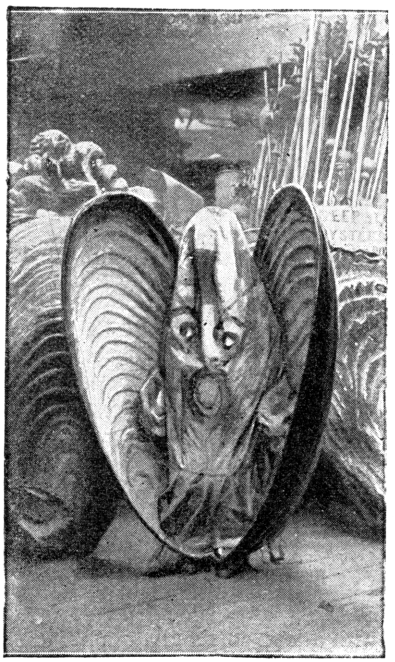
practical illustration of the old adage—two heads are better than one. This is a very curious production of the property-maker's art — a single double one, so to speak. It consists of a large mask capable of containing two ordinary heads, and is used for a three-legged dance. Two dancers place their heads under the one mask, tie their two inside legs together, leaving their outside legs free. The late Fred Payne and the present Harry Payne were once engaged in this. The great beauty of their dancing was the remarkable time they kept — the two outside legs always beating—so to speak—together. One night by some means one or the other made a false step, and for some time the two heads inside the one were holding an argument as to whose mistake it was! Try to imagine it.

The savage-looking savages, mounted on the backs of a fine looking ostrich and decidedly benevolent countenanced elephant, together with the very enviable—to the juvenile mind — collection of miscellaneous properties for the transformation scene, and the oysters, mussels, star-fish, lobsters, etc., which are presented in these pages, are direct from Drury Lane Theatre.

The savage is always a necessary adjunct to any pantomime, and it is often a difficult matter to the old stager to realize, let alone to the younger pantomime-goer, that underneath that mask, which may be said to look "fit to kill," is often hidden away a curly little head, with the bluest of eyes and daintiest of mouths, enjoying the situation immensely and revelling in the soothing properties of a brandy-ball or an extra-sized bull's-eye. Of course, the manager has the "casting" of these non-speaking parts amongst the children, and their small characters and dispositions are frequently made known to the observer when the highly important subject comes up for consideration as to who should be this, who should be that, or who should be the other. That lad who looks like an up-to-date fat boy in "Pickwick" would give everything he has in his trousers pocket, even to the top with string included, to wear that cannibal's mask. And only because it suggests a glorious appetite for everything and everybody! But, the fish—they are positively scrambled for. These wonderful property marine delicacies were the cause of no small enjoyment in Sir Augustus Harris's last pantomime. Children are invariably called into requisition for "fish," and the property inhabitants of the ocean are, as a rule, made of cane-work, covered with canvas and papier-maché and coloured. Take the



THE LOBSTER DRESSED.



A MUSSEL.

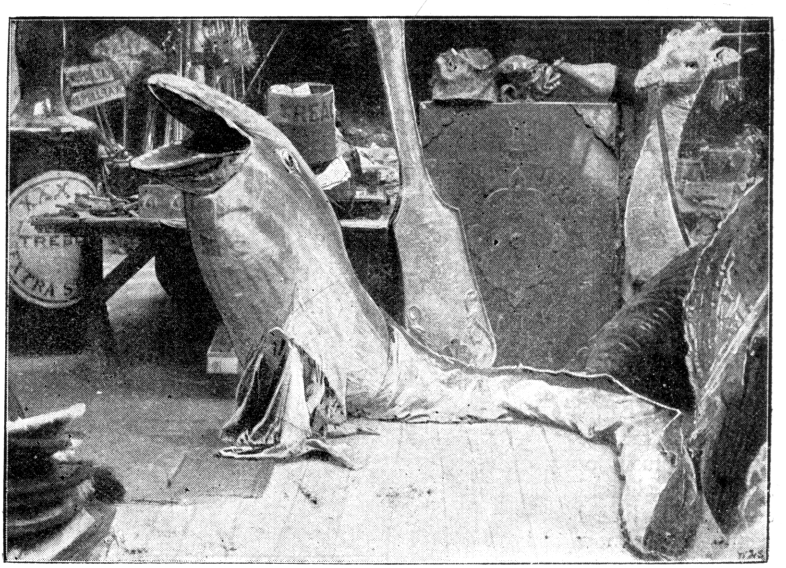
aristocratic lobster for choice—most people would do so in preference to the more plebeian mussel. The lad who is intended for the lobster generally dresses in a tight-fitting red costume. The dresser puts the lobster-shell over him, hooks it at the back and front — wire is let in so that "the lobster" can see, and there is no escape until the youngster is released.

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the children and their little jealousies. A little fellow once petitioned a theatrical manager to let him be "a mussel," because they often had mussels for supper at home; he was very fond of them, and knew all about them! What manager could resist such a request? Distinctly different from this, however, is the wish of a young gentleman of a dozen years and of somewhat refined tastes.

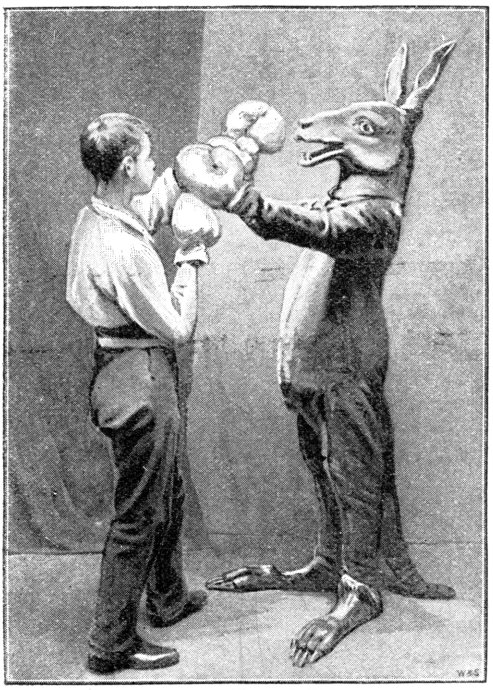
"Please, sir," he said, one night after having appeared as a "whelk" for nearly three weeks, "can't I be something else? Charley Wiggins, the 'oyster,' is allus a-chaffin' me about my only being a penny a saucer, whilst he's a native and three and a tanner a dozen!"

A STAR-FISH.

Next night the "whelk" had blossomed into a "cockle," and was perfectly happy when the manager assured him that he could laugh at Charley now, because cockles just then



A FISH OUT OF WATER.



THE BOXING KANGAROO.

could not be bought at any price. They were out of season! Yet, apart from the legs of mutton, the ribs of beef, the bunches of carrots and turnips, the oysters and lobsters, the cockles and mussels, it will be a safe prediction to say that the heartiest laughter, the brightest eyes, the happiest hearts, will be found this Christmas when the kangaroo enters and gives his owner a terrible thrashing; when the lion wrestles, and Jumbo dances a hornpipe; when the donkey comes on and, seizing hold of the balancing pole, commences to walk the tight-rope; when that beautiful poodle dog barks and runs round the crimson plush of the dress circle, and the delighted youngsters know not whether to pat him on the back or draw back in dismay and clutch hold of their father's hand and wonder. Then what about that marvellous parrot in its "all the colours of the rainbow" plumage, and dear old Puss in Boots? Props, nothing but props—or rather clothes-props!—for there are human beings inside, and so we get our stage animals.

You can become a kangaroo—and a Boxing-Day kangaroo at that—for ten guineas. Here is the dress. It is made of a special skin and coloured; the feet and head are modelled; the eyes and mouth are mechanical, and the long tail is padded and run through with catgut so that the performer inside may convert it into a staff of defence if necessary. It is on record that a tail has been made of iron, so that the performer, who was a very clever acrobat, could, in the twinkling of an eye, rest his whole body on it and twist himself round like a Catharine-wheel. The "kangaroo" sees through the mouth. It takes but a few minutes to put the dress on. The boots have to be made particularly strong, with a long sole and a double joint.

I could tell a little story of a "kangaroo" who, in the course of one afternoon, thought his Australian majesty offended by his brother professional, with whom he boxed in the evening, and how he quietly waited until night had come and the curtain was up, and, when boxing on the stage, drew in a whisper from his "master" the words "I beg your pardon, old man," ere the "kangaroo" ceased

THE KANGAROO REFRESHES HIMSELF.

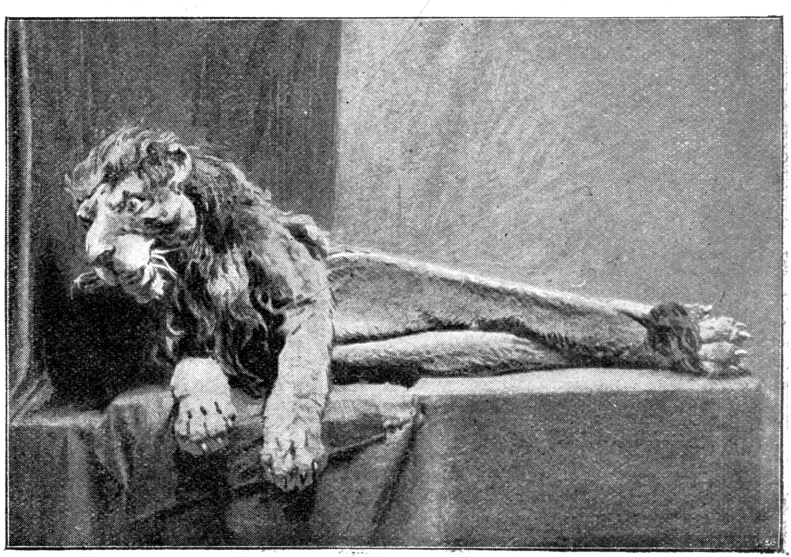
THE WRESTLING LION.

his out-and-out drubbing. How the audience roared and the children shrieked and clapped their hands, for the "master" was the wicked man in the pantomime; but I refrain, for Hi! Hi! Hi! the wrestling lion is about to appear.

It is all right, little ones, don't stop laughing—don't let that terrible roar frighten you. You heard it at the Zoo? Of course you did. About four o'clock, wasn't it? Yes, that *was* a lion; but this, well—it's a man inside that shaggy coat of long hair, and he bought it for £20. So keep on laughing, and you elder ones *roar*, because, if you don't the "lion" will probably *growl* when he gets off the stage.

Perhaps the most remarkable property in the lion line ever made was a mane for a real, unadulterated lion some few Christmases ago. The lion, which appeared at Covent Garden Circus, will be remembered by many. His majesty lacked a mane, and the public are not partial to the kings of the forest unless they possess a mane—no mane, no majesty. The proprietor of the lion sent for Mr. Clarkson to supply what was wanting. Mr. Clarkson arrived between eight and nine in the evening, and the back of the stage, where the den was situated, was somewhat dark. The owner gave Mr. Clarkson a lamp, and bade him follow him into the cage to take the lion's collar measurement. An objection was naturally made to this proposal—introductions to lions are not necessary obligations in one's short life—so the owner took the measure. The lion's mane was made of an elastic material, so that it might be put over the head with ease, and prove a nice, comfortable fit. The lion at first did not take to his new neck appendage, but after a time it is believed he really became quite proud of his newly-acquired possession.

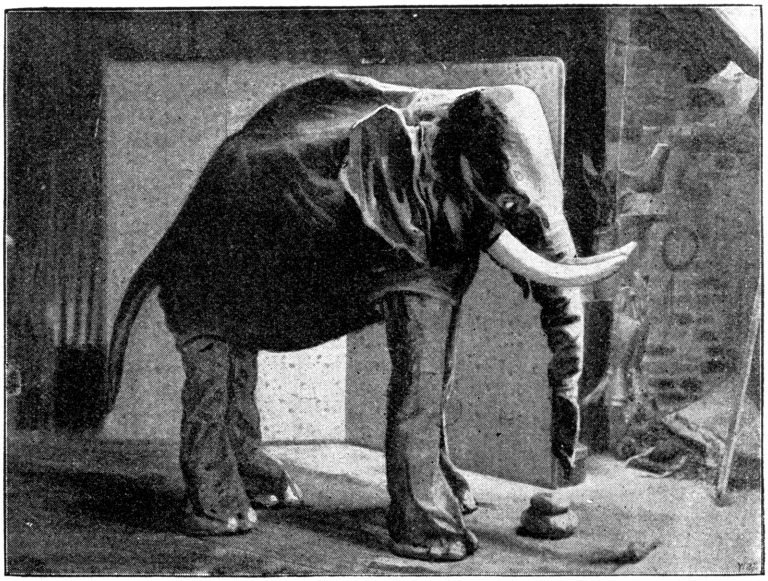
The elephant is a very expensive animal to make, and ordinarily costs from £25 to £30, though one has been constructed—at a cost of £40—of a size bigger than Jumbo, with a palanquin on top with accommodation for a quartette of people. These huge properties are principally made of basket-work, and covered with a felt resembling the skin of the "favourite at the Zoo." Two men are required to work an elephant—the one in front has the head on, whilst his elephantine companion is responsible for the well-



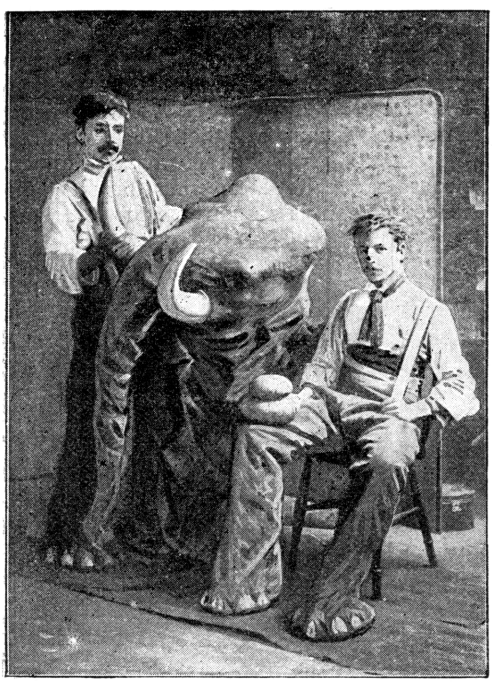
THE RESTING LION.

being of the hind legs and the tail. The legs are in the form of baggy trousers.

The pantomime elephant, however, is not to be compared in popularity with the donkey. Here is a donkey that positively refuses to be whacked. How the real article must envy his imitator's spirit! The "property" Neddy is more often than not worked by one man, and some capital fun can be got out of him. Just a few words regarding the general "get up" of the costers' friend. The front legs have a wooden rest, which goes half-way up them. The performer puts the hind legs on like trousers. The



THE ELEPHANT COMPLETE.



THE ELEPHANT IN PIECES.

body fits over, and he is able to see through net-work let in the neck, with shaggy hair falling over to hide the aperture. With his hands he holds the rest in the front legs. By this means he can lift them up, fold them, and dance on his hind legs to his heart's content. And the ears—you can tell the character and disposition of any donkey by his ears. These are made loose, so that when the donkey turns his head

"NEDDY."

A PROPERTY PARROT.

A POODLE.

his ears assume a curiously natural "expression." It should be said that the Brothers Griffiths have brought the stage donkey to its highest state of perfection—both mechanically and in realizing the "character."

Mechanism in Neddy is more to be depended upon than it was years ago in a pantomime at the Crystal Palace. It was in the "Forty Thieves," and just as *Ali Baba*—played, I believe, by old Mr. Payne—was going into the cave he would turn to his donkey and give the command to "shoulder arms!" At this the animal would shoot up his tail.

On one occasion, after *Ali* had given the command and expected it to be obeyed, there was no reply from the donkey's tail.

"PUSS IN BOOTS."

"Shoulder arms! Why this mutiny? Shoulder arms, you—you—donkey!"

And then a muffled voice was heard from within the interior of the faithful beast:—

"Very sorry — the tail's stuck!"

A parrot's dress is often covered with real feathers, at very considerable cost, whilst every hair in the dress worn by puss in "Puss in Boots" is worked on, hair after hair, and takes at least three weeks to make. The face is partly a mask and partly painted. This latter remark also applies to the "make-up" of a poodle dog. Mr. Charles Lauri is certainly the most famous poodle and cat we have, and is a past-master not only in reproducing their movements, but in the marvellous way in

which he reproduces the face of the animal he wants.

Some time ago I watched him make-up and dress for a monkey, and as his methods

MR. LAURI IN "PRINCE SOLIEL."
From a Photo. by Eugene Pirou, Paris.

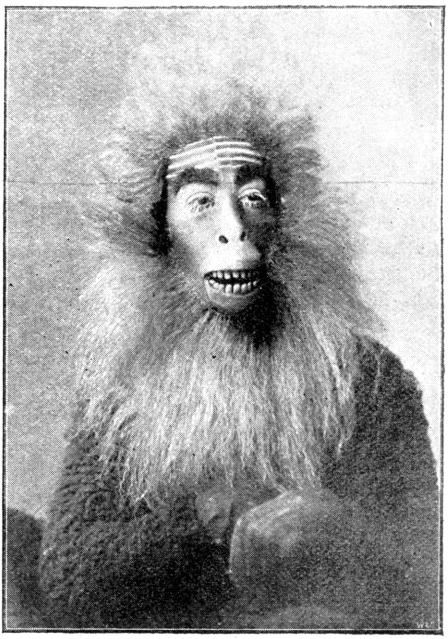
of working then practically govern his other remarkable animal studies, it may not be uninteresting to recount them here. The mask is an important item. This is put on the lower part of the face, so as to obtain the heavy, protruding jaw of the animal. It is made of a chocolate-coloured leather, with small straps. The movement of the eyebrows is obtained by a thread concealed in his heavy dress. The actor has a spring in his own mouth, which works the mouth of the animal and shows the two rows of ivory teeth.

First Mr. Lauri binds his ankles with a couple of strong, stout strips of linen. Then come the brown socks—there is a hole for every toe—the dress proper is put on, and combed out. Dressed entire, the face is the next thought. He "blues" both eyes all round, then with a mixture of lard and burnt umber—save where the mask is to come—he covers his face, not forgetting the hands and arms. A little blue is added to the brown on the face, and a few wrinkles are painted about the eyes in black and red. Then the mask is put on—being strapped round the neck and over the head. Wig and whiskers complete the operation—and we have a magnificent monkey.

Mr. Lauri told me a capital story about poor old "Sally" at the Zoo. He and Sally were great friends—he used to follow her movements for hours together.

Sally had to go the way of all monkeys—she died, leaving many friends behind her, amongst the most regretful being some of the keepers, who told Mr. Lauri how sorry they were in not possessing a photo. of her.

"I've got plenty—I'll give you all one," he replied. And he kept his word. He



MR. LAURI AS A MONKEY.
From a Photo. by Van Bosch, Paris.

made up like Sally, faced the camera, and Mr. Lauri assured me:—

"Those keepers who have the photo. I gave them believe it is Sally to this day, so far as I know!"

By Alice Williamson.

I SHALL never forget the first time I saw Sara Orme. It was at Foxborough Hydropathic, where I had been for several summers in succession; and where, though I was not precisely in my first youth, I was by way of being a belle.

I had heard old Lady Balfour say that her friend, Mrs. Gresham, was coming to the Hydro, and that she would arrive on a certain day, accompanied by a Miss Orme, whom Lady Balfour had never met. But I should not have given the matter a thought if, on the afternoon of their advent, I had not heard the people on the tennis-ground asking one another:—

"Have you seen Miss Orme? Have you seen the beauty?"

Then I pricked up my ears. I hate sensations, and especially dislike the fuss some of my fellow-beings make over a new face.

"No," I said, in answer to the question going the rounds. "Is there a beauty? Who is she? What is she?"

I was curious to know all particulars, and just what I might have to fear; but I was not pleased that Sir Evelyn Balfour should be within hearing distance and listening with some interest. Sir Evelyn stood at the head of the Hydro eligibles, and this was the second year he had accompanied his mother to Foxborough, where she had been ordered for her health.

"Beauty? I should think there *was* a beauty!" ejaculated Harry Marley, or "Marry Harley," as he was usually called, because of his penchant for proposing to every pretty girl he met. Not that he ever proposed to me—but that is a detail. "You never saw such a beauty off a Salon or Academy canvas! I caught a glimpse of her as she came in, and watched her writing her own name and an old lady's in the register. Of course, she turned out to be the Miss Orme who was to come with a Mrs. Gresham."

Two or three others besides "Marry Harley" had seen the vision also, it appeared, and there was a general interchange of impressions.

"Gorgeous auburn hair——"

"No, decidedly Titian gold — not dark enough for auburn."

"Brown eyes——"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, they were distinctly violet."

"Skin like an alabaster lamp, with a rosy light shining through. Exquisite figure, too."

"How old?"

"Oh, twenty-one or two."

Such nonsense I never heard, and it was impossible to listen with patience. It never would have been tolerated, except at a Hydropathic. Everybody was particularly keen about tea, hoping for a glimpse of the new arrivals. But it was not vouchsafed, and therefore people were unusually prompt in responding to the dinner-gong.

As luck would have it, the only two vacant seats were at the long table, directly on my left, and, when the strangers came in, I had the full benefit of Miss Orme's profile. I never was so disappointed in my life. I did not consider that she had any pretensions to beauty. She was simply a little, thin, insignificant figure in white, with a deadly pale face, red hair, very wavy, and in great quantities, good enough features, a large mouth, with bright lips, very likely painted. Her eyes were greyish green, and the brows and lashes were so much darker than the hair, that I am positive they must have been dyed. She had an air of girlishness, but I should have pronounced her nearer twenty-six than twenty-one or two. The moment I looked at her I felt convinced that she was a woman with a history, and made up my mind that I would never rest till I had found it out.

It seemed that several people beside Lady Balfour had met Mrs. Gresham, who was said to be a *persona grata* in Bristol, or some other provincial town. After dinner, she and Miss Orme became the centre of attraction in the drawing-room, where even Sir Evelyn was drawn into the circle. Presently the foolish old lady made some doting remark about her favourite's voice, and Miss Orme was implored to sing.

"Not to-night, please," I heard her say. "To-morrow, when I am rested, if you care to ask me."

She had an air of thinking much of herself and her accomplishments, and a sudden upward glance from under her lashes, which was very effective with men.

Next night she did sing. She affected German songs, and her voice was a powerful contralto, but, in my opinion, it could not touch my own. However, it was much admired, and what with her voice and her queer eyes and hair, she sprang, in a moment, to the topmost pinnacle of success. Nothing was complete after that night without Miss Orme. She could not play tennis, and she must be taught. She could ride, and riding parties must be got up. She must learn golf, she must be shown the best places for sketching, she must teach people that wonderful skirt dance Mrs. Gresham said she had invented. She liked walking, and she liked picnics. Therefore, the male idiots at the Hydro vied with each other in planning excursions to dilapidated ruins, and tiresome walking parties. When Sir Evelyn Balfour began to be the principal instigator of gaieties in Miss Orme's honour, life for me at the Hydro ceased to seem worth living. I hated the girl, and she was certainly not fond of me, but it was not my *métier* to treat her discourteously, and we usually conversed fitfully at the table.

"Your accent is not like that of any county with which I'm familiar," I said one day, a week after the Gresham-Orme advent. "May I inquire what part of England is your home?"

She laughed. "I'm an American; didn't you know?"

"I had not guessed it. You don't speak like an American," I said.

"Possibly not like those you've met. We Southerners are not great travellers. I am a Virginian. My home used to be in Richmond."

"Richmond, Virginia!" I repeated. "A distant connection of mine went there to live many years ago."

I looked at her as I said this, and though her face was partially turned away, I saw a flush mount to her forehead. I felt sure she regretted telling me where she lived. I said no more, but I did not mean to let the matter drop there. I had not heard from my cousin's husband for a long while, but I knew that he was still in America, and I decided, as time was a great object with me, to be extravagant, and cable for particulars regarding Miss Orme's Richmond career.

My message was short, but I thought it might bring what I wanted, unless the name of Orme were an assumed one. It would be nine or ten days at least before I could have a letter in return, and it proved especially difficult to possess my soul in patience, as, during the interim, Sir Evelyn Balfour and Miss Orme were getting themselves gossiped about. My powerlessness to act made me desperate, and I took to questioning Mrs. Gresham. I learned little of any real value, but enough to understand that she had only known Miss Orme for a year or two, that she had taken a fancy to her from the first, and had, soon after, asked the girl to make her home with her. I guessed that the favourite was penniless, and

was merely living in the capacity of paid companion to her patroness.

What I had heard, and what I suspected, I hinted to Lady Balfour, in a chatty, off-hand way, and even dropped a word or two to Sir Evelyn himself, but it was of no avail. Lady Balfour smiled, and Sir Evelyn frowned, and everything went on as before.

Last year, all had been widely different. Sir Evelyn had frankly confessed to being bored at the Hydro, where he would not have stayed for a moment, had it not been for his mother. I had endeavoured to make things pleasant for him, and sometimes I had fancied that I was succeeding passing well. He was a man of thirty-three, within a year or two of my real age, five years beyond my ostensible one. He had a fine old place in Hampshire, not a bad little house in London, and was getting himself talked about in Parliament as a brilliant and rising politician. He was handsome, too, in a dark, aquiline sort of way, and if I had not been a good-looking woman, with a little money of my own, I might have fancied that he talked to me because he had nothing better to do. But I hoped it might be more than this, and therefore his utter forgetfulness of me for Sara Orme was almost unbearable.

"Balfour's caught at last," said Harry Marley, to me, one day.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "We all know you've proposed and been refused, as usual, so you fancy every other man must be interested in the same quarter."

"I tell you they're engaged," he returned. "Never mind how I know it, but I do. It will be all over the Hydro by to-morrow."

I would not believe it, and hoped all things from my expected American letter. That very night it came, and I tore it in a hundred pieces, in my rage of disappointment.

"I TORE IT IN A HUNDRED PIECES."

Something, it was clear, Henry Mason did know about Miss Orme, for, as he said, he had "no desire to injure a young woman who had never injured him or his, and therefore he would repeat no stories to her disadvantage."

I was bitterly angry with him for his disloyalty to me. No doubt I could have detectives employed to look up the creature's American record, but by the time I could learn anything, it might be too late. The very next day, as it happened, I was called upon to congratulate Sir Evelyn Balfour and Mrs. Gresham's *protégée* on their engagement. I was obliged to murmur something pleasant, praying meanwhile that the marriage might never take place. Indeed, I meant to move Heaven and earth to prevent it.

Two or three days after this announcement, which was made about the middle of August, a thing happened which roused my suspicions and renewed my hopes. A new guest arrived at the Hydropathic. He was young, rather good-looking; his name—Stanley A. Jarvis—was to be seen in the register; and he made his first public appearance at luncheon. His place was nearly opposite mine, and when he came in I felt, rather than saw, Miss Orme give a start, which ended in a species of shudder. I glanced at her, hastily. Her face was scarlet, from brow to chin. The flush died slowly, and left her even paler than her wont. Mr. Jarvis was smiling across at her and bowing.

"How do you do, Miss Orme?" he said, with a slight American accent.

She inclined her head in response. The surprise was plainly not a pleasant one to her, but for some reason she did not mean to deny the acquaintance.

"I heard you were here," the new-comer went on. "In fact, the news of your presence

was one of the principal inducements which brought me to Foxborough."

I watched him as closely as I dared. He smiled a great deal, showing a long row of white teeth, and kept his keen, grey eyes upon her face. Miss Orme soon recovered her composure, however, answering all the remarks which Mr. Jarvis addressed to her during luncheon. Afterwards, in the garden, I heard him asking for an introduction to Mrs. Gresham. Later, Sir Evelyn Balfour joined the group, and she quickly made some excuse to walk away with her *fiancé*, leaving Mr. Jarvis to talk to Mrs. Gresham.

I concluded that the American was a man for me to cultivate, and found it very easy to make his acquaintance. Ostensibly, he was exceedingly frank, but it was all upon the surface. He was ready to talk agreeably on any subject save that of his acquaintance with Miss Orme.

I wondered, during the next few days, whether anyone beyond myself noticed the little drama unfolding before our eyes. Just what was the plot upon which the play was founded, I could not satisfy myself. Could it be the old, vulgar story of a deserted husband, come to claim his own? Or, if there had been no love story, what was the secret of the influence wielded over Sara Orme by this stranger? She disliked him intensely. Her eyes, her voice, when she looked at or spoke to him, told me that. It was difficult for her to be civil to him, and yet she was invariably civil.

Lady Balfour and Sir Evelyn were to stay on at the Hydro through the first week in September, but it had been decided that Mrs. Gresham and her companion were to leave at the end of August. Now, however, Mr. Jarvis having casually announced his intention to remain for some time longer, it appeared that the Gresham party had reconsidered their determination, and would not leave until they could travel southward with the Balfours.

"She won't leave those two men together here, unless she is on hand to keep them apart," was the decision I arrived at. I often saw Mr. Jarvis hasten to join Miss Orme, if she by any chance were alone for a moment, and once, when this occurred in the garden, I contrived to steal, unobserved, into a narrow path among the trees, leading behind the summer-house where they sat.

"You'd better think it over," Mr. Jarvis was saying, not in the conventional "acquaintance" tone a man uses to a lady.

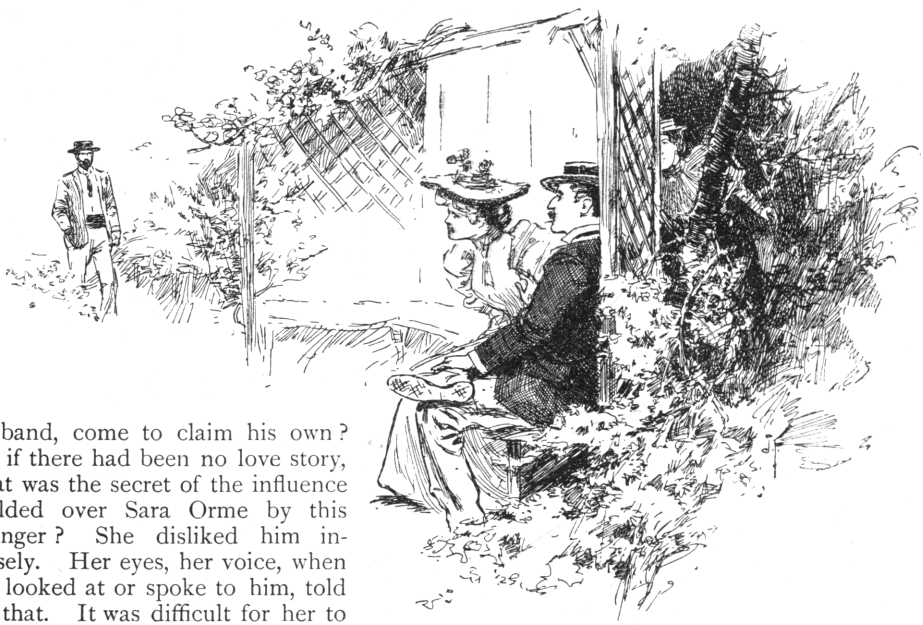
"I tell you it is absolutely impossible," the girl replied.

"You can ask her."

"It would be no use."

"Then you can fall back upon the other. You've got till the day after to-morrow to think of it, you know."

"Hush!" she exclaimed, "here comes Sir Evelyn."



"HUSH! HERE COMES SIR EVELYN."

What could they have been saying which her *fiancé* must not hear? What might she have till the day after to-morrow to think over?

I felt sure it was something serious, and

on cogitating the matter, I remembered that, on the next day but one, we were all going to the Wellmere sports, an event of great importance, each summer, in the county where we were staying. Many conveyances had been chartered to take the various parties, and so popular was the festivity, that even the servants would slip away if possible.

Lady Balfour had promised to chaperon a couple of pretty cousins, who were coming from a distance in honour of the excursion. To my surprise, therefore, Miss Orme, at the last moment, pleaded a violent headache, and professed herself unable to join the pleasure party. At this Mrs. Gresham was for staying away also, but Miss Orme would not permit the sacrifice. She intended shutting herself in her own room for the day, and nobody could be of the slightest service to her. It would only make her unhappy if anyone stopped at home. Of course, Sir Evelyn was obliged to go and help his mother entertain the cousins, but he looked exceedingly blue at the prospect. He was not a man who found it easy to control his feelings, and I rejoiced in his discomfiture.

I felt sure that he would have good occasion for it later, for my prophetic soul whispered that Mr. Jarvis would also find a pretext for remaining behind, and had he done so, I would cheerfully have sacrificed the day's gaiety to the greater satisfaction of watching further developments. I prepared to slip unobserved from the ranks, but was amazed to see Mr. Jarvis driving away with a party of wealthy Australians, to whom he had been noticeably attentive for the past few days.

I could not even yet believe in the genuineness of Miss Orme's headache, though she certainly had looked very white and hollow-eyed the night before. But I could not see, under the circumstances, that it would advance my interests to remain at the Hydro, and I went away, albeit somewhat hesitatingly, with the rest.

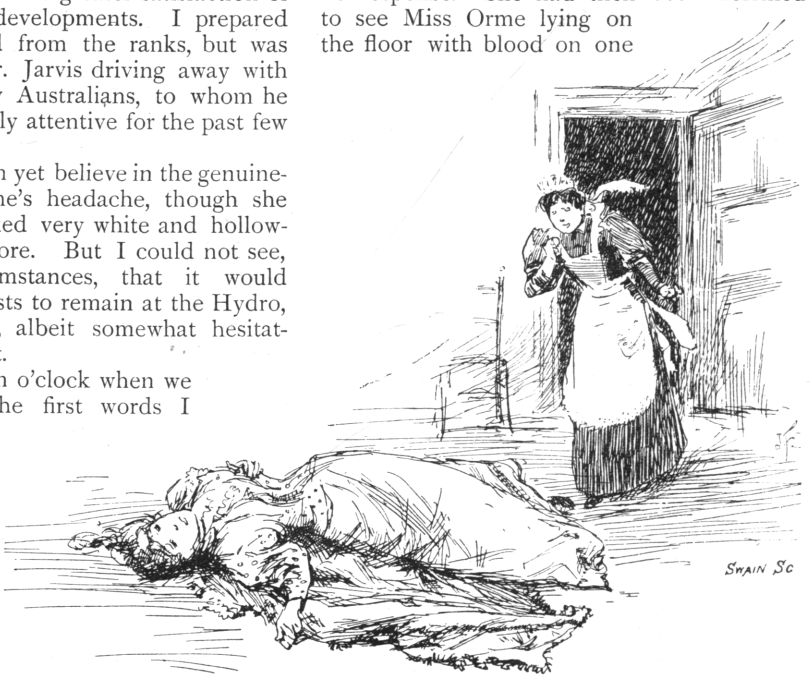
It was nearly ten o'clock when we got home, and the first words I heard, on re-entering the Hydro, were from one among a group of excited, trembling servants.

"Oh! ma'am, such a terrible thing's happened while you've been gone! There's been a dreadful robbery, and poor Miss Orme's nearly murdered."

All was confusion in a moment. Everybody was hoping, no doubt, that he or she had not been robbed, and in the anxiety and impatience to get at details, Miss Orme and her injuries might well-nigh have been forgotten, had it not been for the Balfours and Mrs. Gresham.

The robbery, it appeared, had occurred during the afternoon, nobody knew exactly when. Miss Orme had been the only guest left at the Hydro, with the exception of a couple of invalids on the floor above. Mrs. Gresham's maid, Bridges, had been instructed to await Miss Orme's orders, but had been told, soon after our party left for Wellmere, that she would not be required, and might go out for the rest of the day. Several other servants had given themselves the same permission, and the house was practically deserted save for a few people employed about the kitchen.

The cook had sent one of her subordinates to knock at the invalid's door about four o'clock, to ask if she would have tea, and, receiving no answer, had concluded she was sleeping, and had gone away. Perhaps an hour and a half later the servant had been carrying down a tray from the floor above, and noticing that Miss Orme's door was ajar, had rapped again, peeping inside, as there was no response. She had then been horrified to see Miss Orme lying on the floor with blood on one



"HORRIFIED TO SEE MISS ORME LYING ON THE FLOOR."

of her hands, and on her white *robe-de-chambre*. She had thereupon screamed several times for help, but receiving none, had felt too frightened to stay where she was, and had run downstairs to the kitchen. Reinforced by the cook and a gardener's assistant, she had returned, when Miss Orme had been laid on the bed, and restored to consciousness by means of cold water and eau-de-Cologne.

On recovering, the young lady had asked if the thief had been caught, and it was not until this startling suggestion caused them to look round that the servants noticed the confusion in the room. All the drawers had been pulled out of the chest, and their contents scattered on the floor. The gowns had been taken from the wardrobe, and their pockets turned wrong side out. Several keys lay on the floor, Miss Orme's boxes were open, the dressing-table had been denuded of jewellery. Mrs. Gresham's room adjoining was in the same condition. Others, farther down the hall (belonging to the Australian people), and the Balfour's suite, had also been ransacked.

Nothing on any other floor, so far as the servants and a policeman from the adjacent village could ascertain, had been meddled with. Miss Orme had been going from one fainting fit into another, and thus far was quite unable to explain what had taken place. A doctor had been sent for, but one was away, and another engaged with a critical case, and the chemist alone had been obtainable. The servants' impressions of what had happened were very vague. One or two thought they had seen a stranger about the grounds, but on cross-examination decided it might have been the "gardener's young man."

Most of the guests at the Hydro were old habitués, and had been in the habit of leaving valuable possessions in their rooms, instead of giving them to the proprietor for safe keeping. The Australians soon ascertained that they had lost a case of almost priceless emeralds, a number of diamond rings and other ornaments, and a considerable sum of money, all of which had been kept in a writing-desk, broken open by the thief. Mrs. Gresham had been robbed of nearly £200 in gold and notes, a good deal of jewellery, and some magnificent old lace. Lady Balfour had also lost money and jewels, mostly diamonds in old-fashioned settings, and Miss Orme's beautiful solitaire betrothal ring had evidently been roughly wrenched from her finger. What else she might have lost would remain a mystery until she herself could speak.

Nobody thought of going to bed until long after midnight, and before that hour the leading doctor of the village had called upon Miss Orme, pronouncing that beyond a slight cut on her right wrist, and considerable nervous excitement, there was nothing much the matter with the interesting invalid. She was conscious when we separated for the night, but the doctor had left orders that she was not to be questioned until next day.

By the following noon, her statement had been given. It was Sir Evelyn who repeated it to me, and a very dramatic story it was which he had to tell. I could see that his admiration for his *fiancée* was increased a hundred-fold, and that, in his eyes, the world had never yet produced such a heroine.

"She waked from a long sleep," he said, "and was just looking at her watch, which was under her pillow, when a head, in a soft hat, appeared at her window, which opens, you remember, on to the roof of the front porch. She gave a little cry, but before she could repeat it the man had leaped into the window, and caught her round the throat. 'Make one sound, and you're a dead woman!' he hissed, putting the cold barrel of a pistol against her cheek.

"Then, she tells me, she thought of the money which Mrs. Gresham had just sent for (for a particular purpose), and all the valuable jewellery in the next room. For her own things she did not care, except for my ring—and she was just trying to slip it off, under the bed-clothes, when the brute suspected something, snatched her hand, and pulled the ring from her finger, nearly spraining it in her struggles to resist him. He took her by the arm, dragging her about the room with him, as he searched it, and then on into Mrs. Gresham's, next door.

"She knew that Mrs. Gresham kept nearly everything locked up in a big silver jewel box on the dressing-table, and it occurred to her that she might save it by throwing it out of the window, among the flower-beds, where the thief would not dare go and look for it. She had got it in her free hand, when he saw what she meant to do, and slashed her across the wrist, giving her the cut which bled so freely. She still struggled with him, and had nearly accomplished her purpose, when he pushed her with such force that she fell through the open door, and on to the floor of her own room, where she lay stunned. That is all she can tell of the affair."

"I wonder," I asked, with some malice, when he had done extolling his heroine, "why

the thief should have chosen first to enter almost the only room which was occupied? He might have saved himself much time and trouble by taking an empty one, I should think."

"Don't you see," explained Sir Evelyn, impatiently, "hers was the only one he could get into from the porch, which is particularly sheltered among trees, and easy to climb?"

I assented, but the more I pondered the affair, the more I began to develop a theory of my own. That afternoon, a couple of detectives from London made their appearance, and I longed to mention the theory to them, but I had sense enough to know that the time was not yet ripe.

In the evening, Miss Orme was led by a sort of triumphal procession into the drawing-room, where she languidly held court. If she had been popular before, she was doubly so now. She was not only Sir Evelyn's heroine, but was lauded in that capacity by everyone else, and it was all so much gall and wormwood to me. I had the curiosity to ask if I might see the much-talked-of marks upon her throat and the cut upon her wrist. She languidly assented, but the traces of conflict were scarcely visible on her marble flesh.

"I shouldn't object to a few little hurts of this sort, for the mere pleasure of being a heroine," I remarked, with a laugh, and I did not miss seeing that the shot told upon the victim.

She flushed, until her eyes were suffused with tears, and Sir Evelyn looked daggers at me. I was politic enough to regret that I had shown my hand; but I had something to do before bed-time, and the general devotion to Miss Orme afforded me my opportunity. I knew that she could not get away, nor would others leave their "point of vantage" at her side, for some time to come. I ran upstairs, and knocked at the door of her bedroom. This was merely precautionary, as I was convinced it was unoccupied, but to my vexation, Mrs. Gresham's maid opened the door. For an instant I was nonplussed, but my presence of mind speedily returned, and I announced that Miss Orme had said I might come up and look through her stock of light literature

"Can I get you a book, ma'am?" asked the woman. I thanked her, but said I should like to choose something, and Bridges retired to Mrs. Gresham's room, nearly closing the door between. Just what I expected to find I scarcely knew, but I felt that it would be something which might aid my keen detective instinct toward substantiating my theory.

I crept softly about, ostentatiously closing a book with a loud "click" once in a while, and at length my researches brought me near the writing-table. Beneath was a scrap basket, containing some torn papers, which evidently had not been moved for a day or two. Hastily I ran my fingers through them until I came to an envelope — our own hotel stationery — without a post-mark, and addressed to Miss Orme in a hand which I felt sure was the same in which Mr. Stanley A. Jarvis's name was written in the register. I slipped it hastily into my pocket, feeling I had accomplished something; though I could find no trace of the letter which must have accompanied it. There was nothing which could assist me on the blotting-pad, though I took a small mirror to examine it, but close at hand lay a little pearl penknife. I carried it nearer the electric light, opened it, and saw that the larger blade was slightly stained with blood.

This most satisfactory piece of evidence I

"I TOOK A SMALL MIRROR TO EXAMINE IT."

also annexed, and then proceeded to examine the locks of Miss Orme's two boxes. They were quite intact, though I remembered that it was said they had been opened by the thief. And Lady Balfour's and the Australian's had undoubtedly been forced. I wondered whether Miss Orme carried her keys about with her, but daring to prolong my researches no further, I took up a novel at random, called cheerfully to Bridges that I had found what I wanted, and went out.

Next morning at breakfast, Mr. Jarvis received a telegram, over which he ruefully exclaimed, announcing that he must leave for London that night. Another thread in the web! I knew that, if my theory were correct, I must do what I had to do within a few hours, or it would be too late.

About twelve o'clock, Fate threw an opportunity in my way. I had been pretending to read, in the summer-house, and was nervously taking myself indoors, when I met Sir Evelyn.

"Is Miss Orme in the garden?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I don't think she's left her room." (I had been watching her window.) "Shall I call her for you?"

"Thanks, don't trouble," he responded. "She said I should find her in the garden about this time."

He sauntered away, and I went upstairs to knock at Miss Orme's door.

"Come in!" her voice cried, and I entered. Her breakfast, almost untouched, stood on a tray, and she was not yet quite dressed. "Oh!" she exclaimed, vexedly, "I thought it was Bridges who knocked."

It was plain that I was not wanted, but nevertheless I entered, sat down, and began watching her as she dressed, confusing her, purposely, with my steady gaze. Her hands shook as she arranged the great coils of hair at the nape of her white neck, and she dropped her hairpins.

"Sir Evelyn asked me to tell you he is very anxious to speak to you, in the garden," I said, making no move to depart. Instead, I tried to draw her into talking of her late adventure.

She would say little, and half hid herself in the wardrobe, pretending to search for a frock. I saw the blue silk she had worn the night before lying across a chair, and an inspiration came to me. She took it up once, but I hastened to say something about the cut on her wrist and the loss of her engagement ring, and she laid down the dress, as though forgetting what she had intended to do.

We finally left the room together, and I made as though to go above to my own sanctum, but the instant she was out of sight, I darted down the passage, into her room, and in a second had turned the keys of both the doors. I seized the blue evening gown, and was fumbling for the pocket, when someone knocked.

"Please, Miss Orme," said the voice of Bridges.

I made no sound. The door was tried, and later, the one leading into the next room. I began again. Another knock. "Could I come in and make the bed?" from Anna, the chambermaid.

My hands grew cold as ice. My heart beat wildly. But I found the pocket. And the keys were there! I tried them in the boxes. They fitted. The crisis had come! I opened the small black box. Nothing there but a little under-linen, scented with violets. The next! I lifted a trayful of hats, and drew aside a clean damask towel. *My theory was right!*

There they all lay—the emeralds, the watches, piles of jewellery, brooches, and rings, amid soft heaps of lace, and in a paper box, sovereigns, silver, and bank-notes! My brain fairly seethed. My triumph was in my own hands. Her ruin was accomplished. How should I bring it about in the most public and disgraceful way?

I thought rapidly as I closed the trunks, and put the keys into my own pocket. It was not probable that Miss Orme would return to her room before luncheon, as it was now nearly one o'clock. When all the household was assembled in the dining-room—that would be my time to speak.

I could scarcely wait for the gong to sound, and yet I restrained myself and would not go in until I felt sure that everybody must be seated. Then I paused, at my own place, holding tightly to the back of my chair. I could look down on that red-gold head, which was so admired by all, so beloved by Evelyn Balfour—how I should drag it in the dust!

The topic of conversation was, as usual, the robbery.

"How are the London detectives getting on?" I asked.

"Pretty well," answered Sir Evelyn. "They say they have a clue."

"Only a clue?" I echoed. "What if I told you *I* had got the *thief?*"

Everybody laughed.

"I'm not jesting," I said. "It is absolutely true, as you will find, if you care to leave your luncheon, and come with me."

Half afraid of a practical joke, wholly curious and excited, they all came, talking and laughing. We arrived at Miss Orme's bedroom door.

"The thief will be found here," I explained. Then, in a wild rush of passion, fed by my long-stifled craving for revenge, I darted to her box, flung it open, and losing my head a little, tore out the upper tray, and began flinging the stolen articles about the floor, as everyone crowded round me, or grouped at the door, bewildered and protesting.

"Hold her!" I screamed. "*She* is the thief! Don't let her escape! She planned it all—she wounded herself, she did everything to avert suspicion, but I tracked her.

"You fury—you she-devil!" he cried, and I lived to hear the words. "You creep into the room of an unsuspecting girl, and plot to ruin her. But you are a fool for your pains! Don't you see, you are throwing suspicion on yourself?"

For an instant only I faltered.

"Who was here on the day of the robbery?" I asked. "Look at her! Is that the face of innocence?"

She seemed in a moment to have grown years older.

"Dearest," he pleaded, moving to her side, "defend yourself. You have only friends around you here, those whom this woman has tried to make your enemies."

Prone along the floor she fell, then, her

"HOLD HER! SHE IS THE THIEF!"

face upon his feet. Had I loved her as he did, she would have seemed to me a fair, crushed lily, as she lay there grovelling, in her soft dress, and the yellow meshes of her loosened hair. But I only thought of her as a writhing serpent, and longed to see her ground under the heel of scorn.

"I *can't* defend myself," she moaned. "I'm guilty! Oh, God, I'm guilty!"

Sir Evelyn stood as though frozen into stone.

"I did it because I loved you, and to keep your love, and that no disgrace might fall upon you through me. It was the only way. I tried to think what to do, but I was going mad."

"I don't understand," said Sir Evelyn. I think he had forgotten, then, that they two were not alone.

Here is the proof, and I have others beside. I know the whole story. It was for the man she loves—Stanley Jarvis, not Sir Evelyn Balfour. Let him come forward and defend her if he will!"

But he did not come. He alone was absent, and afterwards, when search was made, he had carefully disappeared. No one, however, looked for him at that moment. It was my hour of triumph. I laughed hysterically. Had I been proclaimed Queen of the World my happiness could have been no more glorious.

It had all happened in less time than I take in the telling. I had flown at my work like a panther, but as I flung jewels and money upon the floor, Sir Evelyn Balfour sprang to my side, and caught my hands with a grip which nearly broke them.

"He made me do it," she sobbed. "Jarvis! It was what you would call blackmail. He said I must get money for him. He knew my life. I was his aunt's companion, in Richmond, after my father died. They had quarrelled, and she made a will leaving her money to me, instead of to him. She used to take chloral, and one night, soon after, she died of an overdose. He had me accused of her death, but nothing could be proved, and, indeed, I was innocent. The will was disputed, and he got the money, but now that he has spent it all, he found me out, and followed me, saying my story should be published, and people should know me as a woman who had been tried for murder, unless I paid him at least a thousand pounds. I could not bear to think that your wife should be the heroine of a scandal, and yet I could not give you up. There was something else, too. From my poor mother I inherited a morbid craving to take things which did not belong to me. I had it as a child, but I tried earnestly to overcome it, and that man's aunt helped me, and was kind to me. I thought I was cured. But he reminded me of the past, and a way of getting money, which he said would be easy for me. Perhaps it was easier than it would have been for another woman. I thought I might save myself by taking the things from people who were rich, and would not really care—you and your mother and Mrs. Gresham would not have grudged them to me in my despair. My own jewels had to go too, to prevent suspicion, even my beloved ring. But when it was done, and I had lied, and everyone had said kind words, not knowing, I felt that I could never marry you. I meant to go away with Mrs. Gresham, and then to hide myself, or die."

Her voice broke. Until then her words had rushed convulsively forth like a mountain torrent, but now they ceased, and she either fainted or seemed to. I shall never forget Sir Evelyn's face as he stooped and lifted her head upon his knee.

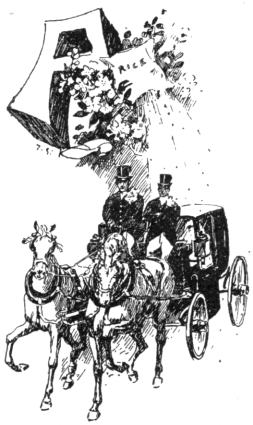
"Before you all," he said, in a strange, solemn voice, "I claim this dear, repentant sinner as my love, and my wife, when I can make her so. What there is to forgive I do forgive. Is there anyone here who wishes to complain against her, to the world—any of those whom she has injured, in her trouble?"

"Not one!" many voices answered. Mrs. Gresham came forward and laid her hand on her companion's hair. Others began to steal silently away. And so I had schemed in vain. This woman, to put whom in prison I would have sacrificed my right hand, was to go free, and be forgiven. Those two would go abroad and be happy, in spite of the newspapers. As for me, my services for the public weal were likely to receive no recognition better than an offer from a well-known detective agency (which did arrive, when the facts became known), and which, as I have no longer an object in life, I may accept.

"HE STOOPED AND LIFTED HER HEAD UPON HIS KNEE."

Brides.

By Edward Salmon.



A STUDY of the marriage customs of the world, as described in a multitude of works of travel, and of miscellaneous papers written, or lectures delivered, by travellers, carries one inevitably to the conclusion that the English bride has most reason for including in her trousseau the kindly smile, the cheerful spirit, and the brightening eye which Thackeray made Mr. Brown, in his letters to his nephew, hope that Mrs. Bob would bring with her on her wedding-day.

The Anglo-Saxon bride, even at the end of the nineteenth century, stands almost alone in regard to the degree of freedom with which she may treat Master Cupid when he enters into her life. Her heart is in the main a fortress at her own disposal. She may hand the keys of the gate over to whom she lists, and she yields them up almost invariably with the honours of war. That is to say, she alone almost, among brides, is permitted an independent voice in the matter of her life's partner. At its worst, in England, America, and the British Colonies, the interference of parents and friends is of a less serious character than that which disposes for good or ill of the French, Portuguese, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, or, indeed, any other maiden whose forebears were not British.

In no other country is it given to girls to experience the exquisite joys known to the English maiden when first the man for whom she has conceived a liking asks her to be his, and she alone of the brides of the world can regard her position on the nuptial day with entire self-respect and unqualified hopefulness. She stands on the threshold of a new world. The future is all sunshine, tinged, perhaps, with the smallest cloud of doubt, barely realized, but there all the same, which only enhances the glad anticipation of a *rôle* in which she will be her husband's equal in all desirable respects, in some his willing slave, in others his tender tyrant, in all his mate.

With the appearance of the bride of England everyone is familiar, and to describe her at length is entirely unnecessary. Whether she is the daughter of a duke, of a millionaire, of a tradesman, or of a domestic servant matters little. The marriage customs are pretty much the same. Bride and bridegroom meet for the first time on the wedding-day at the church; there are the bridesmaids, the parent or guardian to give away the bride, the best man, the simple ceremony, the departure from church amid showers of rice, the breakfast or reception, and the honeymoon trip, inaugurated with the aid of an old slipper.

A sight, however, which comparatively few people have witnessed, though it is to be seen often enough, is a costermonger's wedding. As with their social betters, the worthy folk make the day one of festivity and rejoicing. In this respect the affair differs little from an ordinary holiday, on which they bedeck themselves in all their best, and eat, drink, and generally make merry. The novelty of the thing is the conduct of affairs at the altar. Bridegroom and bride have spared no resource of alleydom to insure the most presentable appearance possible. His billycock hat is turned well down at the ends of the brim and well up at the sides; he wears a velveteen coat with numerous pearl

A COSTER BRIDE.

buttons, flannel shirt and gorgeous necktie, and trousers which fit closely about the thighs, and from the knee downwards are suggestive of a giant candle-extinguisher. She wears a large hat with a feather or combination of feathers which for size a Duchess of Gainsborough might envy, a long black jacket, a bright red dress, and a white kerchief round her neck. With the swinging gait characteristic of costermongerland, the pair make their way up the church, followed by their friends, most of whom take their places in the pews.

The one feature then wanting in a usually solemn ceremony is solemnity. The bride especially seems to regard the affair as a grand joke, and in the middle of it all thinks nothing of turning round and giving her friends behind the most knowing of winks. They in their turn do not wait for the conclusion of the ceremony to commence pelting the bridal pair with rice. Dismissed by the clergyman after a while, the bridegroom marches off, leaving his bride to follow. They both give and receive coarse but good-natured chaff, though the bridegroom seems for the moment somewhat over-absorbed in a consciousness of his own importance.

Whatever else may be asserted of the costermonger's bride, it cannot be said that she does not know her man. They have probably spent years in each other's company, and in this way are more fortunate than brides in many countries which pride themselves on their civilization. The French bride has often no knowledge of the bridegroom beyond, perhaps, what she has gleaned at a few most cursory interviews, and what her parents are condescending enough to tell her in ordinary conversation.

Marriages in France are arranged by parents and friends, who pick up all possible information about the antecedents and connections of the opposite side; and if gossip proves satisfactory, a meeting is decided upon—this sometimes taking place at a theatre. The young man is told how the lady will be dressed, and that she will be seated in a certain place. He will gaze upon her to his heart's content—or otherwise—and will signify subsequently his approval or disapproval. In the majority of cases, one would be pretty safe in saying that they are allowed to meet and exchange a few words before the final decision on either side is given.

If they approve of each other, the young man is invited to his bride's home; the contract is signed in a day or two, a ring is given, and, according to a writer in the *Figaro* a few years ago, the young man dines with his future parents-in-law every night until the wedding, which takes place probably just as soon as the trousseau is ready. The bridegroom is supposed to make his *fiancée* very handsome presents, and these, together with the gifts from friends, are exhibited on the day on which the civil marriage contract is signed. On this occasion, which is merely formal, and consequently quiet, the bride wears a dress of rose-colour—symbolic, perhaps, of a period when everything should be *couleur de rose*.

On the following day the religious ceremony is performed. This, says our authority, may be marked by "as much pomp as you please. The bride wears a white satin dress, with lace veil over her hair, and a wreath of orange blossoms, the face being uncovered." Little opportunity as the two thus bound together have had of learning something of each other's views and character, the restrictions on their intercourse have not been reduced to the absurdity which obtains in Portugal, Spain, and among the races sprung from them in South America.

It would, from all one can learn, be considered the height of impropriety to allow a young man and maiden in, say, Lisbon to meet and talk together. The method of courtship is consequently unique. A couple by some means or other conceive a mutual liking—though probably they have never spoken, and the extent of their knowledge is such as can be acquired by staring rudely at each other as they pass in the street. The attachment having become a reality, the girl takes up her position regularly at her window; whilst the swain takes his stand on the street pavement opposite. He executes all sorts of dumb but no doubt eloquent signs, his devotion sometimes assuming the more poetic form of the serenade. In Portugal this happens before he has made any proposal; after he has put the fatal question to the girl's parents and been accepted, he is allowed to come to the house quietly until the wedding-day.

In Mexico this absurd custom is carried to even more absurd lengths. After the betrothal, the Mexican bridegroom, according to one chronicler, spends his time largely in twiddling his fingers at his bride from the pavement and making romantic faces. Even if he lives in the same house he has to go into the street to carry on his love-making. Yet with all this precautionary nonsense, when the two meet at a ball no one

places any serious obstacle in the way of their dancing every, or nearly every, dance together.

The bridegroom in Mexico finds marriage a very costly business. He is expected to buy the trousseau, and he is fortunate if he can satisfy the extravagance sanctioned by custom and prompted by ardent passion. Young men from the country are said to be often seen in the city of Mexico purchasing all sorts of finery for the ladies of their choice, and the spectacle they present as they constantly consult the measurements, which they carry with them, for all sorts of garments, would be amusing to English eyes.

A PORTUGUESE WOOING.

It is generally assumed that the days of wife capture are past, but "either as a stern reality or as an important ceremony," as Sir John Lubbock tells us in the "Origin of Civilization," "it prevails in Australia, and amongst the Malays, in Hindustan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamtchatka; among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Tierra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and the Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the Negroes, in Circassia, and, until recently, throughout a great part of Europe."

In the Scottish Highlands and in parts of Ireland simulated capture is said to be still part of the marriage ceremony, whilst in Wales we have it on the authority of Professor Rhys that *quasi*-capture obtains. Once, when a boy, he assisted at one of these entertaining functions. He arrived at the bride's house early, and the door was locked and barred and preparations were made to resist attack. When the bridegroom appeared, admittance was refused, and a long parley, conducted in verse, ensued between the father and his would-be son-in-law. At last he was permitted to enter, but no bride was to be found. She had been disguised by her friends so effectually that she was unrecognisable. Leaving the house later for the church, the road at some distance forked, and the bride and her father carefully took the wrong road in an attempt to escape, but the friends of the bridegroom were on the alert, and speedily brought them back.

If one may judge by other chroniclers, however, the Welsh bride is seldom anxious even to pretend that she wants to get away. Directly she meets a man she cares for she begins to oil her hair — one sign that she loves — and on the wedding morn, among the lower order, the bride and bridegroom parade the streets in their Sunday best, accompanied by the groomsmen and the bridesmaids.

Pretty much the same description is given by George Sand of a wedding in provincial France as is given by Professor Rhys of what he has witnessed in Wales. The bride and her friends, we are told, shut themselves up in the house and barricade it, in view of the coming of the man who would carry her off to another roof-tree. When he arrives, admittance is summarily refused, and he uses every artifice known to diplomacy to induce them to let him in. He assures them that he and his friends are weary pilgrims, or that they seek refuge from the police, who are on their track. But the wary defenders see through the ruse, and there seems nothing for it but

to attempt to take the place by storm. Pistol shots are fired, the door is hammered vigorously — men shout, women scream, and confusion reigns supreme. But still the defenders hold on, until at last the attacking party announce that they have brought a husband and presents for the bride. On this they are admitted, when the fight begins anew for "possession of the hearth," in which the bridegroom is naturally and necessarily victorious. The bride is his, and the marriage ceremony is proceeded with.

In parts of Germany, again, the capture of the bride has to be effected before she is finally won, and Mr. Baring-Gould, in his account of "Germany Past and Present," has referred to the chasing of the bride in the Black Forest as a relic of the custom of primitive times. In the Fatherland the bride not only receives a ring but gives one, and values the band of plain gold all the more highly if her husband has been sufficiently thoughtful to have her name engraved within it. Among the better classes this is usually done as a matter of course. A pretty custom which obtains in some parts of northern and central Europe is the wearing of the virginal crown. In Norway especially the bridal crown is the thing for which most girls live, and the custom prevails so generally that in the rare cases where the bride is unable to purchase her own crown and outfit, they are provided by the Church for the purposes of the ceremony.

In barbarous or semi-barbarous lands capture is seen in more or less serious form, and where the bridegroom does not actually use brute force, the bride is yet afforded an opportunity of escaping a hated union by outdistancing him in a race, in which she is given a start that insures her winning if she cares to.

A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

An amusing variant on the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta is to be found in the neighbourhood of Singapore. Marriage there is a very easy affair, depending almost entirely on the arrangement made with the parents of the girl. If the tribe lives on the bank of a lake or stream, she is placed in a canoe, and started off some time before the would-be husband is allowed to enter another. These contests must often be very exciting. If the girl is anxious not to be caught she need not be. If, on the other hand, she wishes to be married, she may yet give her lover a smart run, and only slow down sufficiently to let him overtake her in the end. When no stream is near, Mr. J. Cameron, in his account of Malayan India, says that the race is run on land, under the same conditions, but in this there is nothing exceptional.

A race for a wife is among the commonest

A SINGAPORE BRIDE.

forms of a survival of the system of marriage by capture. It is to be seen in Lapland, where the maiden is not asked to say "Yes" or "No" to the suitor, but with her friends goes to an open space and plays the part of Atalanta. If she loves or is anxious to marry, the young man will not lose an undue quantity of breath ere he catches her.

Among the Kirghis in Central Asia it is the custom, according to Eugene Schuyler, to place the bride, armed with a formidable whip, on a fleet horse. She is then pursued by the young men who aspire to her hand, but if she does not like the one who gets nearest to or closes with her, she uses the whip on him as mercilessly as she has used it to urge her animal forward, and it is pretty safe to predict that the man who captures her is the man for whom she cares most. In several other parts of Asia it is customary for the bridegroom to secure his bride by force and run off with her. Her friends make a mock attempt to regain possession of her, but the raid of the bridegroom is rendered successful by the loyalty of the friends who stand stoutly by him.

A KIRGHIS BRIDE.

For wanton cruelty in the capture of a bride we must go to Greenland. There we find something more than simulated violence in the method of capture and the means by which the girl is retained. Dr. Nansen, in his account of his journey "Across Greenland," says that on the west coast marriage nowadays roughly follows the lines of marriage in Europe, but on the east coast old customs prevail. A man having made up his mind to take to himself a wife, goes to the tent of a family one of whose girl members meets his views, catches her by the hair or in some other equally rude way, and drags her forth to his home. He there presents her with a bucket or some useful domestic utensil, and the ceremony is complete.

According to Baron Nordenskiöld, etiquette requires that the bride should receive hard blows. She does not submit readily, but bewails her fate, appears with torn garments and dishevelled hair, and makes a show of getting away from her husband. Sometimes her grief is sincere, and a sensitive European would certainly not know whether it was so or not. He might be tempted to interfere, in which case he would probably find himself opposed by the bride as well as bridegroom. In order that the apparently miserable woman might really be compelled to remain in her new home, the barbarous custom used to exist of branding her feet so that they were too painful for her to walk. By the time they were well she could with propriety declare herself resigned to her position.

In Greenland it is easy to tell who is married and who is not. The Esquimaux women gather up their hair into a huge tuft on the top, tying it with a ribbon, the colour of which denotes their position. A maid wears red, a married woman blue, a widow black; a widow anxious to remarry,

AN ESQUIMAUX BRIDE.

black and red; a widow too old to remarry, white.

For the bride and her friends to regard marriage as an occasion for sorrow rather than rejoicing is not uncommon. A few years ago a paper by Mr. E. Colborne Baber, describing, among others, the marriage ceremonies of the independent Lolos, who inhabit an almost unexplored corner of Western China, was read before the Royal Geographical Society. Marriages for their children are contracted by heads of families in the market-places, just as cattle are bargained for. The wedding ceremony of the Lolos is elaborate and suggestive. The bridegroom, if he is a Blackbone — that is, an aristocrat—and is marrying a girl of his own social station, invites the bride with her relations to a banquet spread on the hill-side. After the feast the bride goes home with her friends, and it is only after the third wedding breakfast that the happy pair are united. Presents are interchanged, the family of the bride receiving the larger number. Mr. Baber quotes the following account of the ceremony as coming from a source which may be relied on :—

"The betrothal is ratified by a present from the husband's family of three vessels of wine and a pig. On the wedding morning the parents of the bride assemble their friends, and the ceremony is opened by the bridesmaids with the melancholy song: 'In spite of all the affection and care your fond parents have lavished upon you since the day you were born, you must now desert them. Never again will you sit beside them at work or at meals. You will not be nigh to support them when they grow old, nor to tend them when they feel sick. You must leave them, and go away to the house of a stranger.' Whereunto the bride responds, also in song, broken with bitter weeping: 'Leave them I must, but not by my desire or fault. They must bear with my absence. My brothers and sisters will support them. I go to my husband, and my duty will be to help his parents, not, alas! my own. But if any trouble befall my dear father and mother, I shall pine to death: I am sure I shall. Seldom can I visit them; but when they are sick let them send for me, and I will come, I will come.'"

Mr. Baber then describes the general sorrow, which may be simulated or real. Whilst the bride is being arrayed in her richest garments and choicest ornaments, a wailing prayer is started by her friends to the effect that the bridegroom may not prove unkind to the dear girl. Tears flow freely, and in the midst of the lamentations the male friends and relatives of the husband rush in and seize the bride. A scene of great confusion ensues as she is carried off. She is then mounted on a horse, and taken to her new home. Sometimes the friends of the bride repel the attack, employing for that purpose heavy sticks and other weapons, which inflict on the bridegroom's party blows that they will not forget for many a day. Another custom said to obtain among some of the tribes in this part of the world seems, as Mr. Baber says, too grotesque to be credible. The bride is placed by her parents on the upper branch of a large tree whilst the elder ladies of the family cluster on the lower branches. The bridegroom literally storms the tree. As he attempts to climb up the trunk, he is vigorously opposed by the defenders; and it is easy to imagine the fight he has ere he can touch the foot of the girl, and so establish his right to claim her as his bride.

We have seen how, in some cases, brides have to be captured by simulated assault, and in others by racing. In the Malay Archipelago there is another very curious custom. In Sumatra, the large island which lies to the north-west of Java and the south-west of Singapore, the bridegroom is expected to give evidence of his intention to be generous to his wife. This is supplied by means of a giant balance placed in front of the bride's house. One scale belongs to the bridegroom, and the other to the bride's parents. On the wedding-day the latter put their presents into their scale. The bridegroom brings his later. His *fiancée* is said to watch the scales from a place of concealment, and only goes to him when his gifts outweigh her parents'. His good-nature is universally applauded, and the union of the happy pair is celebrated with feasting and dancing.

A BRIDE OF JAVA.

In Java the marriage ceremony is short, but the feasting long. The explanation of this is that a marriage with the Javanese is only the equivalent of an engagement with us. After the ceremony bride and bridegroom do not live together for three months, during which they have the amplest opportunities of learning whether they care for each other. If either side can advance any good reason why they should not continue their union, a divorce is granted, the bride returning all the presents she has received from the bridegroom.

In the East, marriages are arranged very largely by go-betweens, who are either professional or friendly counterparts of the matrimonial agent not unknown to Englishmen. There is, however, a material difference. The agent in England brings two people together, and leaves them to make the momentous decision. In the East the go-betweens settle matters more or less absolutely, though sometimes the parties most concerned exercise an independent judgment at the last moment. Thus, in Tunis the old ladies who perform the office of go-betweens do not always hit the views of the bridegroom. He is usually a gentleman at once more youthful and more exacting than the Western bridegroom, and he has notions of beauty which would strike the latter as peculiar, if not repugnant.

In Tunis no woman who is not fat is considered good-looking, and it is recorded that a lady who weighed twenty-five stone was regarded as having attained perfection. In order to reach the necessary standard of adiposity the maid will put bangles round her arm, and feed herself up until they are tight to the flesh. Her husband does not see her till after the marriage ceremony, which is purely official; and if the go-between were desirous of giving the poor

A BRIDE OF TUNIS.

young man a great shock, or sending him into a serious rage, she could probably not take a better course than to arrange that the face he should look upon when his bride uncovers contains only the amount of flesh seen on that of a European girl. The Tunisian maiden, in a word, fattens herself up for the matrimonial market precisely in the same way as a farmer fattens his pigs and his poultry with a view to fair day.

As in Tunis, so in Morocco—the selection of the bride is left to the mother or some female relative. Few sights in Morocco are more queer than a wedding such as that of which Mr. Stephen Bonsal gave a full

A SOUDANESE BRIDE.

description in his book on Morocco eighteen months ago. He formed one of the crowd which watched the ceremony as performed in Tetuan. An old Soudan woman led a white mule carrying a large box, like a pigeon-house, to the home of the bride. The box was taken into the house, the bride got into it, and the old woman staggered under its weight back to the mule. It was then bedecked by young girls with Spanish brocades and Fez silk, whilst the bride's sister attached bangles, anklets, and pearls to the corners. A procession was formed, the lights in the bride's house were extinguished as a token of sorrow at her departure, and the procession moved away to the refrain of a wedding march, whilst from the house-tops women yelled "Yo, yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye." On reaching the bridegroom's house, the box was carried inside, and the bride arranged on a divan, so that she might present the most attractive appearance possible on the entrance of the husband who would see her face for the first time.

In China, again, the bride is supposed to be unknown to the bridegroom, and all arrangements between the parents of the contracting parties are in the hands of their representatives. The Chinese girl is betrothed very often in her babyhood, as is the Indian girl; but whenever the betrothal takes place, she is henceforth regarded as married. Chinese and Indian women cannot remarry, so that, if the husband dies before he has taken the girl to his home, she is doomed to a lifelong widowhood without ever having been a wife. In China, bride and bridegroom meet for the first time in the court of the bride's father's house, when they both make a profound obeisance, and kneel down and worship the heavens and the earth—a proceeding regarded as symbolic of the unity of the marriage tie. There is great rejoicing, and the two spend a considerable portion of the rest of the day in visiting each other's friends.

The preliminaries observed in Japan resemble those which obtain in France. A go-between selects, in a general way, the bride or bridegroom, as the case may be, and arranges for an interview at his own house, or some friend's, or at a picnic, or a theatre. This mutual inspection, as it is called, is the only opportunity the two have of knowing whether there is any chance of their liking each other. If either does not approve of the other's bearing or appearance, the negotiations are supposed to cease forthwith. As a matter of fact, the girl has

little or no voice in the affair. She has to take whoever may be found for her. The marriage ceremony is simplicity itself. There are no bridesmaids, the only persons present being the go-betweens and a young girl. The latter hands the bride and bridegroom a two-spouted cup containing native wine. One drinks from this and hands it to the other, the sharing of the wine out of the same vessel being held to symbolize the readiness of the couple to share life's joys and sorrows.

After the ceremony, which usually takes place at the bridegroom's house, there is feasting and general merriment. The bride is supposed, according to Miss Bacon, who recently published a very full account of Japanese girls and women, to be equipped by her parents with writing-desk, work-box, trays, tables, chop-sticks, bed-furnishings, and sufficient clothes for all times and seasons to last the best part of her lifetime. The old people show their regard for her in the quality and quantity of the things which go to make up the trousseau they provide. If she is divorced she takes away with her all she brought, and, unfortunately, the beautiful symbol at the marriage ceremony is so meaningless that divorce is terribly frequent in Japan.

A JAPANESE BRIDE.

Sometimes, no doubt, happy marriages are contracted, but it would probably be found in these cases that the go-between had been a good-natured soul who had utilized the opportunities of the position to bring two devoted hearts together. There is little to make life bright for the Japanese wife. She is the servant of her husband and of her mother-in-law. In this respect she resembles the majority of wives in the East. Thus the Armenian bride goes through a ceremony which is as hypocritical as the Japanese. She and the bridegroom bend forward till their foreheads touch, and the priest pronounces them to be one body. Strings are tied round their heads, and they partake of the loving cup. But there is no equality between the two, and Mrs. Bishop has told us in her last book of travel how the Armenian bride becomes a member of her father-in-law's house, and is so much a slave that, until she becomes a mother, she is compelled to remain silent. She may look forward to the time when she will enjoy the privileges of a mother-in-law herself, as do most women in the East, but remembrance of what they went through does not seem to affect their conduct towards their sons' wives.

Between the Jews and the Japanese there are at least two points in common. Weddings are as often as not the outcome of the genius of a professional match-maker, and at the ceremony both bride and bridegroom drink from the same vessel. Here, however, the likeness ends. The Jewish wedding, whatever the status of the parties, is always a more or less imposing affair. In the synagogue is erected, on four poles, a canopy, the drapings and decorations of which are sometimes magnificent, sometimes simple. The bride is escorted by women, and the bridegroom by men. They

A JEWISH WEDDING.

are led to the canopy by their respective mothers, or their nearest relations. A glass of wine is given them by the Rabbi, which they sip. The Rabbi pronounces his benedictions, they both drink again of the wine, symbolizing their desire to share whatever life has in store for either, the bridegroom places the ring on the bride's finger, saying: "Behold, thou art wedded unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel"; the glass from which they have a minute before drunk is placed on the floor, the bridegroom puts his foot on it and crushes it, those present cry "Good luck," and the happy pair conclude this portion of the day's programme with a kiss.

The practice of aiming things at the bride and bridegroom by way of insuring them luck in after-life is not confined to ourselves. Rice-throwing plays a principal part in the marriage ceremony of the Parsees. A white sheet is hung along the middle of the apartment in which the wedding takes place, and bride and bridegroom are for a time separated by it. Presently it is removed, and each attempts to be first in throwing a handful of rice at the other. They then sit side by side, and the priest enters upon a long oration concerning their mutual duties. He holds rice in his hand, and frequently emphasizes his rhetoric by sprinkling it over them. Rice-throwing on the part of the newly-wedded is a sign of affection: on the part of the priest it signifies a hope that life may be prosperous for them.

With us rice is supplemented by the oldest of old slippers, and the nearer the latter goes to the bridegroom's head the greater the guarantee of good fortune; the Romans use, or used, nuts; at Anacapri, in Italy, it is recorded of a wedding which took place in the clouds — that is, high up on the mountain—that as the bride left the church, her friends pelted her with comfits; whilst Mrs. Bishop tells us that in Syria, as the bride is taken by her friends away from her own village to her husband's, he gets on to the roof of a house near which she must pass, and carries with him a store of apples, "which, after signing himself with the cross, he throws among the crowd." If he succeeds in hitting the bride, it is deemed a sign of good luck.

It was an apple with which Eve, somewhere in this part of the world, tempted Adam. The Syrian young man to-day reverses the early order of things, and aims the fruit at his bride's head instead. May his success ever be as potent for good as Eve's was for ill!

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GRENET DANCOURT BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

CHARACTER : STELLA (Aged Eighteen).

SCENE : *A small drawing-room prettily furnished. A door at the back of the stage. To the right a mantelpiece with a clock upon it. To the left a writing-table with notepaper, pens, and an ink-bottle. At the rise of the curtain,* STELLA, *in a smartly made evening frock, is seen walking up and down. She stops suddenly and looks at the clock.*

STELLA : Seven o'clock ! No ! nine minutes past seven ! (*Sits down. Emphasizes the words*) I'll wait another moment more ! (*Gets up quickly.*) It's he ! (*After listening at the door*) No ! it's not he ! It's the wind ! (*Looks at the clock.*) And now it's quite ten minutes past seven ! I declare it's eleven minutes past ! (*Sighs.*) How slowly the time passes ! (*Listens.*) Hush ! (*With irritation*) It's the wind again ! I shall have a portière put over the front door to keep out the wind. (*After a time.*) A quarter past seven ! He's just a quarter of an hour too late—a century it seems when one is waiting ! (*Turns towards the door and speaks in a supplicating voice*) Do—do make haste and come, Reggie ! (*Turns to the audience.*) His name is Reggie. (*After a moment.*) Whose ? Why, my husband's name. My Reggie ! Whom else could I be waiting and longing for like this ? (*Looks at the clock.*) Seventeen minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) You don't know him ? Very well, then ! Do you know a man named Apollo ? Of course you do. Very well, then ; Reggie is just

* Acted with great success by Mademoiselle Réjane.

exactly like him! I'll show you his portrait. He has a charm, besides, which is all his own. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-two minutes past seven! (*To the audience*) It was I who discovered Reggie; all by myself. We were staying last March at Biarritz. I went on to the sands one afternoon to try and find some shells for the little school-children at home. I was kneeling on the beach—I had dug my hand right down into the sand—(*shows her right hand*)—this one, you see. All of a moment I felt something taking hold of my fingers. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-five minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) Thinking it was a crab, I screamed and jumped up. A man, quite a young one, was standing there. He was blushing horribly—so was I. The sky was looking so blue, and the sea so green. Ah! There are certain moments in one's life one cannot forget! (*Her voice changes.*) A voice broke the silence—his voice. "I beg ten thousand pardons—I mistook your fingers for, I cannot say what! Pink coral, perhaps." He was crimson with blushes. "And I took yours," replied I, stammering a good deal, "for a *crab!* And my name is Stella." "Mine is Reginald," he replied, stammering in his turn. "An only daughter," I added, not knowing what to say. "An only son," he murmured. "Ah! Thanks!" So we bowed, and each went our way. We were both as pale as pale could be. (*Looking at the clock.*) Half-past seven! You guess the rest? A month later we met at a London ball—quite by chance. It was my first ball, and grandmamma was very cross about my going at all, because I wasn't really quite eighteen. Well, he was introduced to me by Mrs. Alistair. And the end of it all was, that only a month ago we were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Such a lovely wedding! Such smart frocks! As I came down the aisle, everybody said "How sweet!" I was glad of that, for Reggie's sake, you know! My cheeks were whiter than my dress (the longest train you ever saw, and embroidered all over with pearls). I felt very odd, but very happy. Reggie's tooth was aching. I must say it over again: there are moments in one's life one can't forget! (*Looks at the clock. In a meditative tone.*) Only married a month! And—(*adds quickly*)—but we shall always love one another. He's so good and kind, there's no doubt about it! Always so gentle. (*Confidentially*) When we're alone I call him "Dearest!" and he calls me "Darling!" (*With sudden agitation*) How strange, he hasn't returned. This is the first time since our marriage he has been late in coming home. Usually at seven o'clock punctually—not a minute later. I hear him put his key in the lock, and then I am in his arms, or he in mine. It doesn't matter which—it just depends. How is it that to-day——? (*walking up and down*) Oh! dear! how dreadfully worried I am! (*To the audience*) What? Detained? How? By whom? Not by his chief—(Reggie is private secretary to a Cabinet Minister, who values him very much)—because I have just remembered that he is going down to the country to-day. By someone else, then? Who could it be? (*After a moment*) Ah! you see, I can find no excuse for him; that's the worst of it! (*To herself*) If I had not told him we were to dine with mamma at the Savoy to-night, I might have thought—but he knows it as well as I do! He knows I had this new frock made on purpose! So—(*her voice falters*)—it does suit me well, doesn't it? A little large in the waist, perhaps——(He ought to know how impatient I should be.) I will have it taken in at least two inches —— He ought—(*looks at the clock*) Oh, dear!

"IT DOES SUIT ME WELL!"

The time! I feel inclined to put back the hand; but that's no use! (*She thinks she hears a sound, and runs to the window.*) Here he is! No! It's a cart. A cart! Perhaps he has been run over. (*Covers her face.*) Faint, crushed, mangled! with a leg broken, an arm broken. (*Runs to window again and looks out.*) Stop, stop! (*This to a passing coachman.*) Dear me! I must be mad! Nothing has happened, after all. (*To the audience*) He has met a friend, perhaps, who has asked him to walk in the park! But, no, he hates the park. Perhaps—No! Not that or——(*Dismisses the thought.*) No! Not likely, at all! In fact, it's not this, not that, not a cart, not a broken arm, nor anything I can think of, unless it be the terrible truth, which I had better realize at once—that he is beginning to love me less. (*She brushes away a tear.*) Yes! now I know he has had enough of me, of our little home, of our happiness, of my love for him! A month—that's long for a man—and then! Oh! How wretched I am. (*Knocks her foot impatiently on the floor.*) Idiot! (*Listens.*) That's he!——No! not yet! (*Turns to the door.*) When you come in I shall just show what a bad time I can give you. You shall see what I can say, and *do*, when it comes to the point. (*To the audience*) The first real fight between us—oh! there are moments in one's life very, very terrible to bear! But only let me be calm, sensible, dignified! What attitude, now, should I really take? How speak? How look? It's very difficult to know. But, then, it's my first attempt. If my mother were here, she would tell me exactly how to manage it all! Why! she thinks nothing of three scenes a day with father! (*Smiles.*) Poor man! (*Her voice changes.*) Let me see. (*After a moment.*) No!——Yes, yes! That's it! When he comes in I'll look very grave—majestic; my face shall be as rigid as marble. He, longing to make friends, will say: "Excuse me, darling, for being so late, but——" Then I shall interrupt him, and say—(very coldly): "You are at liberty to come home at whatever hour you choose!" He will say: "I must tell you what kept me," and I shall answer: "I do not even care to know." Then he will ask: "Is Darling vexed with her Dearest?" and I shall answer (again very coldly): "I am not your Darling, and you are not my Dearest." He will try to give me a kiss, but with an imperious gesture I shall wave him aside. After that he *might* laugh, and I am afraid I might too! Somehow I can't help laughing whenever he does. (*Laughs irresistibly to herself.*) Though it's awfully silly..... (*After a pause*) Perhaps a sad and resigned air would have a greater effect. A lamb led to the slaughter—like this!

A SAD AND RESIGNED AIR.

"Yes, dear, you are free, quite free. I don't reproach you." And so on—and so on. Seeing me take the whole thing so sadly and so gently, I daresay he will try to comfort me, but I won't let him. But, now, supposing I were to see, on the other hand, what personal violence might do. If I were to accost him—(*Draws herself up, and raises her arm*)—"You wretch! I shall show you I am not the simple-hearted child you think me." (*Lets her arm fall.*) But, no! He wouldn't let me do it! And perhaps he might return the blow. One can never be sure of a man! Let me think of something else! (*To the audience*) What do you say to my having hysterics? (*Points to a spot on the floor.*) There! on the floor, with my fair hair falling over my shoulders; my eyes rolling, my teeth gnashing; sighing, sobbing, screaming, foaming at the mouth. Mamma, I know,

was very fond of trying hysterics a few years ago, although she has given them up since, for they tired her so much, and papa said he had got used to them. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty minutes to eight (*Resolutely*) I shall decide upon hysterics! (*Puts up her hand as if to take down her hair.*) But, no! I should have to do up my hair all over again, and in rolling on the floor I might spoil my frock. Besides, sobbing and crying, I might get my eyes red for dinner at the Savoy. A simple faint ought to be enough—at any rate for the first time. (*Throws herself into an arm-chair.*) There! That's better! Here I shall remain cold, pale, languid, dying, dead! He will come in, rush up to me, ask me a thousand questions, and he'll find me lifeless! Then he'll be beside himself, call aloud for the servants, go down on his knees before me, dash cold water on my marble white forehead. (*Gets up quickly.*) But, then, my poor, unfortunate frock! What a pity that dinner stands in the way! (*After a moment.*) Suppose I pretended to be mad! They say nothing is so much like madness as perfect sanity. Only Reggie might take advantage of me by sending for a doctor — a specialist. A man who doesn't love his wife is capable of all that's bad. It isn't only that he doesn't love me—I wouldn't mind that—but I believe he positively dislikes me—detests me! I'm certain of it. I have the proof. (*In a tragic voice*) I must resign myself to my fate. Nothing remains to me but to bear the misery he brings upon me. *No!* I won't bear it. I'll go home. (*Thinks for a moment.*) I know now what I will do. I will send for mamma, and let her make a terrible scene. Then, when he is quite annihilated, she shall take me away with her—far, far away from this sad home, where I have borne so much and suffered so terribly. (*Change of tone.*) I will write. (*Sits at writing-table.*) "My own dearest mother." (*Looks at the clock.*) Ten minutes to eight. "It will soon be four days"— I'll put a week — (*writes*)—"It is just a week since Reggie left home, and he has not yet returned." (*Leaves off writing and listens.*) Hush! Listen! (*With a cry of pleasure*) It's he! It really is *he!* (*Puts her hand to her heart.*) Oh! There are moments in one's life which make up for all! But what shall I do? (*Tears up the letter.*) First I must tear up this letter. (*Hesitates.*) Shall I faint? Perhaps not. No! I'll just run and give him a kiss, and faint another time! (*Runs quickly out at the door.*)

CURTAIN.

Penmanship.

BY GEORGE CLULOW.

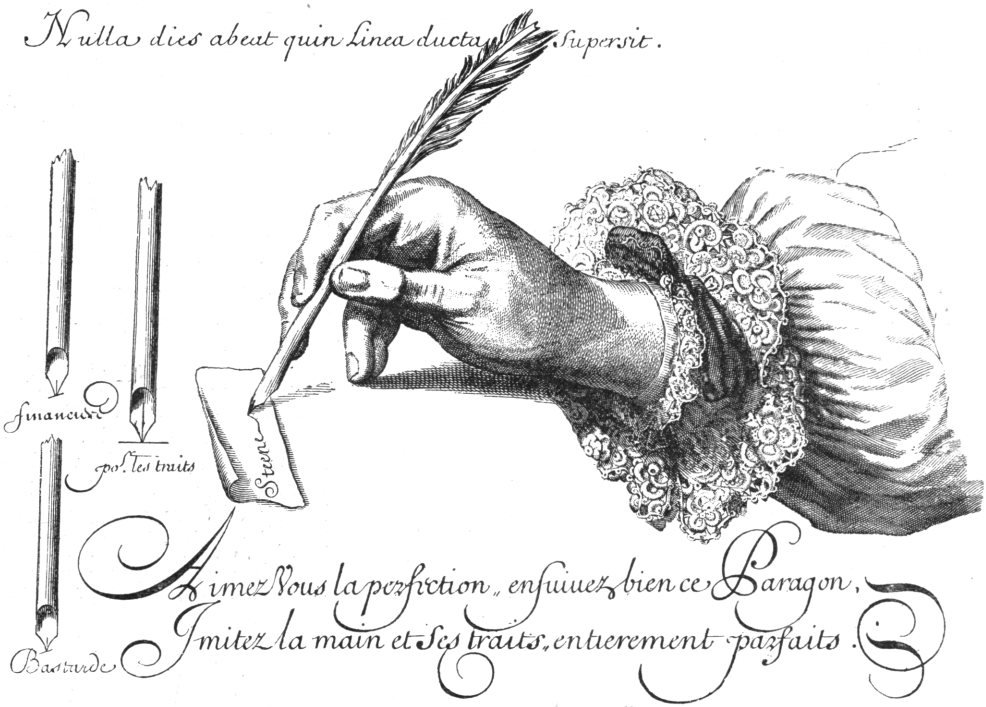


FIG. 1.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

WHEN Sir Andrew Ague-cheek was counselled by his friend Sir Toby to write his challenge in a "martial" hand, and to taunt his opponent with the "license of ink," did he write in "Longobarda," "Bastarda," or "Cancelleresca"? — for so were some of the various forms of the Italian "hand" distinguished. An idle speculation this, perhaps, but it leads us to the subject of penmanship, and to recall the time when writing ranked as a gentle craft, and to illustrate by the evidences which remain to us the fact that it is worthy of being called a "fine" art.

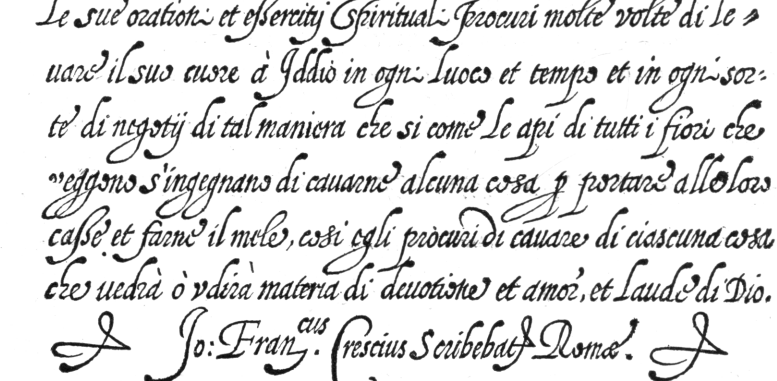


FIG. 2.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

Writing, which of all perpetuative methods of conveying information from age to age may be said to best give immortality, has failed, curiously enough, to bring to us the name or period of its inventor, and we have no reply to the couplet which inquires :—

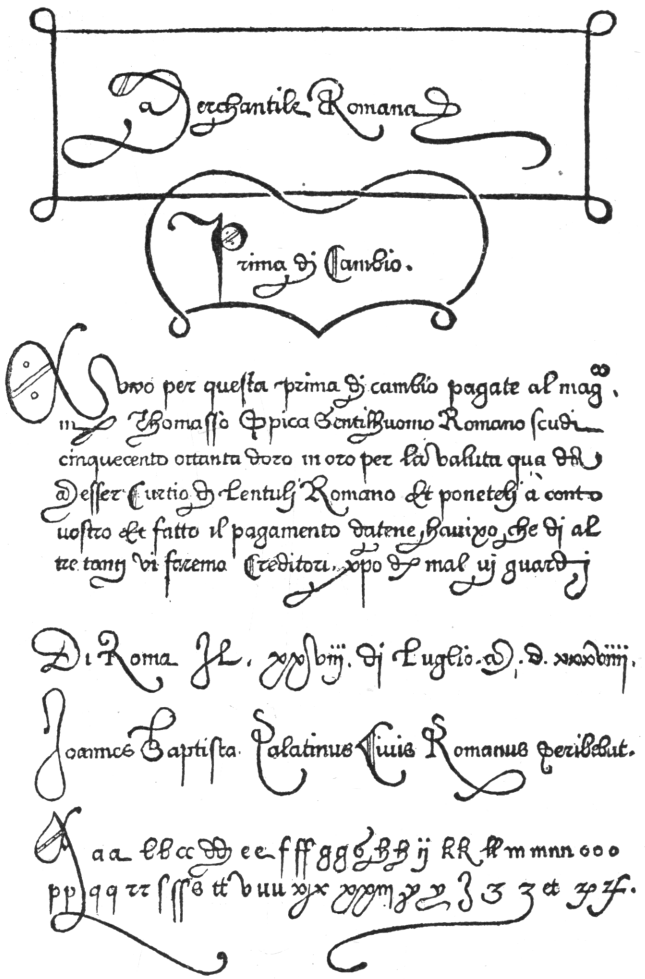


FIG. 3.—FROM PALATINUS, 1539.

Whence did this wondrous mystic art arise
Of painting speech and speaking to the eyes?

Nahum Tate, Queen Anne's poet laureate, disposes of the puzzle enigmatically in his definition of the art as "the Pallas and Pandora of mankind."

Penmanship—universal as it is in every condition of life and in every land, indispensable in every social relation, and in the business of the world—has fallen away from the high position which it once held among the refinements of educated people, and no longer has place as a fine art. Notwithstanding the spread of education, and the careful administrative efforts to ensure it, it is remarkable that the writers who aim at anything beyond legibility are, if we may measure opportunity by accomplishment, a decreasing quantity, and we have the curious paradox that the higher the education—taken in its general sense—the more certainly do we find writing degenerating from the beauty of form and grace of line of which it is so capable, and which is found in the handwriting of our forefathers.

It is singular to note that, during the first hundred years after the discovery of the art of printing, as it advanced so the art of writing languished—the reproduction of MSS. books by means of the copyist being checked and finally abandoned; his occupation was gone, and fair writing became rare.

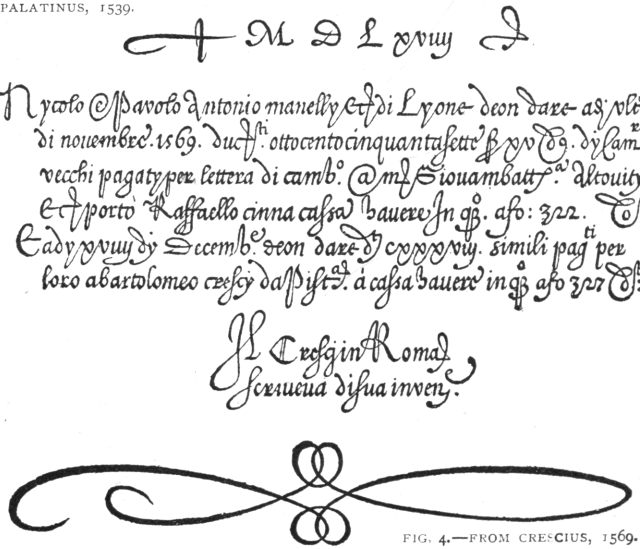


FIG. 4.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

The subordinate place which writing has taken for the last half-century in the scheme of education, especially in the public schools of England, has led us to lose sight of how important a personage the writing-master was in the preceding three centuries — when he was a man of broad learning, and with a calling of deserved dignity and honour. In these later times, the wider range of teaching, under modern systems, has caused, it may well be unwisely, the partial neglect of one at least of the first items in the education of our forefathers, items which in popular speech have been grouped as "the three R's"—accuracy of

Letter-writing in the modern sense appears to have been of very rare usage in England before the sixteenth century, for nearly all the letters which are preserved in the archives of our country prior to that period are written, not by the hand of the person whose signature they bear, but by that of the private secretary or public scribe; and before the spread of a methodized education, this profession of public scribe lived, and has in the Sister Island still some survivors. In France and Italy, and actively so in Spain, it is yet a recognised and necessary means of communication among the unlettered.

Now let us look at the evidences which

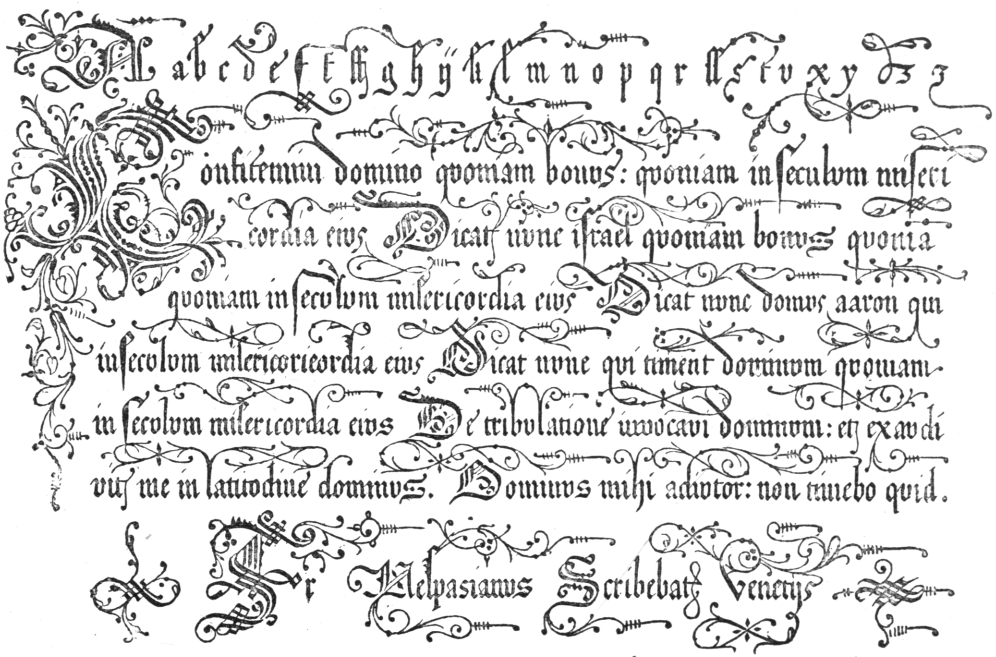


FIG. 5.—FROM VESPASIANUS, 1556.

spelling being sacrificed to euphony. Good writing was important enough to occupy the mind of the philosopher, John Locke, for we find him in the midst of his efforts towards the establishment of civil and religious liberty designing, in 1688, a set of writing copies for the use of the children of his friend, Benjamin Furley.

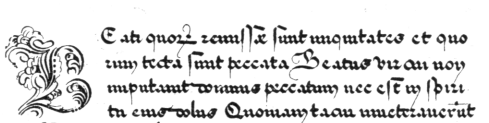


FIG. 6.—FROM CURIONE, 1602.

the copy-books of the last three centuries supply, of what the art of writing may be made, and see how in the rush and haste and utilitarianism of to-day we have lost the charm of form and ingenuity of design which belonged to the writing characters of three centuries ago. The school copy-books of to-day have ceased to display the beautifully varied styles of writing which were then the delight of the writing-master and the recreation of the pupil. When we look over a collection of old copy-books, the thought must come that many of these older examples, and particularly those of the sixteenth century, might again be brought into the caligraphic education and recreative teaching of our

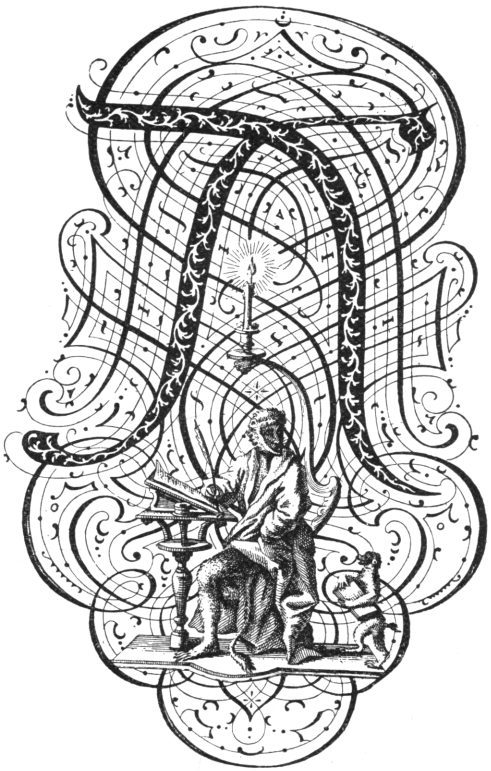


FIG. 7.—INITIAL A—ALBRECHT, 1732.

schools. In drawing, freedom and accuracy of form are the first elements in the training of the hand, and in teaching the art of writing there might be almost insensibly secured in this way these first steps to successful graphic imitation. Turn to Fig. 3 of the examples here given, a reproduction of one of the copies of Johannes Palatinus, written, as the copy tells us, on the 28th July, 1539, where he describes himself as "Civis Romanus," a title of which he was doubtless proud; and that he was so of his personal appearance we may, perhaps, assume, for to his book he prefixes his portrait. Note the precision of form in alliance with graceful fancy in what was the ordinary mercantile character of the time, legibility and grace, hand in hand. Again, see (Fig. 5) the richly-ornamented copy from the copy-book of Vespasianus, a Neapolitan monk, whose beautiful set of writing copies was printed in 1556. In these early examples we see how carefully and thoughtfully decoration has been applied to the art of letters. Italy led the way in the production of models for writing, and, for nearly a century, gave the style to the writing-masters of other countries. The earliest English master, Peter Bales, to whom has been given the title of "Restorer of Fine Writing in England," from whom we have in 1590 the "Writing Schoolmaster," was evidently familiar with the work of his Italian *confrères*, and copied where he could not improve. After the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, living at the same time in Rome, Venice, Naples, Siena, Florence, and other Italian cities, and some examples of whose work are shown in Figs. 2, 4, and 6, writing copies were produced somewhat abundantly in England, France, Spain, Germany, and the Low Countries, but Italy was still pre-eminent in this as in other arts. The use of fanciful design as decorative adjuncts to the actual copy—birds, animals, insects, and the human figure, produced for the most part by the pen in continuous free-hand lines—culminated in the copies of Morante, a Spanish teacher of writing, and the specimen of his work, Fig. 9,

FIG. 8.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

FIG. 9.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

shows power of design and clever application in a high degree; the example by him, Fig. 12, is equally good in its way.

The impulse given to the liberal arts under the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. included penmanship, and France boasts of a group of excellent masters, one of whom, Barbedor, was in the *entourage* of the King, and had the rank of "Secretaire de la Chambre du Roy." There are many fine examples of this period which have a distinctive special character in the use of vigorous, broad, and luxurious flourishes, revelling in freedom of hand and pen, as is seen in the example by Moreau, Fig. 11.

In the earliest of these charming copy-books we find the copies used as a means of inculcating moral lessons and worldly-wise counsel, in addition to hints on the methods of the art which they served; and in the seventeenth and next century we find the writing-master appearing as a poet, moralist, and religious teacher. That "ingenious" penman, Mr. Edward Cocker, who was arithmetician as well as writing-master, and to whom we owe the "according to Cocker" of schoolboy slang, was not less amusing in the poetical efforts shown in his copies than he was admirable in the style of the writing set for imitation; but we cannot but respect

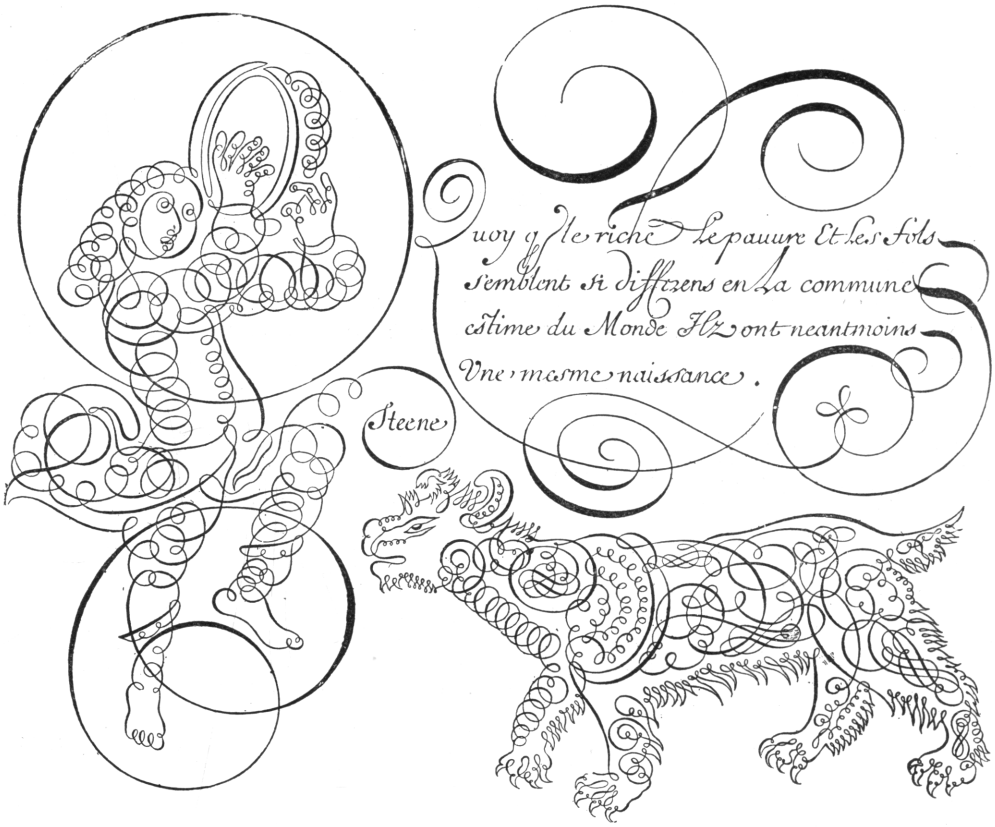


FIG. 10.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

the healthy spirit and firm faith in the teaching which he imparts. His work is dainty and decorative, and, as a whole, is the best of his period.

Germany had its special school of writing-masters, who appear to have worked independently of the models of the Italian masters, though we can trace their large indebtedness to them. While there is ample facility of design shown in their copy-books, they lack the grace and charm of their westward and southern neighbours. Nuremberg produced the best of them, but from other parts of Germany we have good examples. At Lubeck, in 1647, Arnold Möller issued his "Scriebstubelein"; and in variety and painstaking treatment they afford a fair example of the German copies of the first half of the seventeenth century. From the Nuremberg master, Albrecht, we have a clever series of initials, of which the letter A (Fig. 7) is here shown, and they

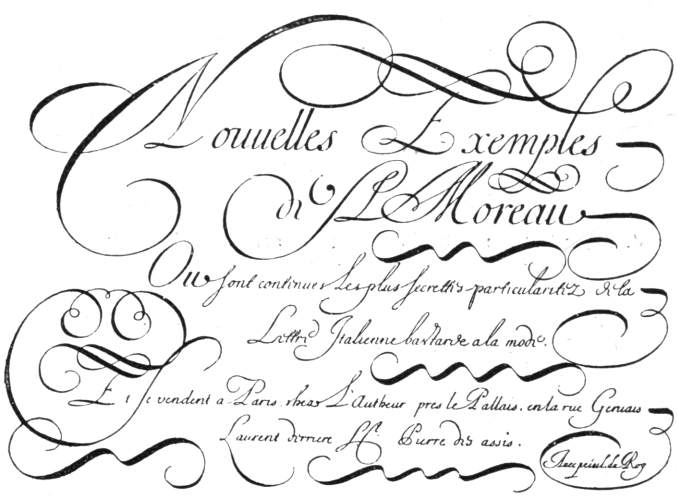


FIG. 11.—FROM MOREAU, 1632.

FIG. 12.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

are worth study as showing the possible elaboration of penmanship. Our readers may perhaps remember an example of his work in a former article upon "Playing Cards." A very notable writing-master of this period was Vanden Steene, of Ghent, who, in 1687, issued his "Schrijf-const," and where, with much originality of his own, he has worked on the methods of the Italian and French masters. In Figs. 8 and 10 we have representative examples of his copies, which show the freedom and fancy with which he worked. The illustration at the head of this article is from his book, and shows the position of the fingers in holding the pen, and the "nibs" necessary or best suited for writing the different "hands" set for imitation. In his, as in the other copies we have mentioned, there is found the same effort to educate the mind as well as the hand by useful maxims of daily application and of eulogy of the art of penmanship.

FIG. 13.—PORTRAIT OF JOHANNES FRANCIA PALATINO, 1539.

Wolf-Solange.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARCEL PRÉVOST.

STICK in hand, our bags slung over our shoulders, we three had been walking all the afternoon in the beautiful Forest of Tronsays, which covers half the Saint-Amand district and half the Nevers district. The end of our tramp for that day was the village of Ursay, near the bank of the Cher, a little place huddled up in an arm of that valley which divides the forest in two; there we dined with an old friend of mine, a doctor, whose small connection was scattered over five or six neighbouring parishes. Dinner over, we seated ourselves in the open, in front of the house, and meditatively smoked our cherry-wood pipes.

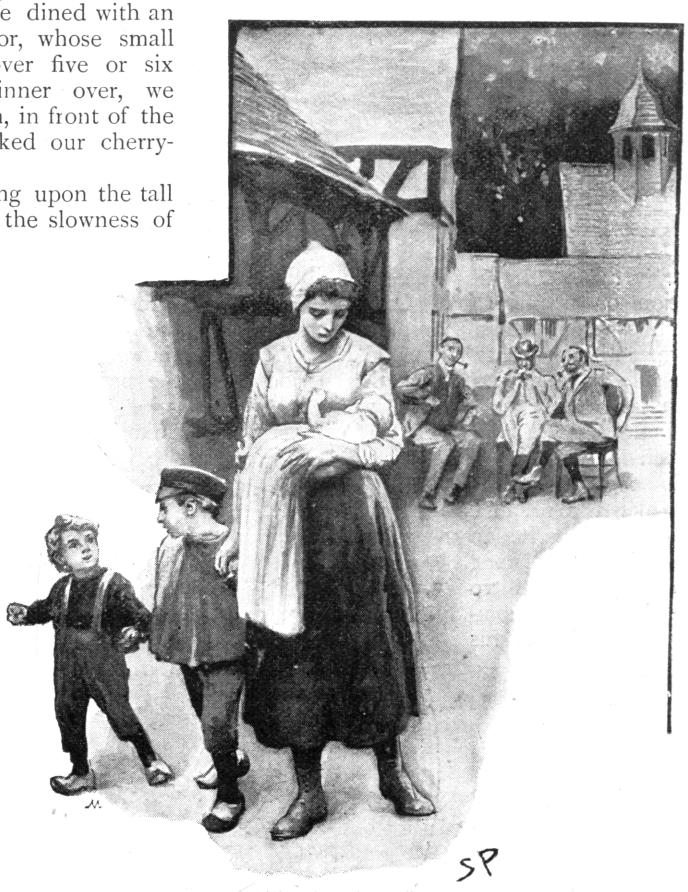
The shadows were gathering upon the tall tree-tops all around us with the slowness of a June evening; here and there a cloud of swallows was to be seen; from a little steeple, just visible above the roofs of the houses, rang out the nine o'clock angelus, in slow, measured tones, an interval of silence between each stroke; and in the distance could be heard the barking of the farm dogs as they called to and answered each other.

A youngish woman, dressed in a short skirt of red material, with a white bodice, came out of a house close by and went towards the river; she was carrying a baby in long clothes on her left arm, and holding with her right hand the chubby fist of a little boy, who in turn was grasping the hand of a younger brother. When she reached the bank of the River Cher, the young mother sat down on a big stone and nursed the baby, while the two boys quickly undressed and tumbled into the water, where they splashed about and threw water over one another with shouts of laughter.

"There's a picture which would have a tremendous success in the Salon," said one of my companions, who was an artist. "See how the light falls upon her! And what a splendid pose! How well the red skirt shows up on the dark background!"

"Are you looking at Wolf-Solange, young gentlemen?" asked a voice behind us.

It was our host, who had been detained inside by the arrival of a patient, and who now rejoined us. Of course, we asked him who Wolf-Solange was, and how she came by such a strange name, and, in reply, he told us the following story:—



"WOLF-SOLANGE."

"Wolf-Solange, whose proper name is Solange Grillet, maiden name Tournier, was the prettiest girl all around Tronsays ten

years ago. Hard work in the fields and maternal cares have left their mark upon her, but she is still pretty for a woman of thirty, as you can see.

"At the time the adventure happened which earned for her the nickname of Wolf-Solange, she was still single. Her parents were tenants of the small farm of Rein-du-Bois, about eight or nine miles from here, near Lurcey-Lévy. Although poor, she had no lack of suitors, even among the well-to-do young men of the neighbourhood; but the only one she encouraged was a certain Laurent Grillet, to whom she had taken a fancy when she was a mere girl and they used to tend sheep together.

"Laurent Grillet was a foundling; his fortune consisted of his strong arm only. Solange's parents, not seeing the advisability of marrying their daughter to a man just as poor as they were, especially when she had several much better chances, forbade Solange to meet her lover; but the parents' injunction was unheeded, and as they lived in the same village and the forest was close by the opportunities of meeting were numerous and easy When the Tourniers discovered that the lovers still saw each other, and perceived that neither soft words nor blows had any effect upon Solange, they came to a weighty decision: they would send her out to service at Ursay, on the model farm of M. Roger Duflos, our Deputy.

"Perhaps you think that this step put a stop to the lovers' meetings? If so, you are quite mistaken. The only difference was that they had to see each other at night. As soon as it was quite dark, the young people slipped away from the respective farms on which they worked, and, taking a short cut to save time and to avoid the high road, met in the forest, unknown to anyone.

"It was in 1879. The summer and autumn passed in this way, then came the winter—and a terrible winter it was! The Cher was full of pieces of floating ice, and finally it froze right over; the high trees of Tronsays bent under the weight of the snow; the forest was deserted, the roads having become almost impassable; and we saw what had not been seen for many a year—wolves!

"EVERY EVENING LAURENT LEFT LURCEY-LÉVY."

"Yes, young gentlemen, wolves. They prowled about the outlying farms of Lurcey-Lévy and Ursay, alarming the good people who lived on those farms, and were even seen in the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, an out-of-the-way little place close to the forest. Wolf-hunts were organized to kill them, and fifty francs was paid for a wolf's head. I myself saw three—two full-grown ones and a young one—on the opposite bank of the Cher one morning when I was on my way to Saint-Amand in my cart.

"But neither the hard winter nor the wolves prevented Laurent and Solange from meeting at night in the forest; in spite of all dangers they continued their nightly expeditions. Every evening Laurent left Lurcey-Lévy, his gun under his arm, and walked through the snow-covered forest with a blithe, fearless step; Solange, on her side, slipped away from Ursay at nine o'clock; and they met at a glade called 'The Walk,' about a mile and a half from here.

"On Christmas evening they met as usual,

but just as Laurent reached the glade he slipped upon the frozen ground, and fell in such an awkward way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him up, but was unable to do so; she could only drag him to a young elm-tree and set him up with his back against the trunk.

"'Stop there, my poor Laurent,' she said, wrapping her own cloak around him, 'and I will run to the doctor at Ursay; he will come and fetch you in his cart.'

"She started off on her way to the village, and had turned the bend in the road, when she heard the report of a gun and a cry for help. She ran back to her lover, whom she found ghastly pale with pain and fear, one hand convulsively clutching his gun, which was lying on the ground.

"'What is the matter, Laurent, dear?' she asked, anxiously. 'Was it you who fired?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Soon after you had left me I noticed a strong smell, and when I looked up I saw an animal with glaring red eyes, and as big as a great dog. I believe it was a wolf.'

"'Did you fire at it?'

"'No, I couldn't lift the gun, you know, on account of my arm. I pulled the trigger as it rested on the ground to frighten the brute, and you see he is gone.'

"'Will it come back?' asked Solange, after a moment's reflection.

"'I am sure it will!' answered the young man. 'You'll have to stop here with me, Solange; if you don't, the beast will eat me.'

"'Very well, dear,' said Solange, 'I'll stop with you. Let me have your gun.'

"She took up the weapon, shook out the discharged cartridge and put in a fresh one, and they both waited anxiously.

"Two hours, perhaps more, passed. The moon, still invisible, had risen above the horizon, for the sky reflected a confused light, which became brighter each minute. Laurent was feverish—he shivered and groaned; Solange, benumbed with cold, standing up with her back against the tree, began to get drowsy.

"All at once a kind of whine or howl, like that of a dog chained up at night, made her jump. In the semi-darkness she saw two fiery eyes: it was the wolf.

"Laurent tried to get up and take the gun, but the pain was too great, and he fell back again into a sitting position with a groan.

"'Make ready, Solange,' he cried; 'aim straight between the eyes, and don't fire too soon.'

"Solange raised the weapon to her shoulder, took aim and fired; but the kick of the gun made her miss the animal. Nevertheless, scared by the report, it fled along the road and was quickly out of sight. A little while afterwards they heard it howling in the distance, and it was answered by others.

"The moon now emerged from behind the trees and lighted up the whole of the forest, and a terrifying sight met the eyes of the lovers. Within gun-shot were five wolves, seated on their hind-quarters, like dogs, across the path; while another, bolder than its fellows, was slowly making its way towards Laurent and Solange.

"'Listen to what I tell you, Solange,' said Laurent. 'Take aim at the one which is coming towards us; if you can manage to knock him over, the others will eat him and we shall have a rest while they are doing it.'

"The wolf continued to advance slowly; they could see its red eyeballs, its bones showing through its dull, ragged-looking coat—so thin was it through hunger—and its open mouth with the tongue hanging out.

"'Rest the butt of the gun well in the hollow of your shoulder,' said Laurent. 'Now let him have it!'

"Bang! The wolf gave a jump in the air and fell dead without a sound; the others rushed away as hard as they could, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"'Run to the wolf, quick, Solange!' exclaimed her lover. 'Drag it as far up the road as you can; there is no danger, the others won't come back yet.'

"She ran towards the dead wolf, but he called her back when she had gone a few steps.

"'We ought to cut off the head, you know, so as to get the reward.'

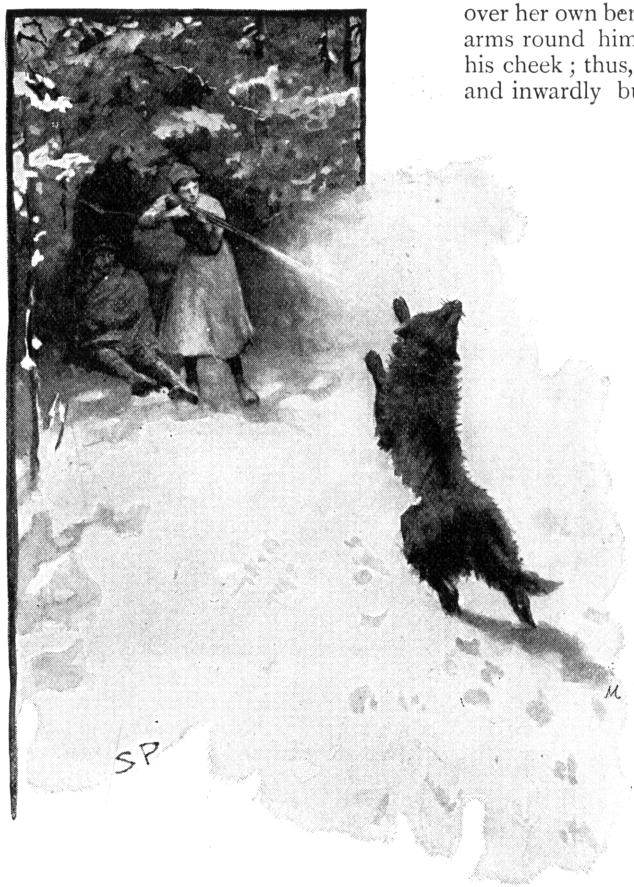
"'Have you got a knife?' she asked.

"'Yes, here in my belt.'

"It was a hunting-knife, with a short handle and a wide blade. She took it and, running to where the animal lay, she cut off its head and dragged the carcass by one foot over the slippery ground as far away as she could, and returned to Laurent with the head.

"What Laurent had foreseen took place. The wolves, frightened at first by the death of their companion, came back—all five of them—when they smelt blood. By the light of the moon the two young people saw the group of wolves struggling, fighting, and rolling over one another in their efforts to get a full share of the prey, of which they devoured every scrap.

"Laurent began to suffer terribly from his



"THE WOLF GAVE A JUMP INTO THE AIR."

broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were giving way under the strain, was vainly endeavouring to struggle against fatigue and drowsiness; twice the gun nearly fell from her hands.

"Having finished their meal, the wolves began to come nearer to the young people. The girl fired once, twice, at random in their midst, but her frozen fingers trembled, and the bullets went wide of the mark. At the report of the gun the brutes scurried away along the road for some short distance, where they stopped for a few minutes, and then came back.

"Laurent and Solange knew that it was all over with them then, and that they must perish. The girl let the gun fall to the ground, but not for an instant did she think of abandoning her wounded lover and saving herself by flight. She lay down upon the frozen ground by his side and drew one end of her cloak, which she had wrapped him in, over her own benumbed limbs, and putting her arms round him, she laid her head against his cheek; thus, outwardly frozen by the cold and inwardly burning with fever, they both waited for death.

"Strange fancies took possession of their disordered minds as they lay half-unconscious: it was once again summer time, and they were wandering through the forest decked with summer verdure, enjoying the lovely June evening; then the trees and hedges became suddenly bare, and the forest covered with snow, upon which stood out clearly a mass of moving forms with blazing eyes and gaping mouths—a mass which grew larger every minute, and drew nearer to them to devour them.

"But, fortunately, neither Laurent nor Solange were destined to die in that awful manner. Providence—I believe in Providence, my boys—ordained that on that very morning I was returning through the forest in my cart from Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, where I had been to attend an urgent case. I was driving, while my servant, holding a loaded gun ready in his hand, was on the look-out for wolves. No doubt the bells on my horse frightened the brutes, for we did not see a single one. When we reached the tree, at the foot of which the lovers were lying, my horse shied, and so drew my attention to them; I jumped out and, aided by my man, lifted the poor things, unconscious and stiff with cold, into the cart, covered them with everything we had in the way of rugs, and made my way as quickly as possible to Ursay. I did not forget to take the wolf's head with me.

"It was about seven o'clock, and the day was breaking, when we reached the village. We were met by a large party, consisting of the men employed on the farm of M. Roger Duflos, and about half the people of the village, who, uneasy at the disappearance of Solange, were going in search of her. And

I JUMPED OUT."

it was in that large kitchen where you have just dined that Laurent and Solange, restored to consciousness, and seated in front of a flaming beech-wood fire, told us what they had passed through during that dreadful night."

"Well, doctor, I suppose they got married after that?" we asked.

"Of course," replied the doctor. "The will of Providence is at times so clearly shown in the course of events, that it does not require any gift of second sight to perceive it. After the adventure of the wolves, the parents of Solange consented to her marriage with Laurent Grillet. The wedding took place in the spring, and the fifty francs reward which they received for the wolf's head paid for the bride's dress."

We all remained silent. It was now quite dark, the twinkling stars were reflected in the deep, blue water of the Cher, and the thick mass of trees stood out like mountains upon the horizon.

We saw Wolf-Solange dress her two boys and come towards us on her way back to her home, the child asleep in her arms and the others walking by her side as before. As she passed us she smiled at the doctor, who smiled in return, and wished her a cheery "Good evening, Solange!"

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

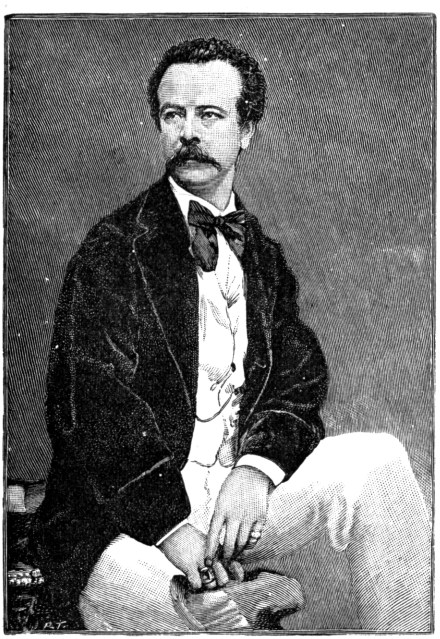
From a] AGE 14. *[Pencil Drawing.*

From a] AGE 42. *[Photograph.*

M. WORTH.

BORN 1825.

MONS. WORTH was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and the King of Fashion is therefore not, as is generally supposed, a Frenchman, but an Englishman. He was employed for some time at a well-known firm in Oxford Street, London, and thence proceeded to Paris. M. Worth has made dresses for all the Queens of Europe, with the single exception of Queen Victoria. A further account of M. Worth and his establishment occurs on another page of the present number.



From a] AGE 30. *[Photograph.*

From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

BORN 1868.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS, whose recent marriage to Lady Margaret Grosvenor (of whom we give portraits on the next page) excited considerable interest, is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. He was educated at Wellington College and at Sandhurst, and is a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, the uniform of which is shown in our fourth portrait.

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Byrne & Co.*

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.

AGE 12.

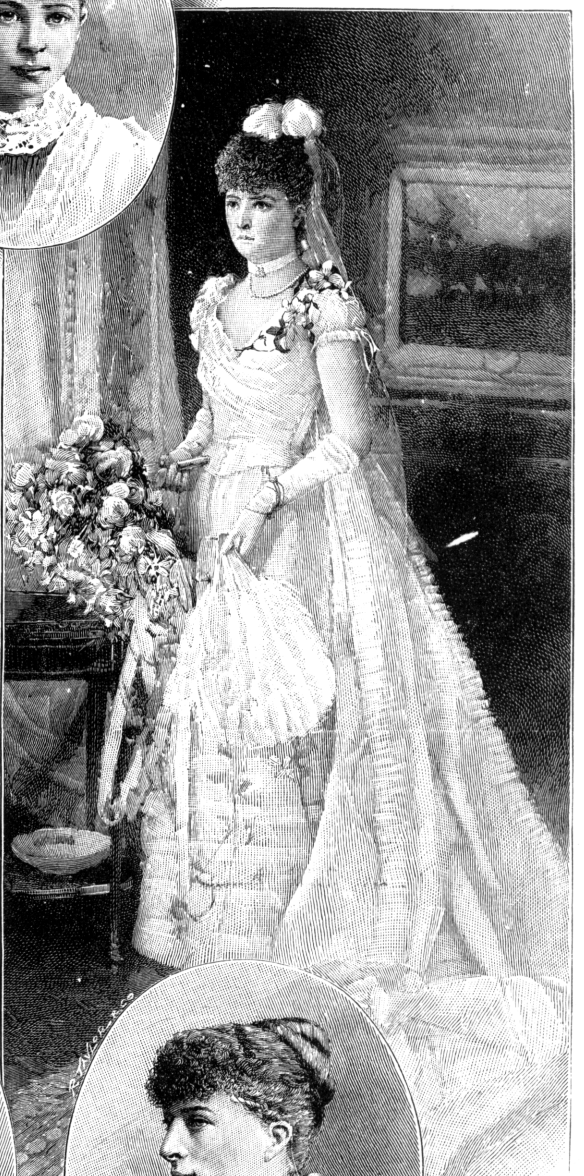
From a Photo. by *G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.*

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by G. W. Webster, Chester.

PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK
(LADY MARGARET EVELYN GROSVENOR).

WE have pleasure in giving here portraits of Princess Margaret of Teck, the bride of Prince Adolphus, and daughter of the Duke of Westminster.

AGE 16.
From a Photo by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

From a] AGE 17. *[Photograph.*

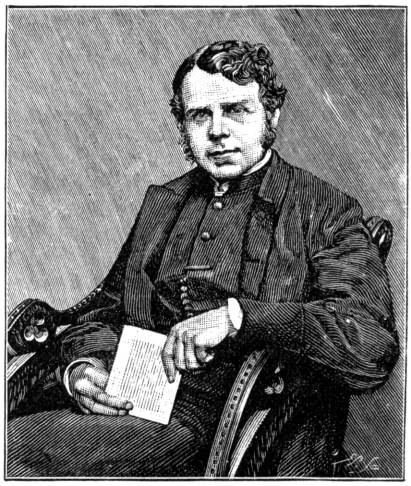
THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

BORN 1841.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon, was educated at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1867. After holding various curacies, he was, in 1870, appointed Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, where he remained until 1879, when he became Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, W. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877, Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1878, and was made Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in the same year; he was also Select Preacher at Oxford in 1882, Bampton Lecturer in 1887, and received from the University of Oxford an honorary D.C.L. in 1889. In 1882 he was appointed to a vacant canonry at Windsor. On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth, in 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon, a post since held by him with great credit. For more particulars we have pleasure in referring our readers to an excellent Illustrated Interview with his lordship, which appeared in our issue for January, 1893.

AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Sam Sims, Greenwich.

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Mayland, Cambridge.



From a Photo. by] AGE 41. *[Samuel Walker.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 2.
From a Photo. by Lambert Weston & Sons, Folkestone.

GUY NICKALLS.

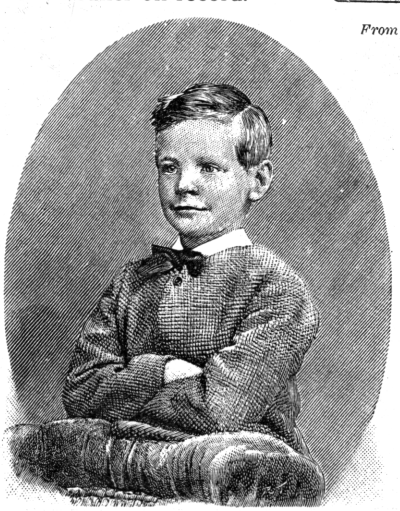
BORN 1866.

MR. GUY NICKALLS is the ex-holder of the Amateur Championship of the Thames, which he resigned in favour of his brother Vivian. Mr. Nickalls, who has won the Diamond Sculls three times running, is probably the best amateur sculler on record.

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by Lambert Weston & Sons, Folkestone.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

AGE 24.
From a Photo. by H. P. Robinson & Sons, Redhill.



AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Lambert Weston & Sons, Folkestone.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

From a] AGE 33. *[Photograph.*

"GENERAL" WILLIAM BOOTH.

BORN 1829.

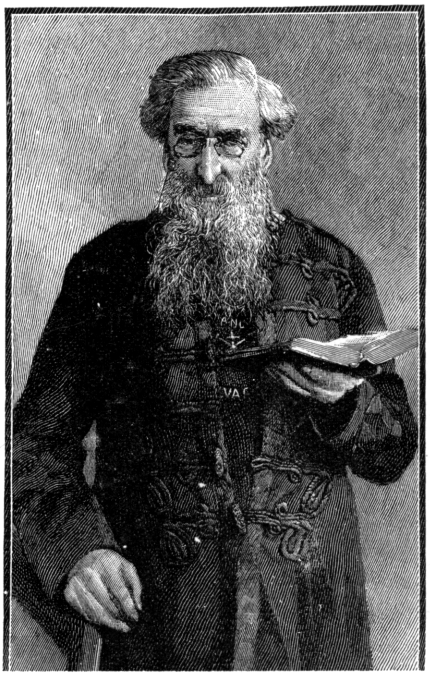
"GENERAL" BOOTH was born at Nottingham, and educated at a private school in that town. He studied theology with the Rev. William Cooke, D.D., became a minister of the Methodist New Connexion

From a] AGE 42. *[Photograph.*

in 1850, and was appointed mostly to hold special evangelistic services, to which he felt so strongly drawn that, when the Conference of 1861 required him to settle in the ordinary circuit work, he resigned, and began his labours as an evangelist amongst the churches wherever he had an opportunity. He started "The

From a] AGE 50. *[Photograph.*

Christian Mission" in July, 1865. To this mission, when it had become a large organization, formed upon military lines, he gave in 1878 the name of "The Salvation Army," under which it soon became widely known.

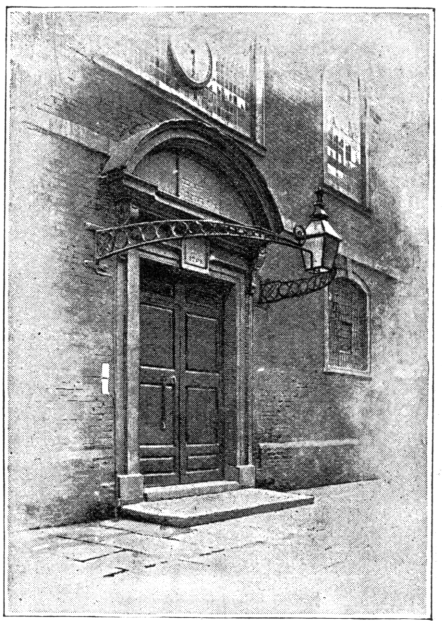


PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by the Salvation Army Studio, Clerkenwell Road.

The Synagogue in Bevis Marks.

By Sir Francis Montefiore, Bart.

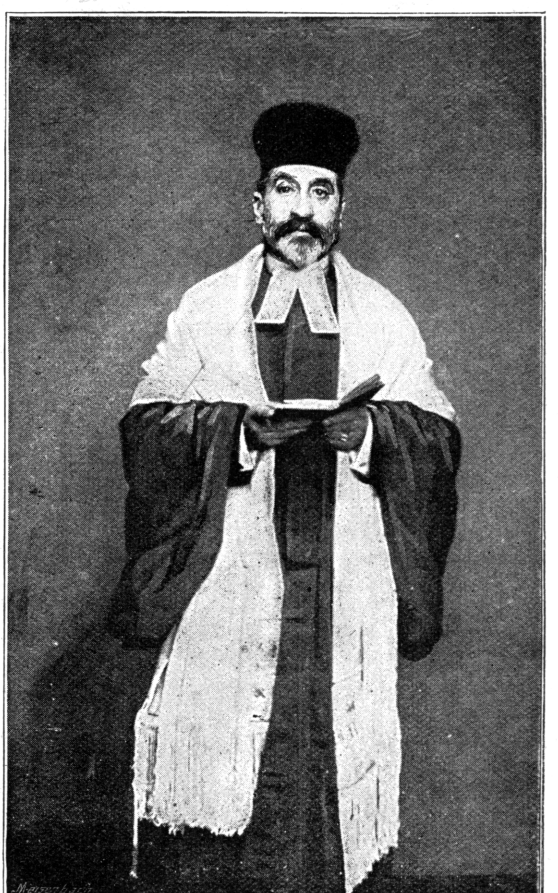


THE ENTRANCE TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

THE ruthless destruction of ancient historical buildings which has lately taken place in the City of London, and the threats of a like fate which hang over no small number of those which remain, cannot but give pain to all antiquarians. This vandalism, however, has had the effect of drawing attention to many interesting memorials of the past which are yet left; and of all these, perhaps one of the most noteworthy, though possibly the least well-known, is the Synagogue in Bevis Marks, the chief place of worship of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews.

The Israelitish nation, whose sacred ceremonial observances are the most ancient in the world, are so united in religion and philanthropy, that the public are not generally aware that they are divided into two communities, namely, Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese, and the Ashkenazim, or German congregations. And though they do not differ in any dogma, and though their Litany is, in most respects, identical, yet they are entirely separate, being divided by those strong barriers, birth and tradition; the Sephardim being the patricians, and the Ashkenazim the plebeians of the Jewish people; for while the former, who in the Middle Ages were one of the most learned and cultivated of communities, had oftentimes been not merely the trusted financial and political advisers of kings, but even their honoured friends; the latter, at that period, dwelt chiefly in confined quarters of German cities, and occupied themselves in dealing in worn-out garments and various small commodities, and, it is to be feared, were for that reason sometimes looked down upon by the more refined Sephardim.

At the present time, of course, old prejudices and barriers are being daily swept away,



REV. S. I. ROCO, MINISTER OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

From a Photo. by] SCROLLS OF THE LAW. *[F. Hars.*

the money markets of the world, have sprung from the Ashkenazim. But the Sephardim are fully compensated by being privileged to escape, perhaps on this very account, much of that jealousy and persecution which oftentimes pursue their better endowed co-religionists.

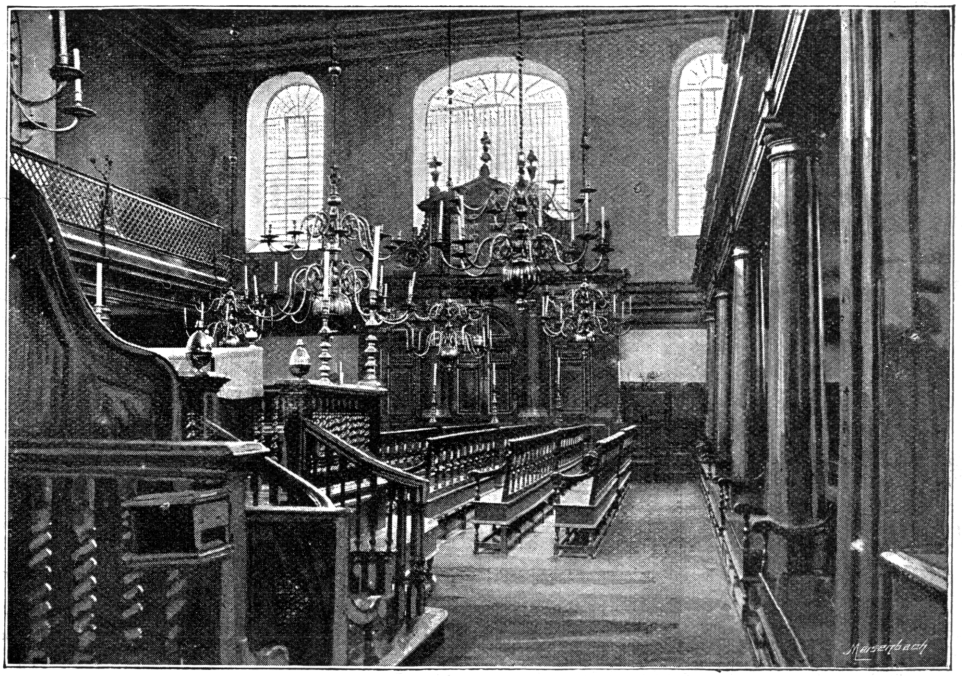
The Synagogue, which is situated behind a row of buildings in Bevis Marks, is inclosed on three sides by a courtyard, which, though the building is in a noisy and crowded part of the City, helps greatly to maintain that quiet and seclusion which are so necessary for a House of Prayer.

The building itself, which is 80ft. long and 50ft. wide, though externally plain, being devoid of all decoration, has a very imposing appearance. On entering the sacred edifice, the most striking object is the Ark, which is at the east end. It is a large receptacle, which contains the scrolls of the law. These are taken out and read on the Jewish Sabbath, and also at other times. They are covered with mantles of brocaded silk and velvet, and are surmounted by gold or silver bells. Some of the mantles are very beautiful, and are generally the gift of a member

and, indeed, the excellent secretary of the Bevis Marks Synagogue belongs to the German community, which have become not merely of great numbers and importance, but likewise as well educated as their Portuguese brethren; nevertheless, a distinction still remains between them.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that nearly all the great "money kings" of the present day, many of whom are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and whose fortunes frequently sway

PICTURE OF THE DECALOGUE IN SPANISH AND HEBREW.
From a Photo. by F. Hars.

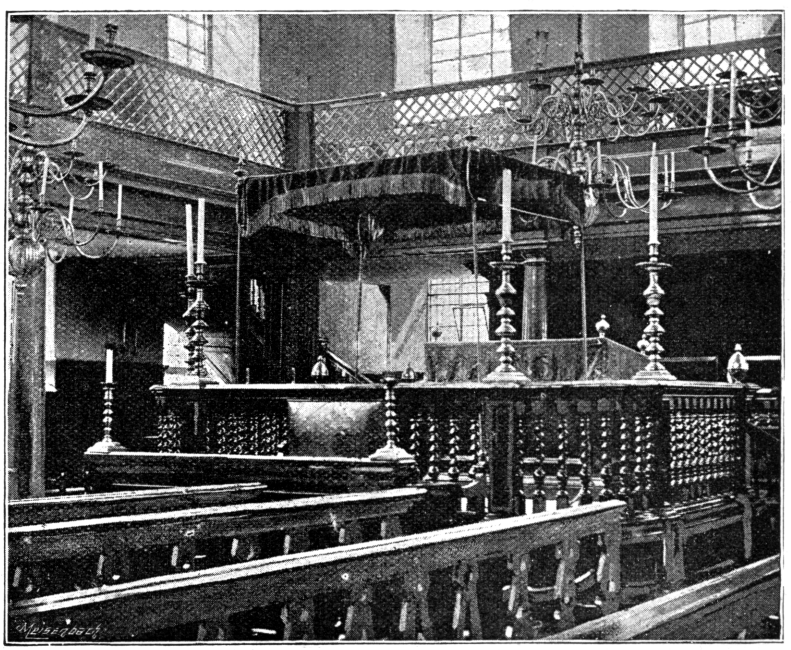


INTERIOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE—LOOKING TOWARDS THE ARK.

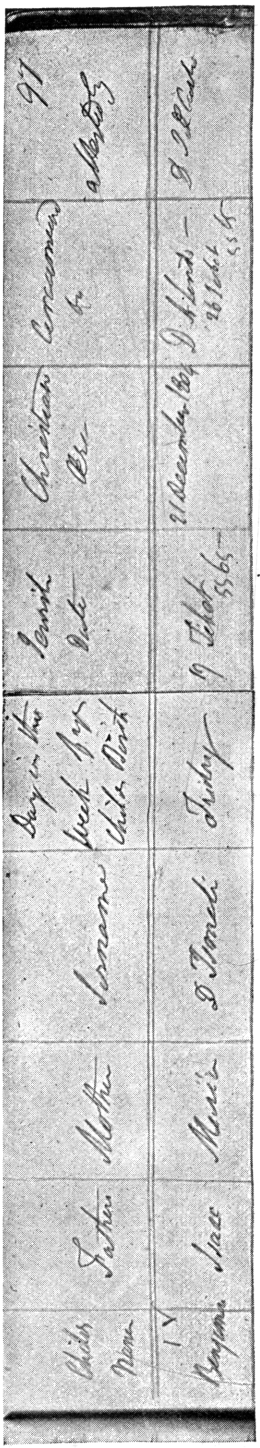
of the congregation. The Ark itself is inclosed by two large doors of oak richly ornamented with gold; and before these doors hangs the sacred lamp, which must always be kept alight.

In the centre of the Synagogue is a reading-desk, so large that a dozen persons can easily be accommodated in it, and it is here, under a silk canopy which is specially erected for the purpose, that the wedding ceremony takes place. The choir is stationed immediately behind the reading-desk, and it is worthy of note that the singing is unaccompanied by any organ or harmonium, for, ever since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem instrumental music has been prohibited in the ordinary services of all orthodox synagogues.

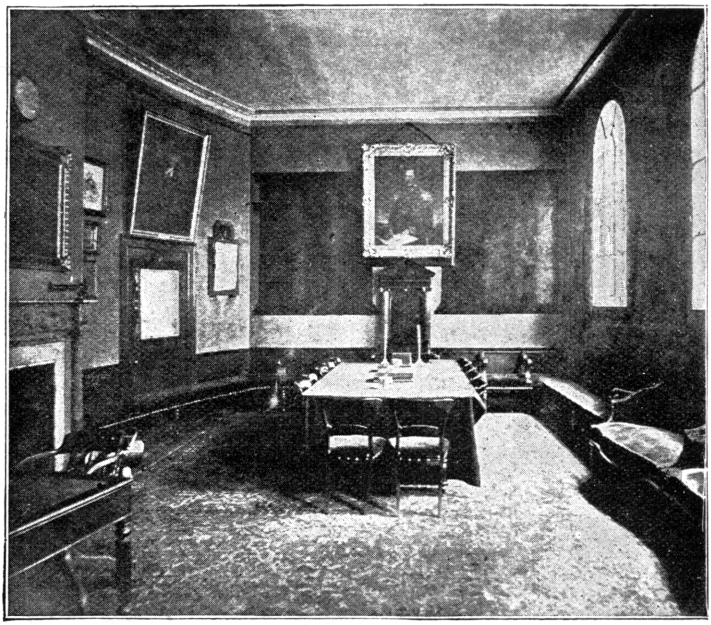
Round the walls are the seats which are



THE READING-DESK AND THE WEDDING CANOPY.



THE REGISTER OF THE BIRTH OF BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.



From a Photo. by] THE VESTRY. [*F. Hars.*

occupied by the male portion of the congregation, as women are not permitted to take part in the service, but sit by themselves in a gallery which runs round three sides of the building.

This Synagogue is the only one in the United Kingdom which is not lighted by lamps or gas. Large wax candles, which are specially manufactured for this purpose, are used, and are fitted into very curious old brass chandeliers, some of which originally came from Holland, where there had been an older congregation of Sephardim Jews.

Until quite lately the Synagogue was almost entirely surrounded by its own buildings—such as the vestry-room, readers' houses, almshouses, and schools; but the necessity for procuring funds has unfortunately made it needful for some of these to be removed to where land is less valuable, and now warehouses are being erected on the site. Of all the removals, the loss of the vestry-room is perhaps most to be deplored, for it was replete with interesting associations—nearly all the benefits which English Jews now enjoy originated within its walls.

It contained several valuable portraits of men who had been connected with the Synagogue, and also a very curious and excellent picture representing Moses and Aaron supporting two large stone slabs, on which is written the Decalogue in Spanish and Hebrew.

These paintings are all to be hung in the new vestry-room, where also will be put the very interesting old registers in which have been carefully recorded the births of all the members of the congregation, including that of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

This is the first regular Synagogue which was built in England after the re-admission of the Jews under Cromwell, though it was not erected until the reign of Queen Anne; and the Sephardim congregation were justly proud of being allowed, at a time when bigotry and intolerance were still rife, not merely to build a place of worship, but to build it with the approval, and even the

help, of the reigning monarch; for the Queen presented the Synagogue with a beam, which is said to be preserved in the ceiling at the present day.

The land on which the building was erected was at first leased from Sir Thomas and Lady Ann Pointz; later on, it was converted into a freehold. It ought to be mentioned that the builder was a Quaker, who, when his work was completed, restored the money which he had made out of his contract, he being, as he said, unwilling to make any profit out of a temple erected to the glory of God.

For some years it was the only Synagogue in London, and was used both by the Portuguese and by the German congregations. But as the latter were not admitted to any religious honours, and as the only office which any one of them was allowed to fill was that of beadle, it is probable that they were not satisfied with their position when they had increased in wealth and numbers, for they then built a place of worship of their own.

Some years ago there was great danger of the Synagogue in Bevis Marks being pulled down; for many members of the congregation had moved away from their old houses in the neighbourhood, and were desirous of building a place of worship nearer to where they lived; and, as a further justification for this proposed act of vandalism, they alleged that scarcely any worshippers attended there. But, when the matter was thoroughly investigated, it was found that, not only were the congregations far larger than had been supposed, but that many, though residing at a distance too great for them to be able to attend, opposed the scheme on the ground that the building wherein their fathers had so long worshipped, and which was so intimately connected with much that was most interesting in their history, ought to be regarded as sacred. Happily, in this case as in many others, the threatened danger to the building has resulted in greatly strengthening its position; and there is now little doubt that it will henceforth for generations remain the chief Synagogue of the oldest community of the British Jews.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.
From a Painting by S. Hart, R.A.

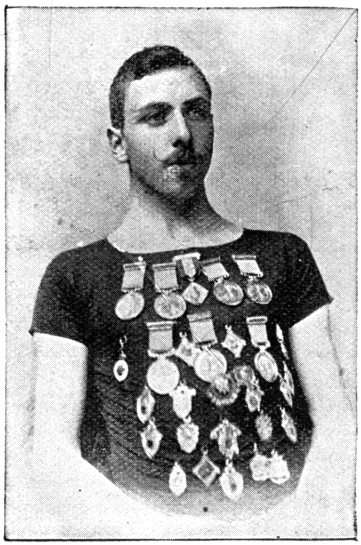
Athletes of the Year.

Their Performances and Methods of Training.

ENGLAND, at the present time, may be said to be able to hold her own in all branches of athletics. Men have come to the front during the season just past who, pitted against the best of Continental or Colonial athletes, would be able to more than hold their own. Our Universities lead the van amongst kindred institutions, as witness the defeat of Yale by the Oxonians during last summer. On the flat, coming farther afield, we have such athletes as F. E. Bacon, Sid Thomas, C. A. Bradley, and E. C. Bredin; on the cycle track we have Green, Shorland, and Watson; in cricket we have Brockwell; on the football field Sandilands, and many others who might be enumerated; and on the links Taylor, the professional champion, is a leader amongst leaders. C. B. Fry, again, the triple Blue, is an exponent of rare excellence in almost every branch of sport that might be mentioned; and although the sculling championship is held by a New Zealander, yet, seeing that he has definitely settled in his English home, we could place in the field a recognised team second to none. In the descriptions which follow we have traced the records of the leading athletes of 1894, while much that is interesting may be learnt from the individual methods and manner of preparation.

F. E. Bacon.

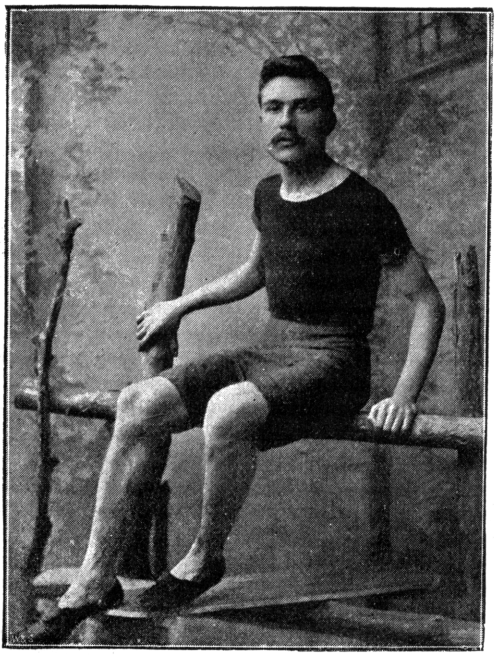
A truly formidable list of championships is that held by F. E. Bacon. Born at the pleasant little hamlet of Boxted, near Colchester, in 1870, he is now in his 24th year. But although he may yet be expected to improve upon his performances already effected, it may be mentioned that he holds the titles of one mile champion of England, 2 miles Northern Counties champion, ¾-mile steeplechase champion 1892–93, mile Essex champion, 10 miles Ashton champion 1892–93, 1,000 yards Scotch record holder, one mile Isle of Man record holder, 1,000 yards champion 1892, Essex cross-country champion 1892, 10 miles Northern cross-country champion 1893, 4 miles champion of England, and 1, 2, and 3 miles Scotch record holder, where in the mile, which he covered in 4min. 18 1-5sec., George's previous time was beaten. At an early age he commenced running, locally at first, and then in 1891 he came prominently before the public. His best performance, however, was that in the 4 miles scratch race, at Stamford Bridge, where he met the best men of the day—Sid Thomas, Crossland, Watkins, and Pearce. Running grandly, he had the measure of his opponents from the start, and sprinting ahead at the finish he succeeded in tieing George's record of 19min. 39sec. dead for the full distance. The same men he again met and defeated at Ashton-under-Lyne in a 5 miles race in 24min. 25sec. dead, while another of his best performances was the carrying-off of a 3 miles handicap, in which the limit man was in receipt of a start of 300yds. This year he has only competed in two of the championships, the mile and the 4 miles. He won both, and was, in fact, defeated in but one scratch race up to the end of the regulation athletic season. It may be added that Bacon is a pleasantly-mannered young fellow, standing 5ft. 8½in. in height, weighing, when "peeled," 9st. 3lb. He has this season won 36 first prizes and 11 seconds, while the value of the trophies secured during the whole of his career he places at £1,850. He has, strange to say, no special method of training, running at practice half a mile for a mile, or 2½ or 3 miles for a 5 miles race.



F. E. BACON.
From a Photo. by G. C. Melville, Manchester.

Sid Thomas.

Little wonder, indeed, that Sid Thomas discovers by this time that training is somewhat irksome. He has been upon the path and remained in championship form far longer than any of his contemporaries. Born at Chelsea, in July, 1868, he is thus in his 27th year, and, although slight in form, is

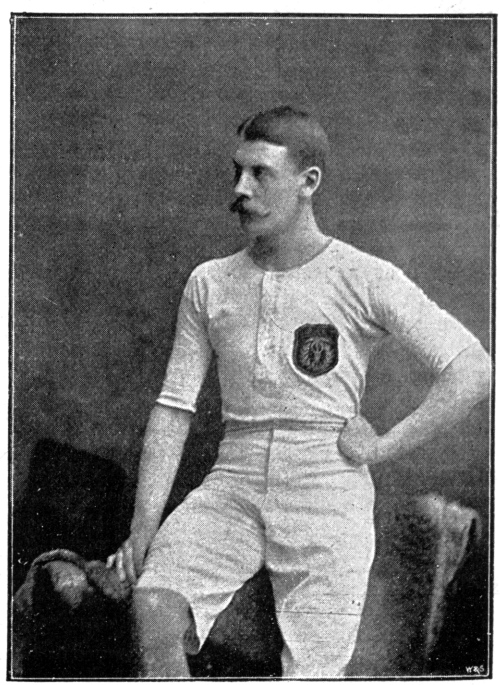


SID THOMAS.
From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Putney.

one of the "wiriest" runners that has ever donned a shoe. The 10 miles amateur championship of England has fallen to his lot on four occasions—in 1889, 1892, 1893, and this season—he securing a win twice at Stamford Bridge, at Birmingham last year, and on the last occasion, it is almost needless to add, at Huddersfield. In 1889 Thomas was both the 4 miles amateur champion of this country and 10 miles champion of America. He has also won two of the cross-country championships of the South of England, in 1888 and 1889. But in 1892 Thomas eclipsed all his previous performances, by establishing world's record for the 15 miles, at Stamford Bridge. The little Chelsea crack has also established fresh records for the 1½ miles in 6min. 53 3-5sec., 3 miles in 14min. 24sec., 4,000yds. in 10min. 58 1-5sec., and 5,000yds. in 13min. 43 3-5sec.

E. C. BREDIN,

THE quarter and half mile champion, was born at Gibraltar, in March of 1866, his father being a colonel in the Royal Artillery. Educated at Wellington College, and later at Frank Townsend's, the famous Gloucestershire cricketer, he was thus thrown into an athletic coterie at an early age. His first prominent appearance, we find, was as far back as 1886, when he won the 150yds. level race at the L.A.C. meeting, beating such fliers of the day as A. J. Gould, J. D. Bassett, and E. H. Pelling. After this he was abroad for nearly five years, at first in Canada and then in Ceylon, but upon his return in 1892 he started training at once. On July 9th of the same year he set up new figures at Paris in the 400 mètres, beating the previous records created by C. G. Wood and M. Remington. The Welsh quarter and the Midland Counties championships also fell to his lot, while he finished up the season by creating the British record of 1min. 11 4-5sec. for 600yds. Last season, on May 13th, in the quarter-mile handicap at the L.A.C. meeting, he accomplished the fastest time for the distance ever made on the circular track from scratch, while he tied world's record for 600yds. at the Civil Service sports a little later. On July 1st he won the quarter-mile championship in 49 1-5sec., and the half in 1min. 55¼sec., the latter being the fastest time ever made in the championship, and a week later he established Scotch records for the quarter and half mile. In July of this year he again ran in, and secured, the championships for the quarter and half mile. On July 22nd the English champion was a competitor in the International meeting at Paris, where he experienced not the slightest difficulty in

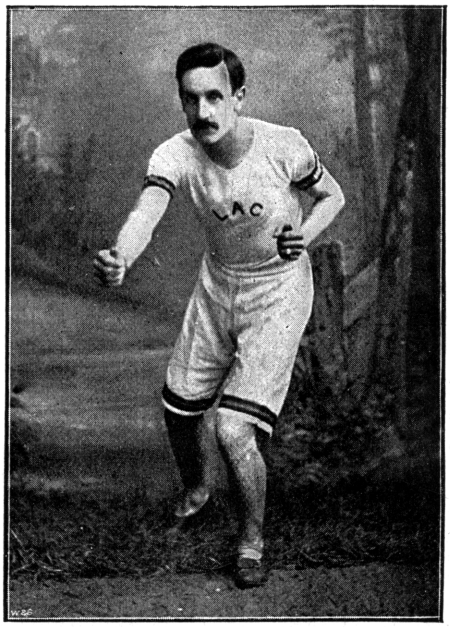


E. C. BREDIN.
From a Photo. by Lambert & Co., Bath.

annexing the scratch quarter and the handicap half. His method of training, it may be added, is to run a varying distance every day when fine, sprinting as fast as possible, and on one occasion going 300yds. at top speed and on another 1,000yds. slowly.

A. Ovenden.

Never was Ovenden, the popular L.A.C. sprinter, running in better form than he has displayed up to the close of the present season. He was born at Tunbridge Wells in 1866, stands 5ft. 9½in. in height, and with a long, raking stride, gets over the



A. OVENDEN.
From a Photo. by Searle Bros., Brompton Road, S.W.

ground at a tremendous pace, while he is one of the smartest of short distance runners to get off the mark at the crack of the pistol. His first race was run at his local place when only 15 years of age, in 1882, and encouraged by the success then achieved, he was after that very frequently in running costume. In 1892 he joined the L.A.C. Prize after prize was confiscated in rapid succession, while, in the summer of 1892, he literally cleared the board at the Berlin meeting of August 14th. Unfortunately, he has met Bredin and Bradley in many of the leading events, his best performance being the 50 3-5sec., accomplished in the 1893 championship of 440yds. at Northampton. During the season just concluded he has secured the 220yds. and 120yds. challenge cups of the L.A.C., and defeated Fry in the L.A.C. *v.* Oxford University match of March last.

C. A. Bradley.

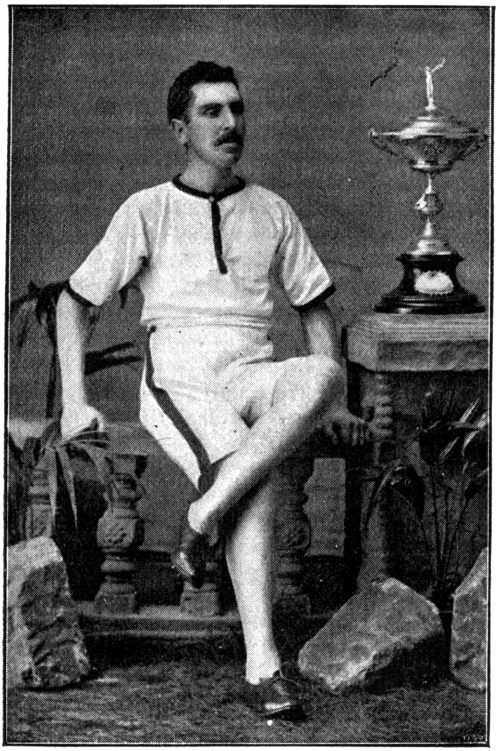
To win the 100yds. championship four years in succession is the great ambition of this gentleman. Three years he has already done so, but this feat, it may be mentioned, has been effected by W. P. Phillips and J. M. Cowie. Should Bradley succeed in his attempt, he says that he will retire from the path altogether. At the present time he ties with A. Wharton in the 100yds. English record of 10sec. dead, and is also upon an equality with W. P. Phillips in the 120yds. with 11 4-5sec. He holds, moreover, the Scotch records for 120yds., and last year at the St. Bernard's meeting at Edinburgh he won the 120yds. handicap off scratch, doing 11 7-10sec.; this performance being equal to 3yds. inside 12sec., or beating even time by the same distance. The Huddersfield flier has been running since 1890, and in that time has won £1,500 worth of prizes. He has won outright the Bradford Cup, valued at £50, in the 100yds. scratch race, and has also made the Manningham Vase his own property, the Armley Cup, the Wortley Vase, and also the Bingley Cup, the aggregate value of these being 255 guineas.

C. A. BRADLEY.
From a Photo. by Sellman & Co., Huddersfield.

Other smaller races he has carried off without number, and against all comers, having taken part in 54 scratch races and proving successful in the whole in succession. When training, Bradley is in the open shortly after eight o'clock every morning, and practises bursts over the full distance about four times each day.

Charles Pearce.

A plucky runner is "Charlie" Pearce, one of the veterans of the path of the present time, and who has held the titles of Midland Counties, Railway, English 4 miles champion, and World's 4 miles grass record holder. His first appearance was on Whit

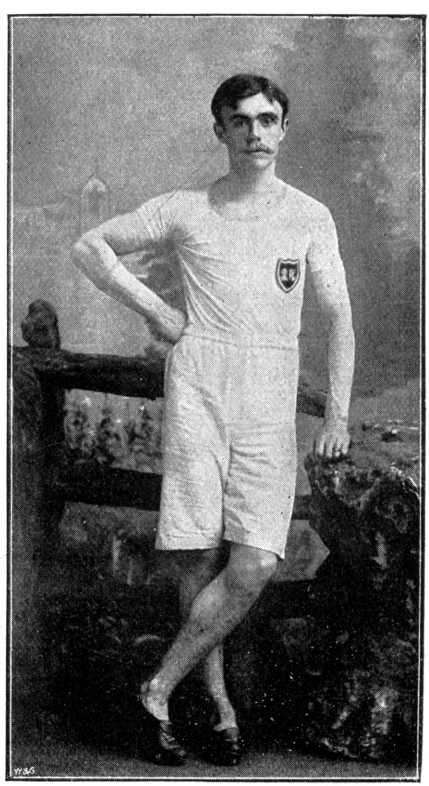


CHARLES PEARCE.
From a Photo. by C. Katterns, Northampton.

Monday as long ago as 1876, at that time he being 15 years of age. In 1890 he carried off the 4 miles Midland Counties championship, and since then has been in the forefront of matters athletic. On July 1st of last year he secured the 4 miles championship of England, and then, after several meetings had been arranged and run off, he met and defeated Sid Thomas over a distance of 5 miles, on November 25th, at Northampton. That concluded the season, but early in the present year he was first home in the inter-club race between the Birchfield Harriers and Northampton. Hannah, the Scottish champion, he met and defeated at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on May 5th, 4 miles being the distance, while Sid Thomas went down before him again in a 2 mile race at Southampton during the Easter meeting at that place. Other races also fell to his lot, it being calculated that the worth of his trophies must now amount to over £800, of which over £150 was won last year, one of the latest of his achievements being the carrying-off the 1,000yds. championship of Berks, Bucks, and Oxon. Breaking down badly in the National, he was thus unable to defend his title of 4 mile champion this year, and now states that he will give up cross-country work.

C. R. Thomas.

Born at Merthyr Tydvil on May 28th, 1873, C. R. Thomas, the Welsh champion, is thus in his twenty-second year. His rise in the athletic world has, however, been of a somewhat meteoric character. In 1892, Thomas left his home for Reading. At that place, as is well known, there is a capital running track on the local athletic club ground, and, acting upon the advice of his friends, the new arrival lost no time in getting into training. On August 12th, 1893, we find him set against C. A. Bradley at Cardiff. But it must be admitted that Thomas on this occasion courted defeat. His medical man had advised him not to run, yet he was only beaten by the champion by a couple of yards in 10sec. dead. The season was concluded by his winning the 100yds. Welsh championship by at least 4yds. in 10 1-5sec. This year Thomas has been equally successful. Taking 13 races (9 handicaps and 4 scratch), he has won 6 first prizes in the former, 2 in the second, and a second when running far from his usual form. On June 8th

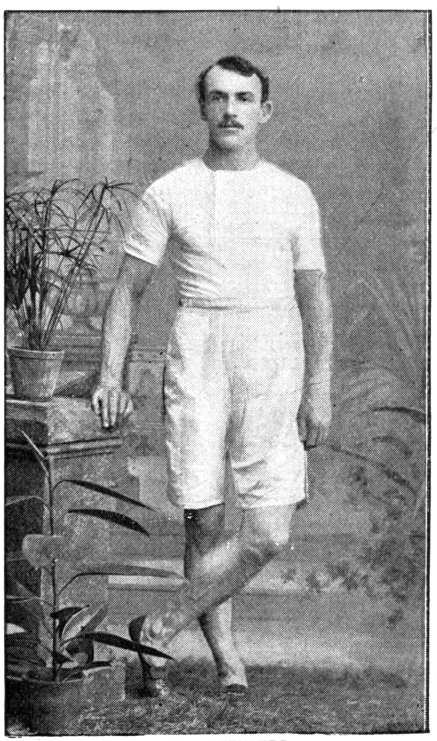


C. R. THOMAS.
From a Photo. by W. D. Dighton, Cardiff.

he effected what was a really great performance. Competing in a 120yds. handicap at Alresford, on a grass track, but down a slight slope, he was timed by Mr. C. Herbert, the hon. sec. of the A.A.A., to do 11 4-5sec., tieing with the records established by W. P. Phillips, at Stamford Bridge, in March, 1892, and by C. A. Bradley at Edinburgh last year. Going into South Wales later in the season, he again carried off the championship; his time being returned at 10 1-5sec. for the distance. The style of the Welsh crack is beautifully easy, with a long, "loping" stride. He has no hard-and-fast rules respecting diet while in training. His practice consists of three or four bursts of 50 or 60yds. each day, with a club mate ahead in order to draw him out, while, more than anything else, he attaches the greatest importance to pistol practice.

MAX WITTENBERG.

THE performances effected by this speedy young runner are of a startling character. In fact, up to April of this year he did not attempt to train seriously. But by that time his successes in numerous events of a minor character, his friends considered, justified his preparing to meet C. A. Bradley, the 100yds. champion. So he proceeded to train, still attending to his business during the day. On April 28th he was a competitor at the Essex Beagles' sports, where he ran into second place in the 100yds. scratch and third in the 120yds. Possessed of a tremendously long stride, and endowed with the faculty of getting off the mark at the pistol shot, there were those who, after these performances, did not fail to predict a long series of successes for him. In this they were not disappointed. He has run in eighteen first-class races since that time, securing eight firsts and ten seconds, his trophies amounting in the aggregate to the value of £91 18s. Very soon the question was floating round: Would he defeat Bradley in the championship? In this, however, he just failed. The Huddersfield crack jumped off with the lead at the start, and, holding his own to the finish, won by about a yard. But when once started there was apparently but a slight difference in the relative speeds of the pair, and with Bradley at his best and Wittenberg steadily improving, it is quite an open question as to which will win the coveted honour in the hundred of 1895. Wittenberg has not much to say respecting his methods of training. He uses dumb-bells and club exercise freely, while stamina is obtained by means of long walks. Prior to a big race he devotes considerable time to pistol practice during the earlier hours of the day, running 30 or 40yds. at top speed some half-a-dozen times. Then he closes his work by going right through the distance in which he would compete.

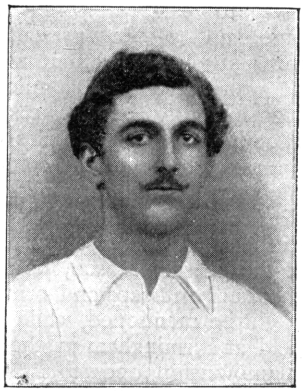


MAX WITTENBERG.
From a Photo. by R. Moffitt, Accrington.

C. B. FRY.

OF all-round athletes, the Oxonian, C. B. Fry, is admittedly the best. Not a branch of athletics, jumping, sprinting, cricket, football, and even golf, but what he excels in. Of somewhat over medium height, not an ounce of tissue upon his body is wasted. Watch him as he prepares for a jump, or when upon the football field. With eye gleaming brightly and every muscle at its full tension, he is beyond question one of whom any college may be proud to call its own. Wadham, however, secured him by something approaching a fluke. Originally he intended going up to Cambridge upon his leaving school, but at the crucial moment fell ill. Upon his recovery, he was persuaded to try for one of the Oxford scholarships, and being successful in his endeavour, there he has remained ever since. At present he intends embracing the scholastic profession, but, despite all his study, he yet finds time for the necessary amount of training. With respect to his perform-

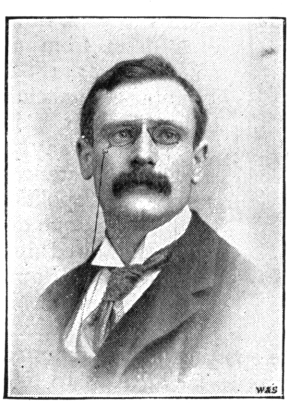
ances, he stands at the head of his *confrères* in the long jump; has acquired his place in the Association football team of his University; while now he intends taking up the Rugby game and attempting to acquire a position in the O.U.R.F.C. With Blackheath he will play occasionally at three-quarter, and has played at centre-forward and back for the Casuals this year.



C. B. FRY.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

H. A. MUNRO.

ONE of the best runners ever numbered amongst those who have brought the hospitals well to the fore in matters athletic is H. A. Munro. A glance at his long, lanky form as he toes the mark at the start, and his raking stride, which carries him over the ground at a tremendous pace, proves to even the most casual observer that he is one of those who are practically in condition at any time of the season. But he has peculiar ideas with respect to training. "Any man can cover a distance if he but goes slowly at it," he says, and in his practice he invariably sets himself the task of getting his pace up considerably. The greater portion of his training is done by the daily walk to and from his duties, about two miles, while when training for path racing he runs upon the track some three times a week. Curiously enough Munro commenced his athletic career as a jumper and sprinter, two branches which he has now apparently forsaken for races over longer distances. In this branch of sport he is practically unapproachable by his *confrères* in the hospital ranks. Since leaving the University he has represented the Lea Harriers three times in the S.C.C.C.C., and secured the 10 miles championship of that club in 1891, 1892, and this year. For the last four seasons he has been first man home in the United Hospitals' 10 miles challenge cup race. He has thrice finished first for the Hospitals *v.* Oxford, and once *v.* the Lea Harriers, and for four years has annexed the mile and 3 miles at the United Hospitals' sports. His best times are 14min. 56 4-5sec. for the three miles, and 4min. 34 1-5sec. in the mile, run a little later in the same afternoon. Against Oxford in 1893 and this year he carried off the 3 miles in 15min. 9sec. and 15min. 1sec. respectively.



H. A. MUNRO.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young, Regent Street, W.

GEORGE MARTIN.

ONE of the most popular of athletes is George Martin, ex-steeplechase champion of England. Born at Pimlico, in 1873, he is just now at his best. At an early age, however, he gave evidence of being very fast over a varied course, running his first race at Cobham, Surrey, in 1890. His first championship was taken part in while he was a member of the Essex Beagles. Soon after starting something went wrong with his shoes, and at the half-distance both dropped off. Nothing daunted, Martin continued to keep up the pace. At the finish, however, he

From a] GEORGE MARTIN. *[Photograph.*

was forced to be content with second place. Last year he was successful in the 2 miles championship, decided at Northampton. He also carried off the 1,cooyds. at Leeds, while he was second to Sid Thomas and Willers in the Ranelagh Harriers' 3 miles contest, in which fresh records were established. This season he trained chiefly at Paddington, but failed unexpectedly in the championship. He got off badly at the start, and, never regaining the ground thus lost, was beaten by A. B. George. This, however, must have been something approaching a fluke, for, a fortnight later, when running at Stamford Bridge, Martin turned the tables in a ¾-mile steeplechase, while he also ran second to Harry Watkins in the 4 miles at Windsor, and second to Pearce at Wembley Park, after securing the steeplechase event off the scratch mark.

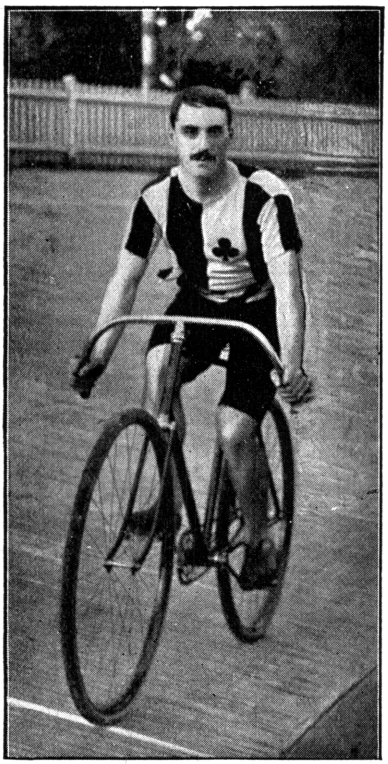
J. GREEN,

THE holder of the whole of the N.C.U. championships of 1894, with but one exception, may best be described as a veteran rider. Born in the little Northumbrian village of Barrington on November 8th, 1867, he is now in his 28th year. His start was made on an ordinary, the first race being ridden some thirteen years ago. At that time, of course, he was placed upon a long mark, but very rapidly he came back to his men, and he was well-nigh upon scratch when the great Robert English appeared upon the scene. The latter soon joined the professional ranks, and a little later Green, who had become a scratch man, deserted the track, considering that he would not race again. Then came the safety type of machine, and within a short time he was back again, this time turning his attention principally to trick riding. It was impossible for that to last, however, and from that time up to the present he has won races absolutely without number. In 1891 he won the 5 and 10 miles N.C.U. championships of the Newcastle Centre. In 1892 he placed the 5 miles championship of the same body to his credit, while last year he accomplished a similar performance in the 10 miles race, and was placed second in the 25 miles championship. Coming now to the present season, he has won a perfect shoal of handicaps and scratch events which might be mentioned, while he broke up his field at Birmingham in the 5 miles N.C.U. championship, open to the world. This performance he repeated in the Metropolis on the occasion of the 25 miles race, while he was also first past the judge in the International team race, England *v.* Scotland, at Glasgow. His latest achievement was in the 50 miles championship at Herne Hill, where he not only won with a bit in hand, but also broke the then world's record for the distance, amateur or professional.

J. GREEN.
From a Photo. by Barrass, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A. J. WATSON.

THIS gentleman is one of those who have had considerable difficulty in the present season with the licensing authorities of the N.C.U. He was as fit as possible early in the season, but owing to the absence of the necessary permit, was debarred from riding in many of the leading events of the year. His career upon the path, however, dates from as far back as 1886. Winning several club championships, in 1890 he essayed several appearances upon Metropolitan tracks. A unique experience awaited him, for, coming down heavily in one of his races, he sustained a broken jaw. The sporting papers reported him dead, yet he was so far alive as to ride in and win a half-mile handicap after this fall. A family bereavement kept him off the path

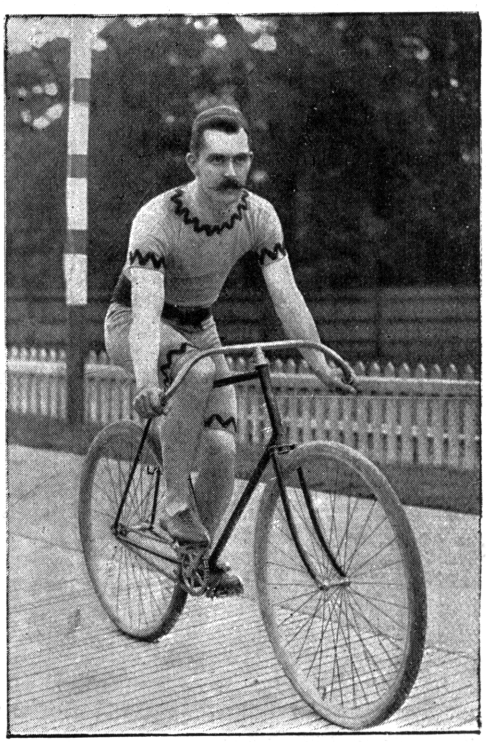


A. J. WATSON.
From a Photo. by R. Lang Sims, Brixton Road, S.W.

until last year, when he embarked upon what he might term "training." This embraced regular living, and a fair amount of practice every day. He carried off the 5 miles championship of the N.C.U., and a little later the England *v.* Scotland race of the same distance, on that occasion defeating, amongst others, Harris, Vogt, and Sanger. Totalling his wins up for the season, he placed thirty-five firsts in scratch races to his credit, while smaller events almost beyond number fell to his share. His defeat in the 5 miles N.C.U. championship of this year may be fairly attributed to the license trouble already alluded to, for, although he secured the second place, he was scarcely in form to ride. Up to the end of September, however, he had secured 40 firsts, while he was equally successful in his Continental tour, winning 22 prizes in a space of three weeks.

J. Rowley.

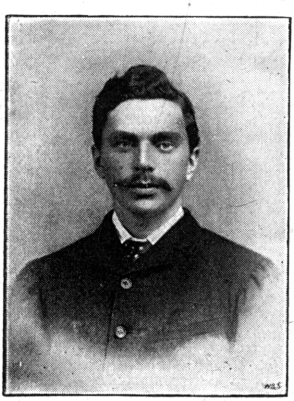
The pastime of cycling, taken up as a hobby more than with a thought of racing, was the case with the subject of this brief record. At the start of his career, some twelve years ago, Rowley confined his attention solely to touring in England and upon the Continent. But at length he was bitten by the then prevailing fever. Four years ago he took up speed cycling seriously, and in company with Mr. H. Arnold he attacked the 12 hours tandem tricycle record then existent. In that undertaking the pair proved successful. Emboldened by this success, Rowley next went for and placed to his credit the tricycle times for 50 miles in competition, while he also earned the distinction of being the first three-wheeler to reach the goal in the North Road C.C. race of 1892. In that year he commenced training upon the track, and carried off the one mile (tricycle) championship of London, while the blue ribbon event of the Stanley C.C. also fell to his share in 1891–92–94. The tricycle championships of the same club he also secured for three years in succession, in 1892–93 and this season. His great effort was, however, made in the N.C.U. championships of this year, where he proved successful in the one and the 10 miles. Beyond these events enumerated, Rowley has also been successful in many of the smaller events, but, strange to say, he has no particular method of training.



J. ROWLEY.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

F. T. Bidlake

Might be fairly considered to be the pioneer in long distance tricycling. That is to say, he has established record after record from 1889 onwards. But it must not be thought that he goes in for training pure and simple. "My idea of preparation," he says, "is to take plenty of long rides at an easy pace, getting fit meaning, in my case, being in a sound condition of health." Bidlake first started riding in 1883, and was the first tricyclist home in the North Road 24 hours races of 1888–90–91–92–93. In 1889 he broke the record for 100 miles upon the road, doing 6 hours 55min. 58sec. on a solid, a time which stood until the introduction of pneumatics. He also rode from York to London on the same machine in 18 hours 28min. In 1890 he ran fifth in the North Road 24 hours race, with a score of 289 miles on his three-wheeler, while he was also the first tricyclist in the North Road open 100 miles. Coming now to 1891, he was a competitor with Shorland in the North Road 24 hours, being third at the finish. Meanwhile his York to London record had gone by the board, but in 1892 he again reasserted his supremacy, scoring 15 hours 28min. in June and 13 hours 19min. in September. This brought him up to last year, when, on one occasion, he rode 333 miles in one day, on a tandem in company with M. A. Holbein, and then in the Cuca Race for that year he ran into second place to Shorland. In August of 1893 he also rode second to the present holder of the trophy just mentioned in the North Road 24 hours, getting over 331 miles, while his most prominent performance of this year has been the breaking of the 50 miles tricycle record on the road with 2 hours 22min. 55sec.



F. T. BIDLAKE.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

Lewis Stroud.

A general favourite, "hail fellow, well met," is Lewis Stroud with the whole of the members of the cycling fraternity. He has been riding for many years now, both upon the path and the road, securing a multitude of prizes from either. But, although he carried off the 50 miles amateur championship last year, this season he has found himself unable to devote sufficient time to training, so acted wisely in standing down from the contest, which was won, as already related, by Green, the Northumberland flier. In his principal engagements of last year he carried off, with but one exception, the whole of the first prizes for races in which he competed. On June 17th he ran second in the mile tricycle N.C.U. championship, and third in the 5 miles championship. At Paddington, in the 50 miles Local Centre N.C.U. championship, he was the first to pass the post in 2 hours 35min. 8 1-5sec., while five days later he reduced all tricycle records from 2 to 10 miles. He rode second in the mile London Centre N.C.U. championship on July 29th, and then after a provincial tour came back to the "battens" once again. On this occasion (September 22nd) he set up fresh times for a mile and intermediate distances upon his three-wheeler; the day following he established another record for the flying quarter, and twenty-four hours later not only did he successfully assail tricycle records from 2 to 22 miles, but also made an hour's record of 22 miles 180yds.

LEWIS STROUD.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

Frank W. Shorland.

Born at Orton, in Northamptonshire, in 1871, Frank W. Shorland, winner of the Cuca Cup, is at the present time practically in his prime. He started riding about ten years ago, then bestriding an ordinary. As soon as the safeties came into vogue he exchanged for a Facile, and then again to a Humber, upon the latter type he having won the majority of his races. But it is to the road that we must turn for the greater number of his successes. A member of the North Road C.C., he first came prominently before the public when he was 18 years of age, in establishing a record of 160¾ miles for 12 hours. In the 24 hours' club race of 1890

he met and defeated G. P. Mills, while the same race he placed to his credit in 1891–92–93. Last year it will be recollected he came down heavily, spraining his shoulder, and being rendered almost unconscious by reason of his fall. He pluckily remounted, however, after a rest of a few minutes, finishing in a manner surprising to witness. To him also belongs the honour of having been the first rider, English or foreign, to cover 400 miles in one day, a feat accomplished in 1892 on the occasion of the first race for the Cuca Cup, the exact distance covered being 416 miles 1,615yds. Last year he increased the distance to 426 miles 440yds., and this season he made the trophy his absolute property. His method of training may be very briefly summarized. Riding winter and summer alike, he is fit and well at all times, while when engaged in a race he depends upon boiled rice, eggs, and lemons to bring him through.

FRANK W. SHORLAND.
From a Photo. by Edgar Scamel, Crouch Hill, N.

C. C. Fontaine.

A very slight description will be sufficient for the gentleman who has earned the distinction of securing, probably, the last of the great 24 hours' road races. An American by birth, Fontaine has experienced a varied career. Prior to taking up the pursuit of the wheel he was engaged as a wire-walker at various variety theatres. But his friends persuading him to train, he rapidly developed staying power of a high-class order. He came to England, and the inevitable "boom" followed. He was credited with riding trials of an extraordinary character, until at length, when it was seen that he had entered for the Cuca Cup race of 1894, followers of form commenced to wonder whether he would succeed in defeating the redoubtable Shorland. The latter was decidedly nervous himself respecting the result of the meeting, but at an early stage of the race it was evident that Fontaine would not stay at the pace which was set by the champion. Eventually he retired, and then nothing further was heard of him until he got up in and won the 24 hours' race of the North Road C.C. decided in September last.

C. C. FONTAINE.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

A. A. Zimmerman.

Who does not recollect the visit of the speedy American wheelman to these shores some three seasons ago? Without question he was the one rider *par excellence* when he first descended upon the English tracks. Born some twenty-four years ago, Zimmerman is just now at the heyday of his prime. Long, lanky, and with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, the subject of this brief sketch is enabled to get a tremendous amount of power into his tread in consequence of the almost abnormal development of the muscles of his legs and thighs. Regrettable in every way was his last visit to England as an amateur. His license was refused by the N.C.U. upon grounds which provoked considerable discussion at the time. Consequently he was unable to ride against the leading amateurs and to defend the championship titles which he held. Then he returned again

A. A. ZIMMERMAN.
From a Photo. by Edgar Scamel, Crouch Hill, N.

to America, and the next we heard was that he had thrown in his lot with the professional element. Amongst the latter he has cleared the whole of the principal prizes in races for which he has entered, while some three months ago he visited England again, riding at Herne Hill, Sheffield, and other places. But professional racing does not "catch on" here, and the natural inference is that he will make his headquarters at Paris.

A. W. HARRIS,

"THE Little Leicester Lad," as his friends delight to call him, has made a place for himself in the hearts of all those who may love the sport of wheeling for its sake alone. Of a medium height, and of a spare and wiry form, he rapidly worked his way to the front, especially in 1892. He then won almost the whole of the races in which he competed, adding trophy to trophy, until their aggregate value must have reached close upon £2,000. But at length the N.C.U. came down upon him with the license question, and although he survived yet another season, he at length took the header into professionalism pure and simple. Since then he has toured throughout the length and breadth of the Continent, but he has made his home at the Velodrome Buffalo, Paris. At that track he has during the season just passed ridden races without number with varying degrees of success; and in company with Zimmerman, Wheeler, Bander, and other leading cash prize men, visited England once again at the end of last summer. On the safety, however, he cannot be said to have been very successful, but as a tandemite, among the recruits of that machine, he is coming rapidly to the front.

A. W. HARRIS.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

R. R. SANDILANDS.

OF a somewhat ungainly form upon the field, yet possessed of a rare turn of speed, the old Westminster boy, R. R. Sandilands, is a prolific goal-scorer. He was born in 1868, and went to Westminster in 1882. His first Cup tie was played when at school, in the final for the London Cup between the Old Westminsters and the Casuals. From 1888 up to the time the fixture was abolished he played for the South *v.* North, while he has also secured his International cap against Wales in 1892, against Ireland in 1893, and again against the Principality in the earlier part of the present year. Unfortunately, for two years after leaving school Sandilands was ineligible for London Cup ties, owing to his residing in Kent, but since then he has played consistently for the "Pinks." For the past four years he has also played pretty regularly for the Corinthians, and occasionally he has taken a place in the Casual team. Ever a dangerous man, his greatest number of goals in a single match was scored against the Army for the Corinthians last year. On that occasion he beat the goal-keeper no fewer than seven times.

R. R. SANDILANDS.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

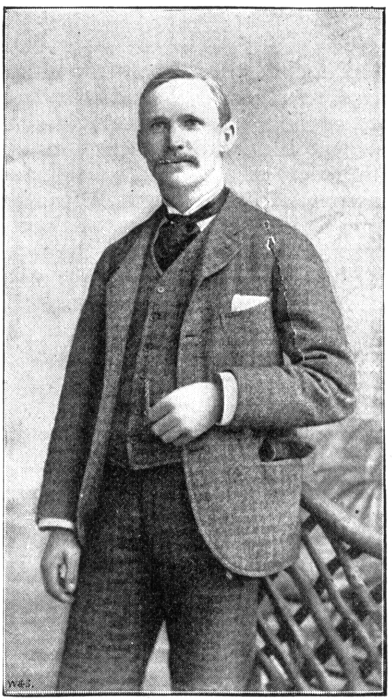
J. TAYLOR,

THE professional golf champion of 1894, is another exemplification of what dogged resolution will accomplish. Born at the pretty little Devonshire village of Northam, some 24 years ago, at an early age he acted as caddie upon the famous links at Westward Ho! Mr. Horace Hutchinson and other leading gentlemen were at that time constantly upon these links, and to the first of these Taylor acknowledges he owes many a useful hint. But soon after entering his teens he met and defeated Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and then determined to turn his attention to the game as a profession. In this he has made rapid strides, having beaten both Douglas Rolland and Andrew Kirkaldy.

BROCKWELL.

THE most prominent cricketer of 1894 is admitted on all hands to be Brockwell, the young Surrey professional. But the success attained was not secured without season after season of unremitting attention to the game.

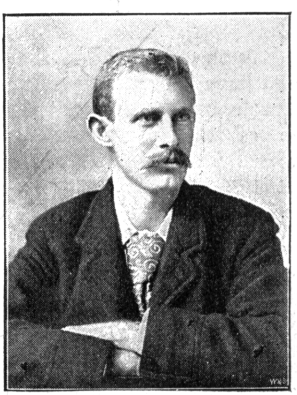
Take 1893 as an instance. In that year he secured an aggregate of 699 runs only, with an average of 22 per innings. This year his aggregate amounted to 1,491, with an average of 38·23. Taking the season right through, he has played for his county 45 innings, in first-class cricket, of course, while he has carried out his bat on six occasions, his highest total for an innings being 128. Centuries, however, he has run up on five occasions: 107 *v.* Gloucestershire, on May 17th; 108 *v.* Essex, on June 18th; 103 *v.* Yorkshire, on June 25th; 128 for South *v.* North, on August 2nd; and 106 (not out) *v.* Notts, on August 6th. On the reverse side of the sheet, however, comes the pair of spectacles annexed against Leicestershire, on July 19th.



J. TAYLOR.
From a Photo. by H. Philpot, Croydon.

like character of which he is possessed are considered, it will be admitted that we are justified in our assertion. Born at Auckland, New Zealand, in September, 1868, Sullivan is now in his 27th year. He stands 6ft. 1in. in height, measures 42in. round the chest, and, when fit and well, his rowing weight is 11st. 12lb. He first started sculling at 13 years of age, and in 1888 or 1889 he met M'Kay, the then amateur champion of New Zealand, whom he conquered. In 1891 he met and defeated George Bubear upon the Nepean with ease, while on only one occasion since he joined the professional ranks has he suffered defeat, that being at the hands of Stansbury, when he rowed for the championship of the world. It may be mentioned, however, that Sullivan holds the

BROCKWELL.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.



TOM SULLIVAN.
From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Putney.

Tom Sullivan.

THE English championship of the sculling world could have no better holder than Tom Sullivan. That perhaps may sound somewhat ambiguous, yet when the geniality of the man himself, his unfailing good humour and good nature, and, more than all, the thorough sportsman- records for both the Parramatta and Nepean rivers, the only two recognised waterways of Australia. For the latter his time is 19min. 15sec. for the full championship course, and the former 18min. 41½sec. His last great race was against Bubear on the Thames for the championship of England and the *Sportsman's* challenge cup, in which he won as he wished.

Secret Hiding-Places.

By James Scott.

MANY an old tale of the "Once upon a time" type was heightened in interest by the narration of some incident connected with the secret hiding of a runaway thief, or of the imprisonment of an unfortunate captive. There is no doubt that several of these startling episodes were founded on fact, as revelations made during the demolition of many an old building serve to testify.

I have collected many particulars appertaining to the interiors of old houses, and have been rewarded by becoming acquainted with several interesting items. In some instances I have been compelled to personally complete details of certain parts—for instance, in connection with the ingenious hiding-place explained in Figs. 1 and 2, I had, until recently, a page of a very old book in which was a drawing of the plan Fig. 2, and a few descriptive remarks, other information probably being contained in pages not in my possession. But just as a single bone is sufficient for the scientific anatomist to base the appearance of the whole skeleton upon, so my knowledge of woodwork has enabled me to realize the full extent of the construction of parts not thoroughly explained to me.

The hiding-place to which I have just referred must have been a truly effective, albeit uncomfortable, one. A cupboard, apparently a fixture of the room, and resembling Fig. 1, would be the first thing, no doubt, to attract the attention of any inquisitive searchers for a "wanted" man. But I calculate that, although the runaway may have happened to be concealed within the chamber behind it, the human hounds must have failed to detect, or even to suspect, his presence. Let us follow the man from the time he prepares for hiding himself. First, he would open the door of the cupboard. Then, by pulling the right-hand side of the cupboard forward, he would be permitted to draw one of the interior backs of the cupboard partly outward (as shown in Fig. 1) behind the space provided by reason of the first side having been shifted. These parts are shown in plan Fig. 2, A being the right-hand side and B the inside movable portion of the cupboard. It will be noticed that B also carries a part of the fellow-back with it.

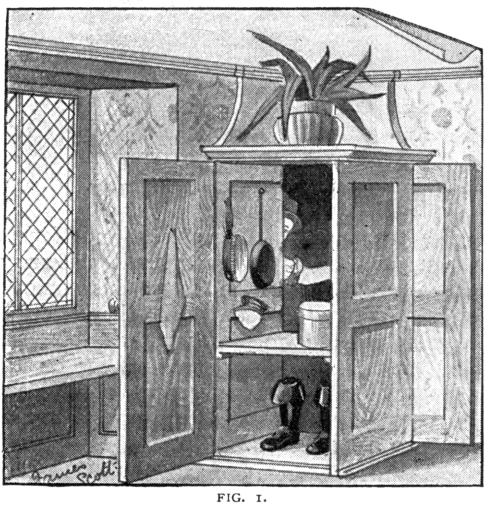


FIG. 1.

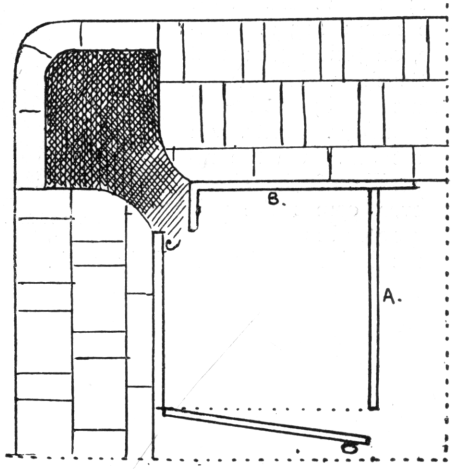


FIG. 2.

This exposes a gap, through which a man might readily squeeze, rather uncomfortably, perhaps, yet still effectively. He would ultimately find himself in a close cavity constructed in the wall and shown by the shaded portion of the diagram. Previous to making his entrance he must have closed the door as well as possible. Springs assisted in connection with the remaining portions. It was a very easy matter for him to replace the movable back, and by doing this it enabled the outer or right-hand side to spring back of its own accord, concealing even the edge of the interior side or back. The shelf shown would be merely laid upon a strip of wood fastened to the right-hand side of the cupboard, in order to permit proper working. Suitable panelling, no doubt, served to hide the crevice which must have existed at point

c, Fig. 2. It is safe to assume that little chance of discovery would offer itself to the searchers, for tapping would reveal nothing, unless one of them happened to strike right up in the corner, which would hardly be the case. How the self-made prisoner fared for a supply of requisite air, history telleth not, but I suppose that some provision must have been made in this direction.

A very effectual hiding-place is that interpreted by Fig. 3. A recess is allowed to exist in the solid wall, immediately above the

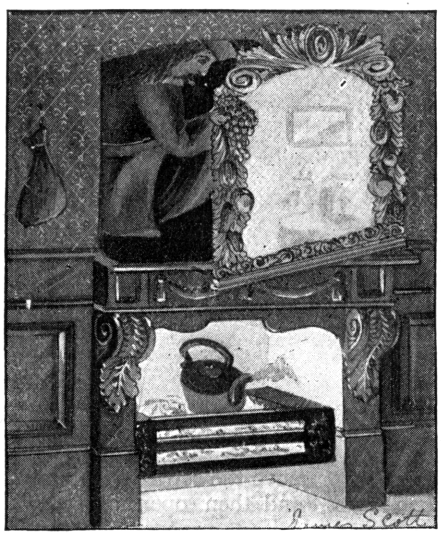


FIG. 3.

mantelpiece. It is secreted from view by means of a looking-glass, hinged in such a manner as to be capable of being easily and quickly opened as a door, permitting sharp ingress into the cavity. The position of the runaway, self-imprisoned in a space of this form of construction, must of course have been extremely irksome and almost intolerably inconvenient. But probably the balance of favour between such a mode of escape and capture was sufficient to induce but little complaint by the prisoner against his bare quarters. The awkward situation might have instilled a ray of joy into him on a wintry day, supposing the grate beneath him to have contained a liberally endowed fire; but I am inclined to believe that, as a rule, the fugitive must have experienced warmth or heat in a most burdensome degree. The chimney, of course, must have been specially constructed to meet such an emergency.

By being artful enough to scratch a tiny portion of quicksilver off the back of the mirror, the man would have been enabled to observe, through the small peep-hole thus formed, the movements of the enemy, and be accordingly prepared for a conflict, if inevitable.

It is safe to assume that very few, if any, of the searchers would have suspected the existence of this cavity. They might have taken the precaution of tapping the surrounding wall, but, of course, their efforts by that means to discover the place of concealment would have proved unproductive.

Turning now to a third form of deception, we see that (Fig. 4) it was possible for a runaway to raise a heavy panel and pass through into a cavity containing a narrow flight of stone steps, where he could securely hide himself for a length of time, according to his discretion. The cunning rogue, whilst remaining within his hard prison, was possessed of facilities for observation, as will be readily comprehended upon referring to the hole in the wall, usually covered by the old Dutch clock, which was so hinged as to permit of its being bodily turned from the wall from within the place of concealment.

To create the impression that nothing was hollow in the walls of this apartment, sacks of some kind of material, or horizontally fitted boards, may have been used on the other side of the opening; although I must admit that the very bulk and solidity of the panel itself would have sufficed for the purpose of causing but little echo calcu-

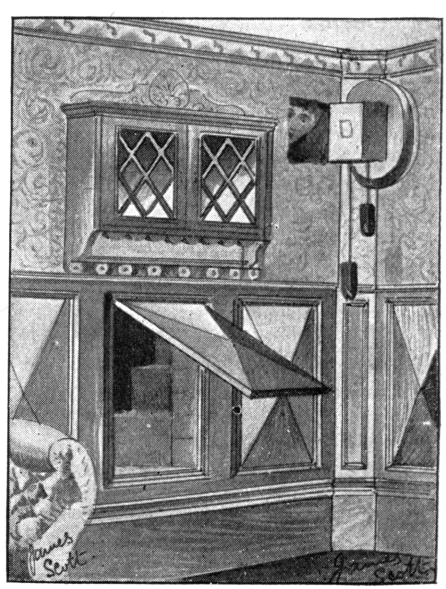


FIG. 4.

lated to arouse suspicion upon being tapped by an inquisitive detective.

No doubt, if the existence of the cavity had been suspected, great difficulty would have been experienced in discovering the secret by which admission was gained thereto. A sliding panel in the back of the cupboard attached to the wall permitted the owner to reach one end of a bar which passed behind the movable panel and down into the skirting board surrounding the room. When this bar was lifted to a certain height, it permitted the panel to be raised.

A cavity somewhat analogous in construction and idea to that illustrated in Fig. 3 is that drawn in Fig. 5. A massive gilt frame, containing a portrait or view, was securely nailed to the wall, which was solid and compact in all portions save that immediately behind the area covered by the painting, where existed a deep recess containing a seat. The entrance to this confined and undesirable residence was effected by the very simple method of raising the painting individually, as represented, which fitted into grooves along the sides of the frame containing it. Very likely, to aid the deception and avoid possible discovery, the top edge of the painting was gilded, and would, when the painting was lowered and firmly secured in place, be flush or level with the top straight portion of the frame.

If anyone became suspicious respecting this picture, and tapped it, it would produce a hollow sound similar to that emanating from any class of painting when so knocked; therefore the inquisitive one might not submit his suspicion to any further test. But it is very improbable that a hunter would think of striking a picture, but would remain content with sounding the remaining portion of the wall, which would, of course, fail to reveal the existence of the cavity.

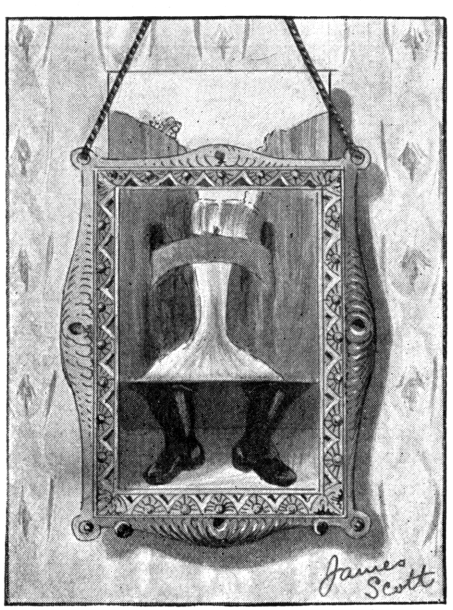


FIG. 5.

An effectively contrived hiding-place is explained by the drawing Fig. 6. The run-

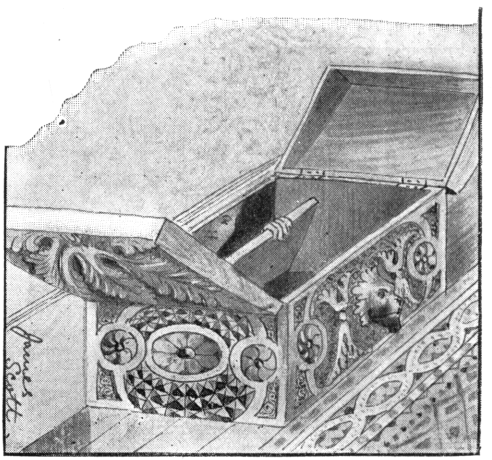


FIG. 6.

away would remove the contents of the heavy oaken chest, and then open a flap which communicated with the space below the floor. A confederate would refill the box, after having securely replaced the trap-door. A notable feature of this invention is that, should the searchers suspect the existence of a trap-door, they would be greatly deceived in their endeavours to find it, supposing that they failed to do so when examining the interior of the box. The skirting of the wall on this side of the room is really capable of sliding backwards and forwards, within grooves, between the flooring and the wall above. The chest fits close up against it, and is united to it, so that when the box is drawn either to the right or left hand side, the skirting travels with it, and, of course, fails to reveal any connection with the space beneath the floor. Allowance is made at the other ends of the skirting for this curious mechanism, and those ends therefore travel in spaces built in adjacent walls.

The skirting would be, of necessity, very evenly painted and free from marks, and likewise travel noiselessly, otherwise it would lead to exposure. By the judicious use of curtains and drapery, its motion might be

concealed. In order to prevent the possibility of the pursuers lifting it—or, rather, trying to do so—it would be constructed of excessively heavy wood; and to also avoid the chance of its being pulled frontwards, the edge of a very thick carpet would be tacked to the floor in such a way as to contact directly with it.

The sixth article (Fig. 7) on my present list has the appearance of a huge sideboard or cabinet. The trap-door is situated within it, and really forms the bottom of the cupboard. When lifted, it would admit a man to the space beneath the floor by means of a

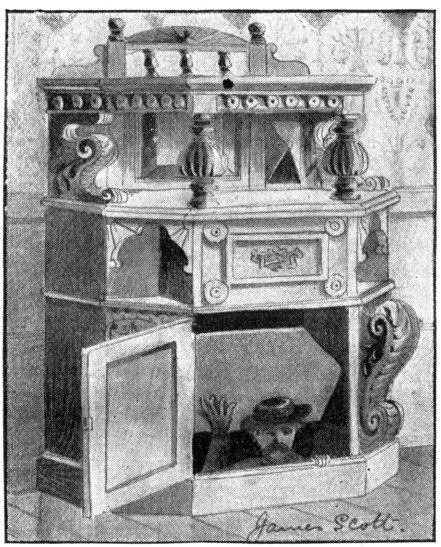


FIG. 7.

hole through the latter. For the purpose of avoiding chance discovery, the article would be intentionally heavy, so much so, that two or three men could not possibly remove it. It might even be screwed to the floor.

A very safe hiding-place is that built within a staircase (Fig. 8). There is no doubt that all cupboards beneath stairs would be keenly examined by those in pursuit of a runaway, and that all suspicious contrivances not neatly concealed would be of little avail for the purpose desired. But, as will be understood from the description of this particular form of deception, no one would think of being extra inquisitive after having made a cursory inspection of the place. A portion of the stairs lifts up bodily on hinges, and permits quick entrance to the secret cavity below. The self-made prisoner is then enabled to easily reclose the movable steps, which are supported firmly upon a thick strip of wood affixed to the wall, etc., and are capable of

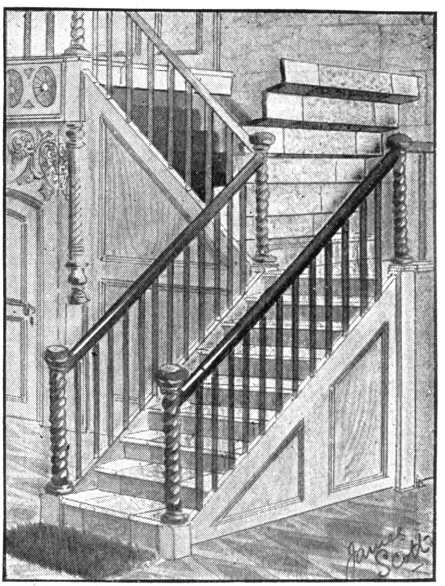


FIG. 8.

being securely locked together from within the space.

A false flight of steps is fitted below those which meet the eye; and the object of their presence is, of course, to deceive any searchers who might examine the interior of the cupboard situated underneath the stairs, and who would then see what they would naturally imagine to be the undersides of the genuine stairs. The deception is further increased by the fact that the same number of steps meet the eye both outside and within the cupboard; that is, of course, referring to those parts alone with which we are more immediately concerned. Were the searchers to undertake the measurement of the stairs, etc., they would become acquainted with the facts I have pointed out; but it is safe to assume that they would

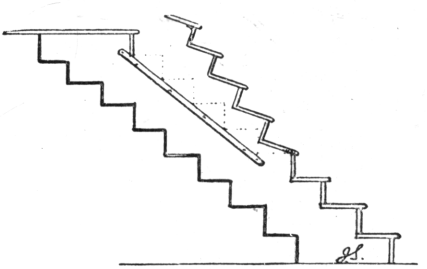


FIG. 9.

accept the evidence of their eyes as conclusive (Fig. 9). Tapping upon what they believed to be the underside of the proper

stairs would produce a hollow sound; but as a similar response must be expected when legitimate stairs are tapped, that point would not be considered a valuable clue. The quarters would be truly uncomfortable, as the necessities of the position would demand that the prisoner should lie at full length in the cavity. Perhaps, however, some provision was made whereby slight relief was afforded.

It appears that the schemers of the past did not confine their ingenuity solely to devising contrivances within doors, as is exemplified by the water-butt depicted in the adjacent illustration. This form of reservoir is fast disappearing, and is being extensively replaced by the more healthy and cleanly zinc tank. It must have been a cute man who devised the article to which I am now drawing attention. In sketch, Fig. 10, I show a man entering the butt from its bottom end whilst the tap is pouring forth a volume of its contents. Notwithstanding the simple character of the invention, I fear that but few people would guess the form assumed by so innocent and genuine-looking an article. It was evidently a large one, and perched high up with the intention of preventing a person from taking a peep into its interior. By turning on the tap, and observing water issue forth as a result, the searchers would, no doubt, feel satisfied that no one was concealed within the butt. If they were not fully convinced, they would further test the matter by reaching at arm's length, and inserting a stick in the butt; and would, I am sure, when

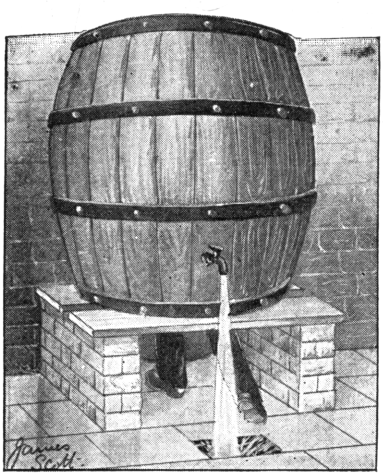


FIG. 10.

they discovered that the stick became wetted, believe they were right in discarding the idea that the butt was used as a secret hiding-place.

Now let us follow the artful fellow who is intent upon gaining admission into this perfectly cool, albeit badly ventilated, retreat. First, he would release a hinged half of the bottom end of the butt, and a portion of the supporting plank (Fig. 11), and would raise himself into a conical cavity as illustrated

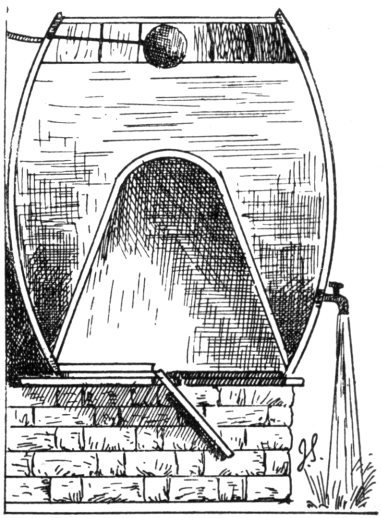


FIG. 11.

in the diagram, wherein he would squat on his haunches for a period according to that suggested by discretion, after having closed the trap-door. The water entirely covers the cone, but could not possibly touch the secreted man, unless by accident. The top of the cone is at too low an elevation to encounter the chance insertion of a stick, used as a medium to ascertain whether the upper part of the butt contained water. Altogether considered, I am inclined to give more points in favour of the effectiveness of this particular kind of prison than to any of the others described by me, which have been selected from a large number as being the most interesting and curious among them.

The arrangements delineated in Figs. 6 and 7 might also have served as a means of ingress to the apartment of a traveller, whom a villainous landlord of an isolated inn might have felt desirous of visiting, during the night, with hostile motives.

It must be remembered, too, that although probably being greatly availed of by highwaymen and other wrong-doers, these and other secret hiding-places may have been found extremely useful to religious men during the times of persecution, which every noble-minded man must regret were once so paramount.

"*A Miracle.*"

From the French of François Coppée, By Alys Hallard.

I.

IT was the day before Christmas, and early in the morning, when two important events took place, exactly at the same time. The sun rose—and M. Jean Baptiste Godefroy also!

Now, in the depth of winter, after a fortnight's dull, wet weather, the Parisians were certainly all very glad to see the sun again, and there is no doubt about the matter, the sun does play a very important part in this world of ours, and in olden times people acknowledged the fact, and under the names of Osiris and Apollo they worshipped him as a god, whilst not two centuries ago he reigned in France in the person of Louis XIV. Now, M. Godefroy, the wealthy financier, director of the celebrated Trust Company, manager of ever so many more important companies, member of Parliament, Officer of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., etc., was not a personage to be ignored or disdained either.

We have no means of knowing what the sun's opinion of its own merits is, but we do know that, no matter how high an opinion it may have of itself, M. Godefroy had at least quite as high an estimation of himself.

In consideration of these facts, then, we feel that we are quite justified in saying that on the morning in question, at about a quarter to eight, these two important events took place: viz., M. Godefroy and the sun rose! Both of them had great power and influence, and in getting up they made use of their authority, but not at all in the same way as each other. The sun began his day in the most charming manner, for he was in a very good humour.

During the night the sleet had covered with powdered sugar the great, bare plane-trees along the Boulevard Malesherbes, where M. Godefroy's house was situated, and the sun, who is a veritable magician, amused himself by transforming this sleet into sprays of pinky coral; and whilst he was doing this he threw his bright, cheerful rays on all the passers-by whom the necessity of earning their daily bread had obliged to turn out at this early hour. The sun is very impartial when distributing his favours: he smiled just as cordially on the clerk who was hurrying to his office, shivering in his thin overcoat, as on the little dressmaker on her way to work, or the workman in his blouse with his dinner tucked under his arm, or the tramway conductor pulling his bell, and on the poor man at the corner of the street who was roasting chestnuts for his stall. The sun had a smile for them all, for he is always so glad to make people happier.

M. Godefroy, on the contrary, woke up in a bad temper. The evening before he had been out to a formal dinner, and he was consequently suffering from indigestion. By the very way in which he pulled his bell that morning, his valet Pierre knew what to expect, and on leaving the kitchen he said to the cook: "We are in for it to-day. The old man's in a deuced bad humour."

Pierre then went upstairs, knocked respectfully at his master's door, entered the room

"PIERRE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT."

on tiptoe, drew back the window-curtains, lighted the fire, and prepared everything that was necessary as quietly and respectfully as the acolytes prepare the sacred things on the altar before the priest officiates at the mass.

"What's the weather like?" asked M. Godefroy abruptly, whilst he was dressing.

"Very cold, sir, but bright. There is quite a change, and we shall have a fine day, I think."

While sharpening his razor M. Godefroy drew back the curtain, looked out, and on seeing the Boulevard bright with sunshine, he made a grimace which was the nearest thing he could do to a smile. Oh! it is all very well to be reserved before one's servants, and one knows it is bad form to show one's feelings before them; but in the very middle of winter the sight of sunshine does cause us an agreeable sensation that it is difficult to dissimulate. There was a poor apprentice lad sliding on the frozen gutter at that moment, and he too was smiling, but if anyone had called attention to the fact that the sight of the sunshine had caused the same feeling of happiness in M. Godefroy's mind as in the apprentice lad's, the great financier would have drawn himself up in surprise and in disgust. However that may be, certain it is that M. Godefroy remained at the window a whole minute watching the passers-by as they marched briskly along.

Such folly, however, only lasted the one minute. To stand at the window smiling at the sunshine is all very well for women, children, poets, and the lower classes. M. Godefroy had other fish to fry, and his programme for that day was very full indeed. From half-past eight till ten he expected at his office several gentlemen who, like himself, had no time to waste, and who consequently rose early in the morning. They had a lot of business to discuss—business of which the end and object was *to make money*.

After a very early luncheon, M. Godefroy would have to drive to the Stock Exchange, in order to have a few words with some more gentlemen who resembled himself very much, and who also got up early in the morning in order to—*make money*.

On leaving the Exchange, M. Godefroy had next to rush off to a certain committee-room, where he would find a long table with ink-pots and some more men of his own type. At this meeting he would preside, and the topic of conversation and discussion would again be various ways and means of—*making money*.

After this he had to put in an appearance at several other committee and sub-committee meetings gathered together around tables covered with green baize and ink-pots. The men he would meet there were also of the unsentimental type, not given either to neglecting any occasions of making money, but who were kind enough and generous enough to sacrifice a few of their valuable hours in order to assure into the bargain the welfare and glory of France.

This, then, was the programme of M. Godefroy's day, on the morning of which our story opens.

Our hero therefore shaved himself with great care, trimming with precaution his grey fringe of a beard, which gave him such a respectable look, and inspired the confidence of his electors in Auvergne. He arrayed himself in a morning suit of perfect cut, and then went down into his office.

The procession of unsentimental men had already commenced to arrive, each one of the number preoccupied with the great and important subject of the best and quickest way in which to increase his beloved capital. When all were there they began to discuss eagerly several enterprises which were on foot, particularly a railway which was to be laid in a distant country, then a huge manufactory to be started somewhere near Paris, and a mine in South America.

Of course, there was no question whatever as to whether there would ever be many passengers to be transported by the new railway; it was of no consequence, either, whether sugar or nightcaps should be made at the manufactory, neither did it appear to affect all these men whether gold or tin should be got from the mine. Such questions as these were trifling and quite secondary; but what did occupy M. Godefroy and his colleagues was the profit that would be made on the shares of these various enterprises during the first few weeks, for, later on, the said shares would probably not be worth much.

The important discussion lasted until ten o'clock precisely, when the gentlemen all departed, and the director of the company conducted his last visitor politely to the door. This said last visitor was a moneyed man who was highly esteemed by the public, as is often the case, whilst if things were as they should be, he would have been living at the expense of his country at Poissy or at Gaillon—at any rate, for a certain period of time fixed by a learned man who arranges for his countrymen to leave their business sometimes and take a change of air and scenery, whilst occupying

their leisure moments in the wholesome employment of making a certain kind of basket-work or brushes and other articles, which are sold cheap for the benefit of the public.

The director, after shaking hands with this worthy member of the company, went into his magnificently-furnished dining-room and sat down to luncheon, with the most correct of correct footmen stationed at the back of his chair. M. Godefroy ate very sparingly, for, in spite of a strong dose of bi-carbonate of soda, he had not yet forgotten his fit of indigestion. As soon as dessert was served the door opened, and a little boy, dressed in blue velvet, entered, accompanied by his German governess.

This visit of his son Raoul took place every day at exactly the same hour, whilst M. Godefroy's carriage waited at the hall-door to bear him off to the Exchange. The illustrious money-maker therefore devoted a whole quarter of an hour every day to his son, whom he adored in his way. He would like to have spent more time with his child, but one cannot neglect business, of course.

"DOOD MORNIN', PAPA."

At the age of forty-two M. Godefroy had imagined himself in love with the daughter of the Marquis de Neufontaine, a penniless aristocrat whom he had met at the club, and who was only too delighted to become the father-in-law of a man who would pay his gambling and other debts. Mlle. de Neufontaine was seventeen, had been educated in a convent, knew absolutely nothing of the world, and had nothing for her dowry but aristocratic prejudices and romantic ideas.

M. Godefroy was the son of a grasping provincial lawyer, and belonged essentially to "the people" in spite of his advancement on the social ladder. Quite unintentionally therefore he wounded his young wife's susceptibilities upon every occasion, and undoubtedly had she lived her life would have been one long martyrdom, but on the birth of Raoul the young mother died. M. Godefroy was devotedly fond of his little boy for various reasons—first, he was his only child; then Raoul was a descendant of the families of Godefroy and De Neufontaine; and, above all, the great financier could not help feeling a certain amount of respect for his offspring when he remembered that the boy would one day be a millionaire.

Raoul was therefore brought up like a young prince, and cut his first teeth on a rattle with a solid gold handle. Unfortunately, however, his father could only spare a quarter of an hour for him each day; the rest of the time the child had to spend with those who were paid to serve him.

"Good morning, Raoul."

"Dood mornin', papa."

And the director of the famous Trust Company and of so many other companies and societies took the little boy on his knee, stroked the little, childish fingers with his great hand, and positively kissed the little face several times, and forgot!—the rise and fall of the stocks, the tables of green baize with the large ink-pots, around which such important affairs were going to be discussed. Yes, he positively forgot all about the vote he was going to give at the House, and which depended entirely on whether he obtained the various favours that he had demanded, and which he himself had promised his electors.

"Papa, tell me, will the little Noël put me somethin' in my shoe to-night? It is Ch'is'mas to-morrow."

"Why, yes, if you are a good boy," and the important member of Parliament made an

inward note of the fact that he had to buy some Christmas presents on his way home.

"Raoul has been good, has he not?" M. Godefroy asked, looking at the nursery-governess, who simpered and blushed, and finally giggled. M. Godefroy, however, appeared to be quite satisfied with this kind of answer to his question.

"It's very bright and fine to-day, Fräulein; you had better take him to the Park Monceau, but be sure and see that he is well wrapped up, for it is very cold."

The governess answered by another imbecile smile, thus reassuring M. Godefroy upon this essential point, and the great financier kissed his little boy again, and then got up from the table just as the clock was striking eleven.

Pierre was waiting in the hall to help his master on with his fur-lined overcoat.

M. Godefroy got into his carriage, and Pierre closed the carriage door respectfully; then, returning to the house for a second, came out again, and hurried off to have a game at billiards at a café just near, where the groom of the baroness who lived in the house opposite was already waiting for him.

II.

THANKS to the speed of his beautiful bay horse, which, through the intervention of his own coachman (who was a personal friend of the horse-dealer), he had paid £40 too much for, M. Godefroy arrived at the Exchange in good time, presided at the various committee meetings which were held at the green baize tables, and towards five o'clock gave his vote at the House; for he had obtained the various small favours he had demanded, and could, therefore, afford to do his country a good turn.

Feeling very well satisfied with himself and with his day's work, he now thought of Raoul and his Christmas presents, and on getting into his carriage he told his coachman to drive to a well-known toy-shop, where he invested in a famous wooden velocipede horse, a huge box of soldiers, all resembling each other like brothers, and a dozen or two other magnificent toys.

On the way home he thought of Raoul and his future. Raoul should certainly have all that money could get for him. He should be educated like a prince, and, indeed, might be one, for in these days the aristocracy of money is the only one thought much of. If he, himself the son of a country lawyer, who in his early days had often dined for a shilling at a wretched little restaurant in the Quartier Latin, if he had managed to get so far up on the social ladder, and had married the daughter of a marquis, what, indeed, was there that Raoul could not aspire to? Raoul, who was so handsome, who, on his mother's side at least, was of noble descent; Raoul, whose education should be watched over so carefully, who had been taught foreign languages from his very cradle; Raoul, who next year was to learn to ride, and who, when he was older, should have his mother's name joined to his present one, Raoul Godefroy de Neufontaine!

What a career, what a future was before this boy who had thus been born to a fortune!

And M. Godefroy, democrat as he was (and there are plenty like him who, in their simple-mindedness, dream of restored monarchy, for all things are possible in France), held visions of his son marrying into the Faubourg St. Germain—a favourite at the Palace, living on the steps of a throne, and with a coat-of-arms on all his silver and on his carriage! Oh, folly—folly!

Thus mused the *parvenu* whose one idea was—money and position, as his carriage, filled with magnificent Christmas toys, bore him to his stately home. He forgot, alas! that this same Christmas was the fête-day of a very poor child, the son of a wandering couple, and that this same little child was born in a stable.

On arriving and ringing his bell the door flew open, and M. Godefroy entering the hall was greeted by all his domestics, whilst the German governess was seated on a chair weeping piteously.

M. Godefroy had a presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sternly.

Pierre, with pity in his eyes, looked at his master, hesitated a second, and then began, "Master Raoul——"

"My child!"

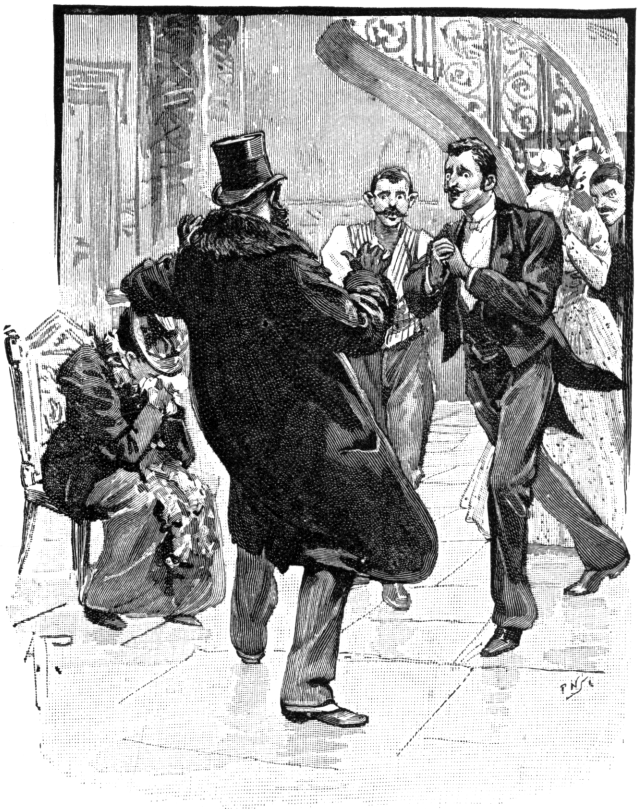
"He is lost, sir. His governess—he's been lost ever since four o'clock!"

The dismayed father stepped back, tottering like a soldier struck by a shell, whilst the servants began to explain. It appeared that the nursery-governess was in the habit of meeting her lover when she went out with Raoul, and this afternoon she had been too much taken up to notice that the child had strayed off by himself.

M. Godefroy strode forward, and standing before the weeping girl, demanded:—

"Tell me instantly where you were when you lost him."

The wretched girl could scarcely speak for



"HE IS LOST, SIR."

her sobs, but finally, with the help of the servants, the father gathered that the child had been lost near the fortifications, and that the police had been informed.

M. Godefroy went back to his carriage and drove straight away to the Prefecture. All the Christmas toys were still in the carriage, and the poor father at the sight of them almost broke down. "Oh, Raoul! Raoul, my child, my child!" he murmured, and then, clenching his hands tight, he leaned back and everything seemed so empty to him now. What good were all his riches, his position, his fame? What was anything to him without his boy?

At last the carriage stopped at the Prefecture, but the offices were all closed. He gave a sovereign to the *concierge*, and told him to go and tell the Prefect that M. Godefroy, the member of Parliament, must speak to him instantly. The sovereign worked wonders, and before long M. Godefroy found himself in the presence of the Prefect, a very imposing-looking man with an eye-glass.

M. Godefroy at once told his trouble, with tears in his eyes. The Prefect, who had children of his own, entered into the story with interest and sympathy.

"You say that the boy was lost at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And that he is not at all precocious for his age; does not speak distinctly; would not know his address, and does not even say his own name distinctly?"

"Alas!"

"It really is terrible; but, there, you must not lose courage. It was near the fortifications? I will telephone to our office there at once."

The wretched father was left alone for a few minutes, which seemed to him hours.

Presently the Prefect returned, smiling. "He is found." M. Godefroy rose from his chair and, grasping the Prefect's hand, shook it with gratitude. "He is fair, is he not, and rather pale? Dressed in blue velvet?"

"Yes, yes; that is Raoul."

"Well, he is quite safe, with a poor fellow who lives not so far away, and who came not long ago to say he had found him. His address is: Pierron, 16, Rue des Cailloux, Levallois-Perret. You'll get there in less than an hour.

"But," added the Prefect, "you won't find your child in a very aristocratic abode. The man who has found him is a costermonger. That does not matter, though, does it, as long as he is found?"

No, indeed! nothing mattered, provided he were safe, and M. Godefroy thanked the Prefect heartily, and would have embraced the costermonger on the spot, if he had been there. Yes, it is positively a fact! M. Godefroy, director of so many important companies, and Officer of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., would have embraced the plebeian costermonger, if he had been there.

He went down to his carriage, gave the order to the coachman, and then stepping in, lay back against the cushions thinking. Oh! he realized now how much his son was to him, and on that cold Christmas Eve, as the carriage rolled along, the rich millionaire thought

no more about the wealth he would heap up for Raoul.

No! He was deciding that he would send for an old aunt of his, whose Norman accent and cotton cap would undoubtedly scandalize his domestics, but who he knew would look after his boy like a mother.

Drive faster, coachman, faster! This master of yours, whom you have so often driven to important meetings, is in a greater hurry than ever to-night, and yet there is no money to be made this time.

How long the Boulevard Malesherbes seems, and now the fortifications, and then, after the handsome houses and the wide roads, a dreary, deserted looking part.

At last, at last, the carriage stops, and M. Godefroy, by the light of his carriage lamps, sees a low, plaster-built cottage, more like a hut even than a cottage. It is the number indicated, though, and must be where this Pierron lives.

The door opens immediately, and a man appears. He has only one arm, and the left sleeve of his woollen vest is doubled and fastened up. He glances at the carriage, and then says to M. Godefroy:—

"Are you the little chap's father? Don't be afraid, sir; there's no harm come to him." Then, leading the way in, he put his finger on his lips, and said: "He's asleep, though."

III.

It certainly was a wretched place that M. Godefroy had come into. By the dim light of a small lamp, which smelt very strongly of petroleum, he could see a dilapidated chest of drawers with one drawer missing, a round table on which was a half-emptied bottle of wine, three glasses, some cold veal on a little plate, and on the bare, whitewashed wall a chromo of the Exhibition of 1889, with the Eiffel Tower in dark blue.

The workman took up the lamp and walked on tiptoe to the bed in the corner of the room, and there M. Godefroy saw Raoul lying by the side of a bigger boy, who had thrown his arms round the child's neck as though for protection.

"M. GODEFROY SAW RAOUL LYING BY THE SIDE OF A BIGGER BOY."

"They could not keep awake any longer,"

whispered the workman, "and as I did not know when anyone would come to fetch the little chap, I just let them get into my bed. Zidore always has his own little one, but I thought they'd be better together in mine, and a night on two chairs wouldn't do me any harm for once in a way."

M. Godefroy hardly heard anything the man was saying, so earnestly was he looking at Raoul's little pale face side by side with the sunburnt, healthy one of the workman's child.

"Is he your son?" at last he asked.

"No, sir; I'm not married, and never shall be, you see, because of my accident. A waggon went over my arm. No, this little chap was the child of a poor work-girl, who made bead wreaths for the cemeteries, and that's a poor trade to depend on. She brought up her lad till he was five, and then came her turn to go to the cemetery herself; and the neighbours bought her a wreath. I just took to the lad, sir, that's how it was. He's seven now, and quite a little man. On holidays and after school he goes round with me and holds the scales, and helps to push my barrow: for it isn't very easy for me now I've only got one wing, you see. It was Zidore that found your little lad, sir."

"What, that child?"

"Yes, he's quite a little man. He was coming back from school, when he saw the little fellow in front of him crying like a little fountain. Zidore began to talk to him and comfort him, but he couldn't make out what your little lad said. He'd say some German and some English, but he couldn't tell his name, nor where he lived. All the people round said he'd better take him to the police-station, but Zidore thought that would frighten the little chap, so he just brought him to me. I went round to the station and said we'd got him, and when I got back the two were good friends. They had a bit of supper together and then went to bed. There doesn't look as though much troubles them, does there?" said the man, smiling at the sight of the two young faces.

It was strange what was passing in M. Godefroy's mind. On his way in the carriage he had intended to give a good reward to this poor workman—a good handful of the gold he got so easily by presiding at those green baize tables with their ink-pots. But the curtain which hid the life of the poor man from this rich one had been lifted, and he had had a glimpse of the courage and the generosity of the poor who are so charitable to each other. He was struck with the pity of it: that poor work-girl making her bead wreaths in order to bring up her little boy; this poor maimed man adopting the orphan child; and then, too, the intelligence and the refined feeling of this little street Arab who would not hear of the younger child going to the police-station lest it should frighten him. No! he would not give just a handful of gold here, he would do more for the workman and his boy.

Ah! if those same men who had paid M. Godefroy a visit that very morning to discuss business matters with him could have seen him at that moment, they would certainly have been greatly astonished. The great financier was actually asking himself whether, after all, the only good of money was to sell at a profit the shares and obligations he had bought at a discount. M. Godefroy was thinking, too, that there must be other orphans than Zidore in the world, and more maimed workmen than Pierron. At length he turned round to the latter and said:—

"I cannot tell you what a service you have done me, and you may be sure I shall not forget it. For the present I am going leave you just a trifle to go on with," and M Godefroy proceeded to dive into his pocket, when the workman, with his one sound arm, stopped him.

"No, sir; oh, no! Anyone would have done just the same as we did. I don't mean any offence in refusing, sir; but I have been a soldier, sir, and got my Tonquin medal, and I don't care about eating bread I haven't earned."

"As you will," said the financier; "but if you have been a soldier and got your medal, something must be done so that you get better work than pushing a cart about. Anyhow, you won't refuse it if I can get you some post?"

The workman smiled; it was not the first time he had been promised this, and those who had promised had forgotten about it: probably the financier would also forget.

M. Godefroy felt the man had not much faith in his promise.

"Anyhow, for Zidore, you will let me help him?"

"Ah! yes, that I will!" answered Pierron. "I often feel that it is a shame he hasn't got more chances, for he is wonderfully clever, and at his school all his teachers praise him——"

Pierron stopped short, and M. Godefroy read in the expression of his face his distrust, and felt he would do anything to convince the man that he would be as good as his word.

"Now," said the workman, "I suppose we'd better be putting your little boy into your carriage, for he'll be better, for sure, in his own bed than here. There's no fear that he'll wake up. They sleep sound at that age. Ah! but we must put his shoes on first."

M. Godefroy saw the man look across at the fireplace, and there, before the dying fire, he saw two pairs of children's shoes — the little, elegant ones of Raoul and the rough, clumsy ones of Zidore; and in each of the shoes were a toy and a packet of sweets.

"Ah! don't take any notice of that, sir," said the workman, half ashamed. "Zidore put the shoes there, and both the children believe in the little Noël who comes down the chimney. I heard them talking about it; so, when I went to the police-station, I just bought that rubbish and stuck in their shoes. I thought if your little lad had to stay here all night he'd have *something* in the morning, at any rate."

Oh! if M. Godefroy's colleagues and admirers could have seen the hard, cold, calculating business man at that moment, they would have thought the end of the world had come, for —*M. Godefroy's eyes were filled with tears!*

Without a word he turned and went out of the little room to the carriage at the door, and then, returning with his arms full of the presents he had bought for Raoul, he put them all in front of the little shoes, and then taking the workman's hand and shaking it, he said:—

"These were the Christmas presents I had got for Raoul. Let him stay here all night, and let the two boys wake up together and share them. You'll believe me now, won't you, when I say that I'll look after your little lad? You've taught me a lesson, my man — a lesson I shall never forget."

This was the miracle accomplished one Christmas Eve in Paris in the very midst of our nineteenth century selfishness, and in spite of modern doubt and scepticism, I cannot help attributing this miracle which happened to M. Godefroy, the great financier, to the influence of that little Child who came into this world nearly nineteen hundred years ago with His message of peace and good will to men.

"RETURNING WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF PRESENTS."

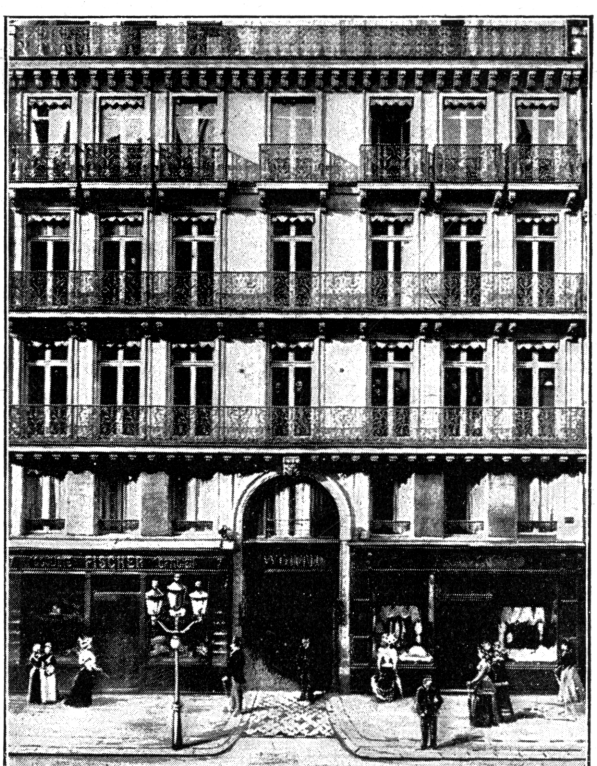
Paris Dressmakers.

By M. Griffith.

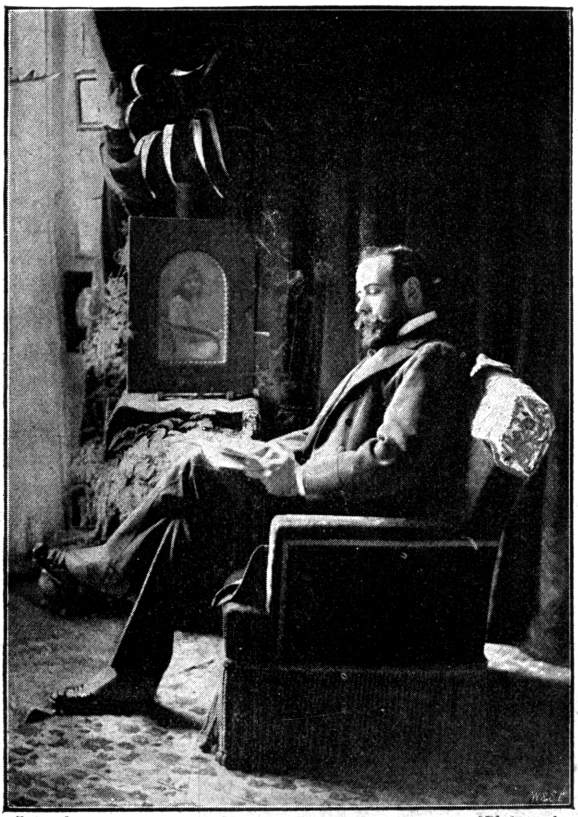
HAVING determined to call upon the Oracles of Paris Fashions, and question them as to their reminiscences of the beautiful women that their creative genius has rendered irresistible, I began with the establishment of M. Worth.

The dear, picturesque old veteran was deep in consultation when I entered. It must have been on a question of trousseau that he was laying down the law; for the group surrounding him consisted of an elderly lady, a pretty young one, and a very bored-looking young man. M. Worth was dressed in a dark, loose dressing-gown, relieved with touches of blue, and the right-hand side bottom corner was lifted up and drawn through a button-hole a little above the waist; on his head he wore a mitre-shaped cap of black velvet. Sometimes his gown is richly trimmed with fur. The rooms where clients are received are many in number, but plainly furnished, with counters for measuring material, and the floor is covered with carpet in imitation of tiger skin, in grey and black, with scarlet bordering. Several young ladies are dressed in the latest style of morning, visiting, dinner, and reception toilettes, and are paraded in turn, this way and that, before clients, to enable them to judge of the effect of the garments when worn.

M. Worth was born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, in 1825; his father was a solicitor, with a good private fortune, which he lost in speculation. At the age of thirteen, young Worth went to Swan and Edgar's, in London, and remained there for seven years, during which time he did all the work of an ordinary apprentice. Having heard much of French fashions, he determined to go to Paris, but on his arrival there was for some time out of a situation; ultimately, however, he succeeded in getting into Gagelin's, where he remained twelve years. This firm was noted for silks, which were woven by workwomen in their own homes. There was at this time no house in Paris which sold material and made it up as well, and this combining of the two branches struck M. Worth as a good idea, and he obtained permission from his principals to try it. This he did, beginning with cloaks; and a train that he designed gained a medal in 1855. The firm refused to take him into partnership, although he had been the means of introducing a profitable and novel feature into the business, so he determined to start for himself. This he did at his present premises, 7, Rue de la Paix, in 1858. He began by employing fifty hands, and he now employs about twelve hundred, and turns out between six and seven thousand dresses and between three and four thousand



From a] M. WORTH'S ESTABLISHMENT—PARIS. [*Photograph.*



From a M. GASTON WORTH. *Photograph.*

cloaks a year. M. Worth is assisted by his sons; M. Gaston Worth taking sole charge of the counting-house, and M. Jean Worth the technical part of the business, in which he bids fair to be a worthy successor of his clever father.

"Who," I asked, "are your best customers?"

"Well," was the reply, "we send model dresses to all parts of the world, but I think Americans are the best clients."

"Have you many Royalties on your books?"

"Yes, we have supplied every Royal lady in the world, I think, except Queen Victoria."

"What is really the origin of a fashion, M. Worth?"

"Well, it is difficult to enter into all the details which influence changes of style; but briefly I may say that, when a manufacturer invents any special fabric or design, he sends me a pattern, asking if I can make use of it. That fabric may require a severe style of dress, or if light and soft, is adapted for draperies, puffings, etc. If the material pleases me, I order a large quantity, to be specially made for me, and design my dresses accordingly. A purchase by a large firm of a great quantity of material influences other firms, and that material, and the style it is best suited to, becomes the fashion. Then, again, the stage has great influence over fashion."

"How do you arrange your designs?"

"All my models are first of all made in black and white muslin, and then copied in the material and colouring which I select. Our silks are specially woven for us, and our jet fringes cannot be got elsewhere."

"And your favourite figure to design for?"

"Ah, that's telling; but one of my ideals is Mrs. Brown-Potter's. I consider her one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen." Here M. Worth presented me with a large photograph of Mrs. Potter as *Cleopatra*, which costume he designed for her.

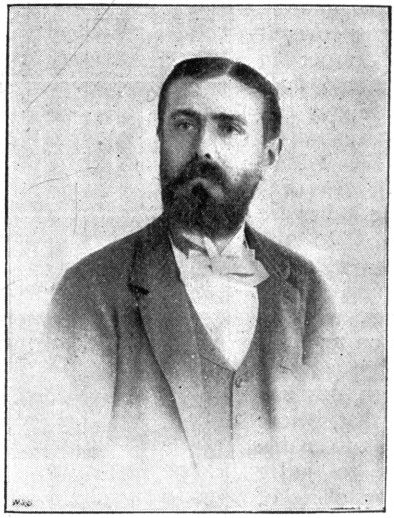
"Are your materials very expensive, M. Worth?"

"Not for the quality. We have them up to £12 a yard; but, then, they are of the finest quality, such as no other firm supplies."

"Have you made many stage dresses?"

"There is hardly an actress of note in the world we have not supplied; but we do not make a speciality of theatrical costumes."

I was surprised to find that ladies of fairly



M. JEAN WORTH.
From a Photograph.

From a] DRESS DESIGNED BY WORTH FOR MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS "CLEOPATRA." *[Photograph.*

moderate incomes can visit the Worth house and order simple costumes, but of good material and perfect style, for the same price as they would pay any other first-class firm; but you can also order a gown that, trimmed with fur, or exquisite lace, is a veritable work of art and an heirloom.

Among the costumes in course of execution were some for the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, and many great ladies also, whom they have never seen or measured.

A stranger would be specially struck with the constant, attentive supervision over all departments by M. Worth and his two sons; the unpretentious appearance of the reception and fitting rooms; the beautiful finish and refined daintiness of all the work, and the daring originality which every model exhibits, which only a creative, artistic mind could possibly think of. Above all, all the work-rooms that I was freely permitted to visit, as well as the kitchen, where the food is cooked for the many employés, show the care and forethought of the master for those who work for him.

At the top of the house is a

From a] SAME DRESS—BACK VIEW. *[Photograph.*

From a] A CORNER OF THE YOUNG LADIES' ROOM—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

studio, where all the models are photographed; and looking over the albums of costumes, extending back for many years, I had the pleasure of examining the most interesting ones, those especially typical of the most eccentric phases of female dress.

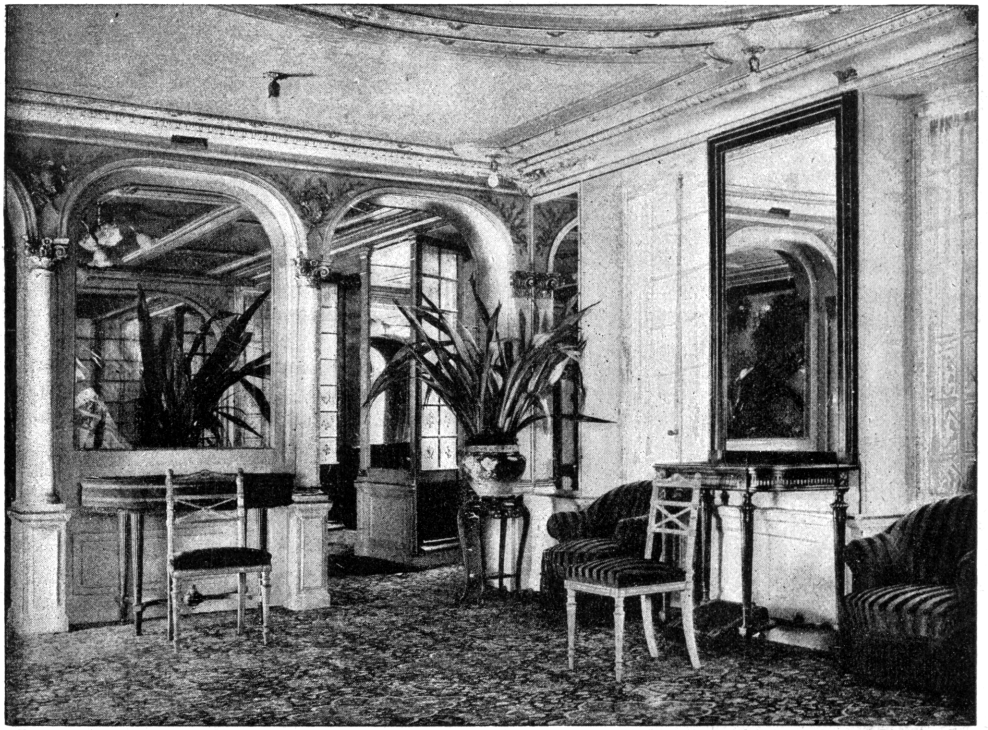
M. Worth's beautiful country seat is at Suresnes.

My second oracle was M. Felix, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He very cordially welcomed me, and allowed me to wander about his beautiful salons at will.

One salon is in the style of Louis XVI., with panels of green brocaded velvet, alternating with console tables, surmounted by long mirrors, made on the models of those in Trianon: the decoration is white and gold; the couches and chairs are covered with green striped velvet and satin, and huge pots filled with ferns and palms stand on pedestals. A gallery leading from the first salon to a second has four large panels, painted by Louise Abbéma, representing Sarah Bernhardt in "Ruy Blas," Croizette in the "Caprices of Marianne," Ada Rehan in the "School for Scandal," and a fancy costume of the period of Louis XV. These panels are exquisitely painted, and illustrate some of M. Felix's choicest designs in fancy dress. The Grand Salon has panels of old tapestry, coloured glass ceiling, draperies of plush, and long mirrors framed in mahogany. Every room is lighted with electric light, and the groups of palms, screens, and harmonious colouring of carpets, furniture, and walls make delightful surroundings for trying the effect of beautiful gowns and fabrics. M. Felix is a charming man, of polished manners, who personally superintends his vast business, and is bringing up his children in the most sensible way.

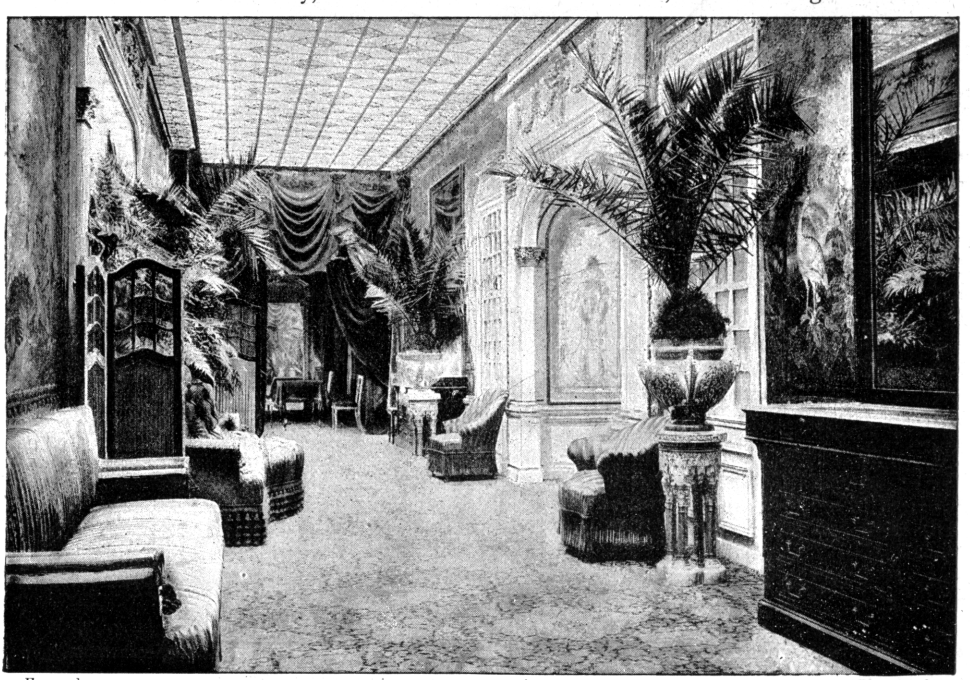
"I have apprenticed my son," he said, "to a large business house, where he has to begin at the very bottom of the ladder and work his way up, as I had to do."

I learned a little more about him a few days later when I was present at a charitable fête given by him in aid of a Home he has founded for the children of those employed in business in Paris as cutters and dress-



From a] THE FASHION HALL—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

makers. Mme. Carnot, who took a great interest in this charity, was present, and the fine show-rooms looked lovely, filled with all kinds of pretty satchels, cushions, and a thousand and one dainty trifles made from odds and ends, and looking so fresh and



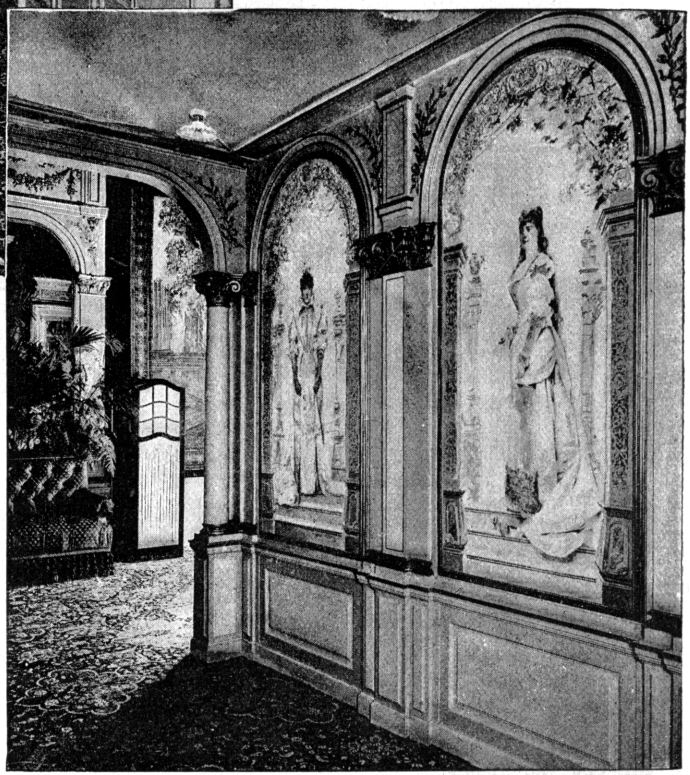
From a] THE GRAND SALON—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

ENTRANCE TO THE TRYING-ON ROOMS.
From a Photograph.

fairy-like that it seemed that human hands could never have touched them. These things were to be sold for the benefit of the Home, and Mme. Carnot, her kindly face beaming with sympathetic benevolence, was a purchaser to the extent of a hundred and fifty pounds.

I wandered slowly from room to room, and was struck by the beauty of the girls presiding over each department, as well as by their dresses, which were the latest models. One blonde, tall and slender, with masses of red gold hair, into which were twisted strings of pearls, wore a gown of apple-green velvet and chiffon, with a scarf-like trimming of shrimp pink. This firm is noted for quiet elegance of style and novel combinations of colours, and they number among their clients many of the best-dressed women in Paris, as well as a large foreign *clientèle*.

My last visit was to Morin and Blossier, in the Rue Daunou, the list of whose patrons reads like a volume of Debrett. This firm was for ten years in Vienna, and only started in Paris in the spring of 1883. The business premises are five stories high; the first and second floors are used for show and fitting rooms, and the other three floors for offices and work-rooms. There is nothing special to be said about the decoration or furniture, the latter, in one room, being covered with yellow velvet, and the windows of stained glass. The head of the firm is a man of about forty years of age, a thorough artist, but very modest withal. It is from this house



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND SALON—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT.
From a Photograph.

that the Princess of Wales and her two daughters get their gowns, also the Queen Isabella of Spain, the Queens of Naples, Denmark, and Greece, and the Empress of Austria, besides innumerable Grand Duchesses, foreign princesses, countesses, and the leaders of London society. They recently supplied Mrs. Vanderbilt with a ball-dress of yellow satin, with garniture of real lace, which cost the modest sum of four thousand pounds. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dudley, Lady Granville Gordon, the Duchess of Devonshire, and many, many others are dressed by this noted firm.

Although we do not now indulge in, or permit, unseemly scantiness in a woman's dress, there is still room for improvement. A story is told about a gentleman going out to dinner, and, being asked by his wife on his return what the ladies wore, he replied: "I don't know, my dear; I did not look under the table." This is still true in some cases, but, on the whole, our taste is improving, and some of our fashions are nothing but copies of beautiful old pictures; and, whatever may be said about the extravagance of the modern woman, there is a reverse to this medal, as to all others.

For the last ten years has brought a revival of almost forgotten industries; whole villages are employed in copying old patterns and stuffs, in lace-making and beading, that otherwise would be reduced to pauperism. The whole world is laid under a tax in order that woman may have a fitting setting for her beauty of face and person. Great artists think it no degradation to design her dresses, or to furnish patterns for materials, that, by their artistic excellence, will enhance her charms. However the silly few may rave about adopting male costume, on account of its greater comfort and convenience, the majority will never forswear the robes and chiffons which so well become them.

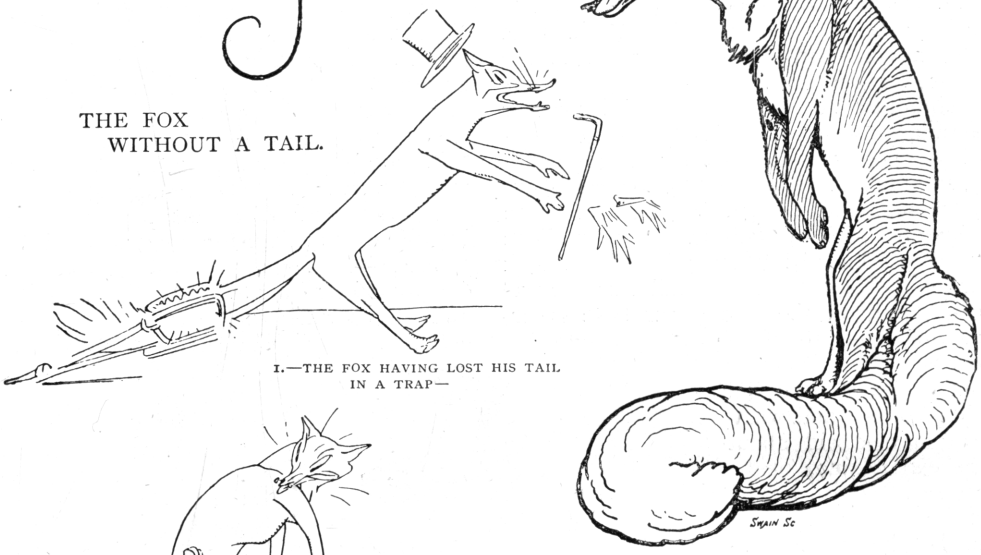
We are living in a happy age, a time when we can wear anything becoming and befitting the season and place. At the same "At Home" may be seen Empire gowns, Spanish jackets, Greek robes, tailor-made dresses, and tea-gowns belonging to no particular period, and all charming and delightful in their variety; and Fashion's oracles, in the shape of Worth, Felix, Laferrière, and Morin and Blossier, are public benefactors as long as they keep in view the aim of a perfect dress, which is "the most fitting attainable applicability."

DRESS DESIGNED BY MORIN AND BLOSSIER FOR SARAH BERNHARDT AS "THEODORA."

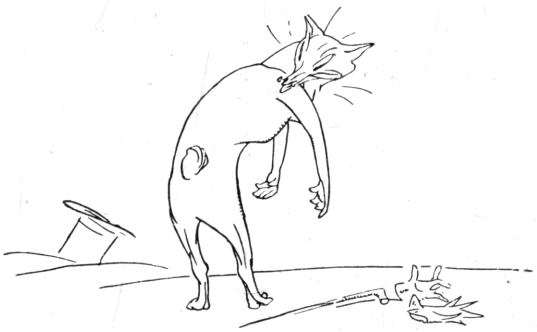
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

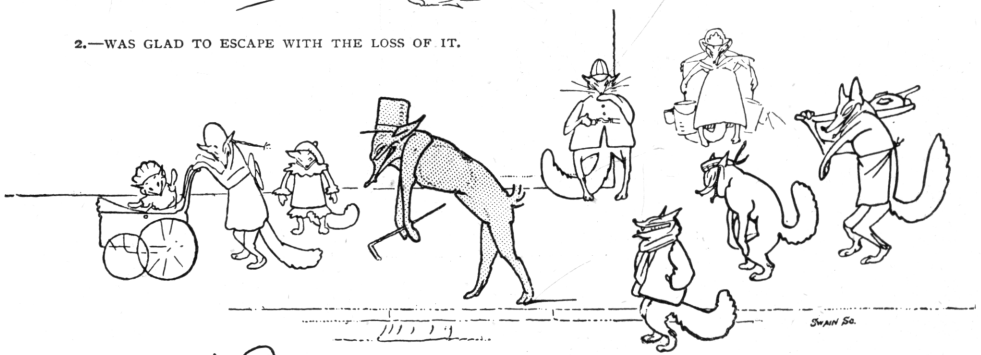
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.



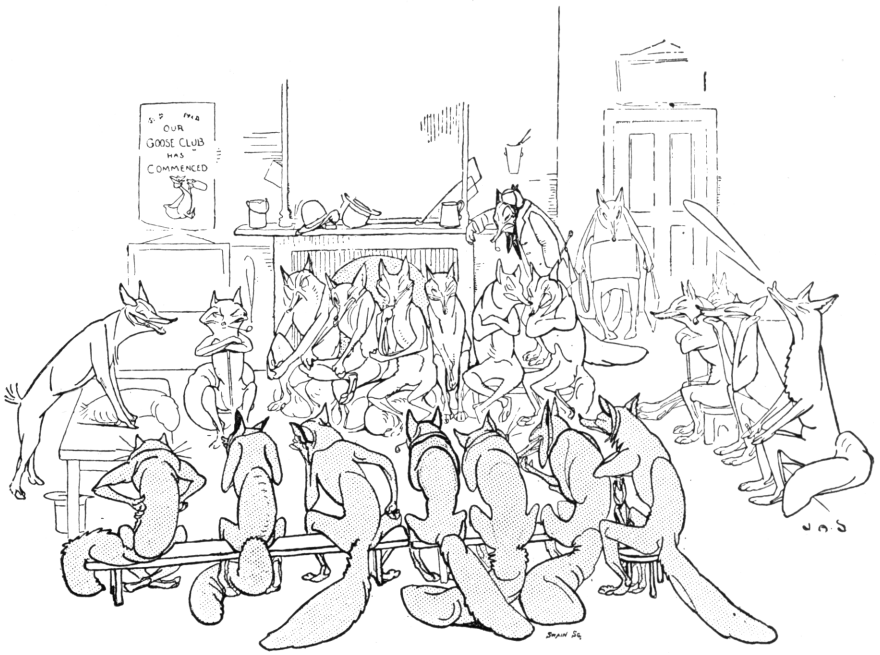
1.—THE FOX HAVING LOST HIS TAIL IN A TRAP—



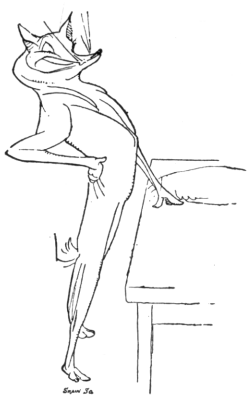
2.—WAS GLAD TO ESCAPE WITH THE LOSS OF IT.



3.—BUT HE FOUND HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF SO MUCH UNFLATTERING ATTENTION, THAT HIS LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO HIM

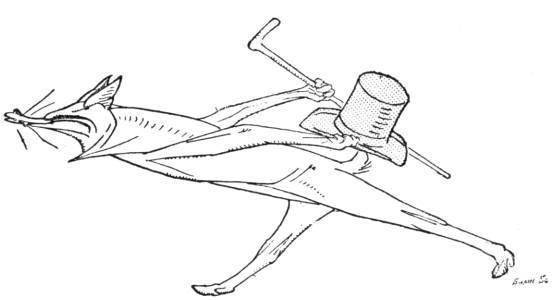


4.—HE THEREFORE RESOLVED TO CALL AN ASSEMBLY OF FOXES AND PROPOSE TO THEM, AS AN AGREEABLE AND BECOMING FASHION, THAT THEY SHOULD ALL CUT OFF THEIR TAILS.



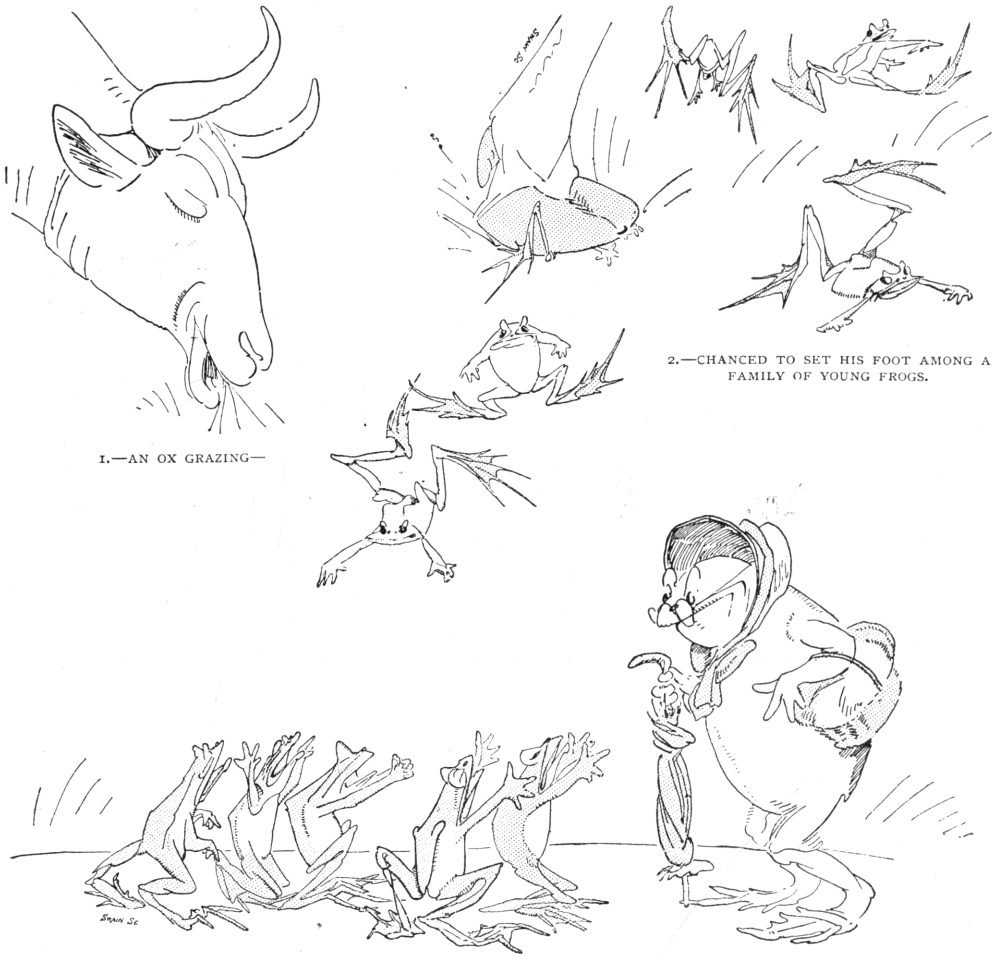
5.—AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH HE LOOKED ROUND WITH A BRISK AIR TO SEE WHAT CONVERTS HE HAD GAINED—

6.—WHEN THE OLDEST FOX IN THE COMPANY AROSE AND OBSERVED: "MY FRIEND, IT TOOK A STEEL TRAP TO CONVERT YOU TO THAT OPINION, AND NO OTHER ARGUMENT WILL SERVE FOR US."



7.—AND THIS IS HOW THE ORATOR WENT HOME.

THE OX AND THE FROG.

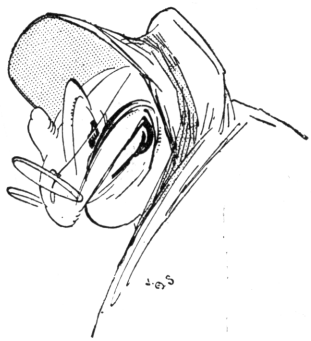


1.—AN OX GRAZING—

2.—CHANCED TO SET HIS FOOT AMONG A FAMILY OF YOUNG FROGS.

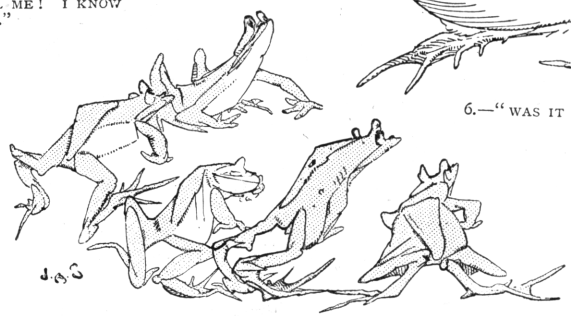
3.—THE REST INFORMED THEIR MOTHER WHEN SHE CAME HOME OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED, TELLING HER THAT THE BEAST WAS THE LARGEST CREATURE THEY EVER SAW IN THEIR LIVES.

4.—"WHY, WAS IT AS BIG AS THIS?" SAID THE OLD FROG. "OH, A GREAT DEAL BIGGER," SAID THEY. "YOU WILL NEVER REACH SUCH A SIZE IF YOU TRY FOR EVER!"



5.—"OH, DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW I CAN."

6.—"WAS IT AS BIG AS THIS?"



7.—"OH, VASTLY BIGGER!"

8.—"THEN WAS IT AS BIG AS THI——"

A Fairy Story for Children.

THE VIZIER ALI-BEN-HASSAN, Prime Minister of the Calif Amgiad, was one day walking in the country in the environs of Bagdad. Since the morning he had met with nothing but vexations. In the first place, he had slept ill. Then his first-born, his son, Noureddin, had left his home the previous evening, and had returned, after sunrise, shamefully tipsy; clearly indicating that he was leagued with the evil-livers of Bagdad, and had infringed the wise law of the Prophet, forbidding the use of wine and strong liquors.

Then, again, the servant intrusted with the duty of accompanying his daughter to the bath had, on her return, confided to him that, for the fifth time in as many days, a young man, with a self-satisfied air, had, as if by chance, thrown himself in their way; and that, in passing, Amine, under pretence of arranging her veil, had, on the contrary, deranged it in such a manner as to allow this good-looking stranger to behold her radiant visage; a proceeding which, on the part of a Mahometan young lady, constituted a grave departure from the rules of good conduct.

Already considerably put out of temper by all these worries, Ali had gone to the sitting of the Council. There he had found himself in the presence of the Calif Amgiad, and the Calif Amgiad had received him anything but pleasantly.

A short time before, a sedition had broken out in a neighbouring province. Ali, after having severely repressed it, had not thought it worth while to bring the matter before his glorious master. But the Minister's enemies had not been equally reserved, and the Calif had vehemently reproached his Minister: firstly, with having allowed a sedition to break out in his kingdom; secondly, with having hidden the fact from him; and thirdly, with

having put it down by force, instead of by persuasion—which, indeed, *is* preferable, but, unfortunately, does not always prove successful.

On quitting the Council, Ali bore with him this impression—always painful to a statesman—that his credit was considerably shaken.

He had no sooner returned home than his wife had quarrelled with him, accusing him of niggardliness in the sum he allowed her for her dress, declaring that the wife of the governor of the palace was better dressed than she, and affirming that, in fact, she had nothing to put on. Ali bowed his head before this storm, and ordered his servants to serve him a collation, in the hope of finding in the pleasures of good cheer a compensation for the vexations of his public and private life; but, by an unlucky chance, his cook that day omitted every dish of which he was fond.

Desperate, Ali quitted his house, left the city, and strayed into the country. There, at least, he might fret and fume at his ease.

"Truly," he muttered, as he went along, "there are days when one would like to make an end of one's existence. Of what use to one is life?—nothing but to make one angry with everything!"

Meanwhile, a burning sun was scorching the road on which he was walking; and it was not long before he felt an irrepressible desire to find shelter somewhere. But in vain he looked for a shady corner. At length he came in sight of a path which, from its narrowness and turnings, seemed to promise a little coolness. He passed on to it.

"ALI MADE A VIGOROUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL DAB AT HIS ENEMY."

The windings of this path conducted him to a ruined wall near which there grew a palm tree. Ali uttered a sigh of relief and stretched himself at the foot of the wall in the shade of the wide leaves.

Doubtless he would soon have fallen asleep had not a buzzing sound come to annoy his sense of hearing. He looked up and saw a pretty, gold-and-green-hued fly gaily wheeling about his head. Wishing to take a nap in peace, Ali drove away the intruder two or three times with his hand; but the obstinate little creature returned again and again to the charge, and ended by impudently perching on the Vizier's nose.

This was too much for Ali, who jerked himself into a sitting posture, and with his hand made a vigorous but unsuccessful dab at his enemy. But in the hurry of getting away the quick-winged fly did not notice that it was darting straight into a large spider's web, spreading between an angle of the wall and the neighbouring palm tree.

Witness of this catastrophe, the Vizier could not, at first, help feeling glad.

"Now," he thought, "you tiresome insect, you will no longer be able to prevent me from getting the nap I want."

But, as he continued to watch the fate of the pretty, gold-green fly, he saw emerge from a crack in the wall a monstrous spider, with a body as big as the finger-tip of a man, and long, black, and hairy limbs. It rushed towards its prey, and set to work spinning a winding-sheet of web about it, as if enjoying its victim's terror and agony.

The poor fly made such desperate efforts to free itself from its bonds that Ali, at the sight of its hopeless exertion, felt moved by compassion; and though he was very tired, and in spite of the little insect having so recently worried him considerably, he could not bring himself to allow it to perish so miserably.

He rose up, and with a wave of his hand palm tree, closed his eyes, and was soon soundly asleep.

The sound of a voice pronouncing his name aloud awoke him. He opened his eyes and saw, standing before him, a personage of dazzling beauty and gigantic form. Two light and transparent wings were attached to his shoulders. Ali had no doubt that he was in the presence of a genie.

"A GENIE."

frightened away the spider, after which he released the fly from its perilous captivity.

"Now," he said, "I hope you will leave me in peace."

He opened his finger and thumb, the fly flew away, and Ali speedily lost sight of it. He then lay down again in the shade of the

"Vizier," said the supernatural being, "you have rendered me a great service. I was the fly which lately buzzed about your nose. I took that form for the purpose of relieving myself for awhile from my ordinary greatness, and flitting freely in the sunshine. A malicious sorcerer, my private enemy,

wishing to take advantage of this circumstance, changed himself into the big spider in whose web I became entangled, and in which I should have fared ill but for your assistance.

"You must know that, though we are permitted to assume what appearance we please, we at the same time run the risk of falling into the same snares as the human creatures whose resemblance we borrow; and, if we so fall, we can only be rescued by human aid. It is, therefore, by your generous intervention I have been saved. In return for this great service, ask of me some favour: whatever it may be, I promise to grant it."

So spoke the genie. The Vizier remained for a while without answering. At length, after having reflected, he said:—

"I was saying to myself, only a short time back, that long life was no advantage, since so many of our days are spoiled by divers vexations; and that it would be better to have a shorter existence, composed exclusively of happy and cloudless days; if, then, it be in your power to do it, good genie, suppress from my life in future all days of affliction, or even of annoyance, and let me live only during those which are exempt from trouble. Do that, and you will have largely repaid me the service I have done you."

On hearing those words an enigmatical smile overspread the face of the genie.

"Have you well weighed your request?"

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Let it be according to your desire!"

Instantly, as it seemed to the Vizier, his fantastic interlocutor seized him by the middle of the body and rose in the air with him to a height so giddy as presently caused him to lose his senses. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself in his house in Bagdad, in bed. His body was straightened out and so rigid that he found himself unable to make the least movement.

His eyes were closed. Nevertheless he saw all that was passing about him, and heard all that was being said. The room was full of people. His wife, his children, his servants were there; all lamented him, and deplored the loss of so good a husband, so good a father, so good a master, a friend so faithful and devoted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought Ali. "Am I dead, then?"

"Yes," said a voice.

The genie stood at the foot of the Vizier's bed, visible only to him, reading his thoughts.

"Perfidious spirit!" thought Ali; "is this the way you redeem your promise?"

"Do not accuse me," replied the genie, "but lay the blame to your own stupidity alone. Why did you ask of me what was impossible? Two fairies have been intrusted with the task of spinning the destinies of men. Before one, at the beginning of things, was placed a heap of white wool, from which she spun fortunate days; before the other was placed a heap of black wool, from which she spun the days that were to be unfortunate.

"Now, one night, while they were sleeping, Satan came by and amused himself by mixing together the two heaps of wool, and so thoroughly entangled the whole that the fairies, on awaking, found it impossible to separate the black from the white wool; and, from that time, the days spun by them are of mixed colour—made up of contentments and affliction. Recall the days you have passed: is there one of them on which you have not experienced some satisfaction, small as it may have been?

"In asking me to take from your days to come all those on which some discomfort may reach you, you have, in fact, asked me to suppress the whole, and you have immediately arrived at the day of deliverance—and death. I am sorry to have had to teach you this lesson, but you have drawn it down upon yourself."

"Unfortunately, it can now be of no use to me, since I am dead," said Ali.

The genie smiled.

"I am good-natured," he replied. "If you like, I will imagine that you have said nothing, carry you back to the spot whence I brought you, and nothing in your life shall be changed. What do you say?"

"I could not wish for anything better," replied the Vizier.

The genie stretched his hands towards him: everything melted from his sight, and, for the second time, he became unconscious. When he recovered the use of his senses, he found himself at the foot of the wall under the shade of the palm tree where he had fallen asleep.

Rising to his feet he asked himself whether this adventure had really happened to him or whether he had simply dreamed it; then, thoughtfully, he made his way back home. While he slept the sun had declined, so that his walk was no longer rendered unpleasant.

On reaching his house, Ali learned that his son, Nourredin, had been made so ill by his overnight's excesses that he had vowed never, thenceforth, to drink anything but water. He also learned that the young man

whom his daughter had so frequently met on her way to and from the bath was the son of one of the richest and most important personages in Bagdad, and asked for the hand of Amine in marriage.

Furthermore, he received a message from the Calif Amgiad, the Sovereign, admitting that, on reflection, the conduct of Ali in the matter of the sedition had appeared to him to have been both prudent and firm; and conveying the assurance that he might consider himself to be more in favour than ever.

The wife of the Vizier having paid a visit to the wife of the governor of the palace and seen, with her own eyes, that the last new dress of that lady was an utter failure, was now in a delightfully amiable temper. Finally, the cook had determined to make up in a striking manner for his short-comings of the morning, and served up an exquisite repast.

So ended, in the happiest way in the world, a day begun so adversely; and the Vizier, on retiring to bed, confessed within himself that the genie, real or imaginary, had given him some sage advice.

"A VISIT TO THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR."

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